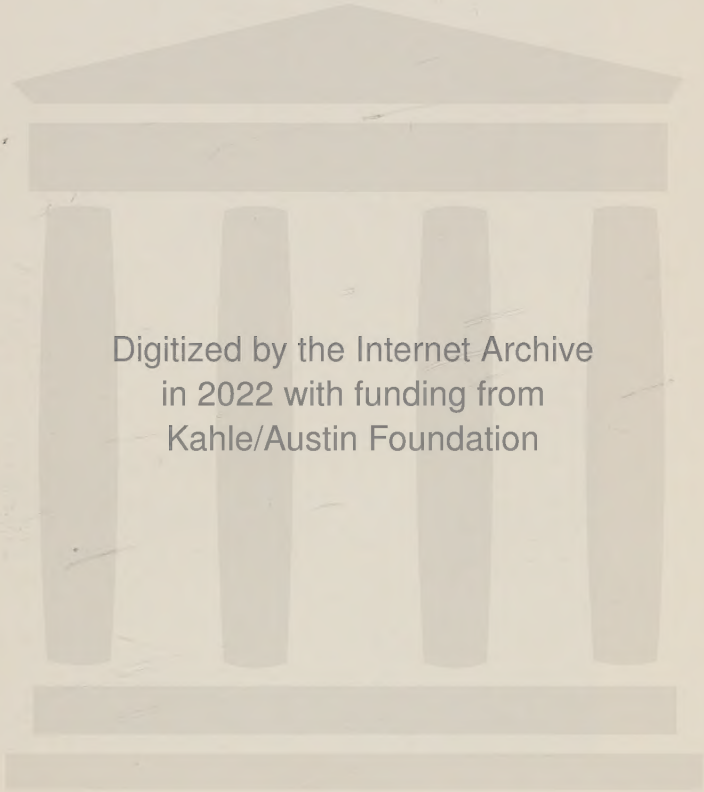
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LETTERS OF
LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY


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LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY

From a photograph

LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY

A Young Lady at Court
1849–1863

EDITED BY
THE DEAN OF WINDSOR
AND HECTOR BOLITHO

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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ABERGELDIE CASTLE

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INTRODUCTION

BY

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

INTRODUCTION

I

My mother was one of the people who preserve letters, and of late I have been rummaging among the old faded bundles with great delight. Shadowy memories and mere names have been transforming themselves into living people walking through real circumstances. How moving is the pathos of old sorrows, the strange seriousness of long forgotten advice, the echo of joyous laughter that sounds through the letters! There, in all the tremulous excitement of a bride, appears someone I remember as a sad old woman; there is a bundle of my father's almost daily love letters through a three years' engagement, revealing him with startling clearness; there are the letters in which an old worrying controversy was puzzled out. Such old letters have the fragrance of a *pot pourri,* bringing to mind the glories of a long past summer's bloom.

Most of the letters, though the reading was thrilling to me, are of no public concern; but one group seems to me of more general interest and so I have been trying, with the help and experience of my friend Mr. Hector Bolitho, to sort it out. This book is the result.

My mother's eldest sister, Lady Augusta Bruce,

was several years her senior and assumed the place of second mother to her. Between them a tie of the tenderest love was created which lasted through their lives. She was appointed Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of Kent, while my mother was still a child, and remained at Court for about twenty years. During all those years she wrote constantly, to the little sister at home, letters which, as my mother grew up, became more and more confidential, and served, as the difficulties and responsibilities of her life increased, as a safety-valve in a life of great difficulty where silence and discretion were essential. She knew that no one would see them or hear their contents, and so wrote with absolute freedom; and no one has seen them from that day to this. The letters reveal the writer as a personality of extraordinary attractiveness; joyous and full of humour, tender and affectionate, wise and strong. There is not a selfish thought in the whole mass. Perhaps her strongest characteristic was her passionate love for children. One can understand after reading them why she became, as she did, the intimate confidante not only of the Royal Family but of everyone who came in contact with her.

It is necessary to explain who these two sisters were. Their father was Thomas, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, whom the world knows only as the man who saved the marbles of the Parthenon. He was a man of great gifts, whose career, after a brilliant opening, was checked by domestic circumstances. His children loved him passionately; especially Lady Augusta, who had just reached

womanhood when he died. He was no longer young when he married their mother. It is strange to think of one's grandfather as a man who danced with Marie Antoinette and who had begun his diplomatic career when the French Revolution broke out; a friend of Pitt and Nelson, Talleyrand and Fouché.

His first wife, Mary Nisbet, whose letters have lately been published, was a clever, charming, vivacious, self-centred, spoilt child, the idol of doting parents. The marriage ended in disaster, and he was left with an invalid son who died unmarried, and three daughters who played a great part in the lives of their half brothers and sisters. The eldest, Lady Mary, heiress of her mother's great properties, married Robert Dundas, who took the name of Christopher Nisbet Hamilton. She was the typical *grande dame* of the time, with prejudices and conventionalities that were a secret amusement to her half sisters, but her kindness and generosity won their deep affection. She lived in very great state, and in her homes, in town and country, the sisters met all the *grand monde* of the day.

The second, Lady Matilda, who married Sir John Maxwell of Polloc, was rather a contrast. She had a character of great strength and beauty. Polloc became an intellectual and religious centre in Scotland. Young men felt Lady Matilda's inspiring force. I remember, for instance, hearing both Archbishop Maclagan and Bishop Sandford say that she had been by far the strongest influence in the moulding of their lives. She was a very

discriminating reader, with a most intimate knowledge of Shakespeare. Her letters were really remarkable. Her half brothers and sisters regarded her with something like adoration, and she was the one person on whom her stepmother leaned. Singularly human and undogmatic, she held her strong religious beliefs with a sweet reasonableness that won even those who differed from her. Men of the world enjoyed her conversation, and the religious world came to her for enlightenment.

The youngest, Lady Lucy, married John Grant of Kilgraston, who was at once a great sportsman and a passionate lover of art. He had two remarkable brothers: Sir Francis, who became president of the Royal Academy, and Sir Hope, who not only had a distinguished career as a general but exhibited a deep sense of religion and a real skill in music. In their home the sisters found a large family of young nephews and nieces of their own age.

In these three houses the sisters met much that was most interesting in the society of their time. And there were many other country houses of near relations in England and Scotland which still further enlarged their circle.

My grandfather chose for his second wife a very different woman. The daughter of a neighbour in Fife, Elizabeth Oswald had grown up in retirement in her father's house, Dunnikier in Fife, a plain, rather unformed, intelligent girl. When the brilliant man of the world came to seek her as his wife, he dazzled her; and she gave him an adoring love that lasted till his death, when she wrote an

account of their courtship and marriage that is almost worthy of Jane Austen. He soon saw that she had great intellectual powers, and he had them educated. She became a fair classical scholar, but in mathematics she was something more. She corresponded on equal terms with Brewster, and herself educated her youngest son till he went to the University, with such success that he was expected to be senior wrangler. A long illness prevented this, but he took a very high degree.

My grandfather, who had been in failing health, had gone to Paris to be under a famous doctor, and died there, and there his widow continued to live till her death, so that, from the age of four, my mother never saw England again till she was eighteen; and French was as much the language of the family as English.

There were seven children of this family; four sons and three daughters. James, the eldest, became Earl of Elgin at his father's death. After distinguishing himself at the University he went into Parliament, but his career was diverted to the wider interests of the Empire in a series of Colonial appointments, beginning with the Governorship of Jamaica and ending with the Viceroyalty of India. The part of his work which has proved of most lasting interest was his government of Canada. Several biographies have appeared since his death, and another is, I understand, in preparation. These attest the lasting importance of his work in the great dominion, though, by virtue of its difficulty, his Chinese expedition probably revealed his powers no less. His highminded un-

selfishness was proved conspicuously in his action at the beginning of the Indian Mutiny. Gladstone, an Eton friend, always cited him as one of the best public speakers of his time, and the fact that he was equally at home in English and French made his oratory a most valuable instrument in Canada.

The second brother, Frederick, was regarded in the family as even abler than James. He was witty and delightful socially. He had a distinguished career as a diplomat and died ambassador at Washington. Longfellow was one of his pall-bearers. Bertie Mitford who served under him gives a charmingly characteristic sketch of him in his reminiscences.

Robert was in the Guards and became a general, but his most important work was as Governor of the Prince of Wales. Strong sound sense was his leading characteristic and to him all the family turned instinctively for advice in difficulties.

Thomas, the youngest, his mother's idol, had also a distinguished career and was regarded both in business and in Parliament as a man of great weight and sound judgment.

Lady Charlotte, the eldest of the three sisters, married Frederick Locker, the poet. Their means were small but their charm was great, and their little house became a centre for much of the most intellectual life of the time. There is hardly a distinguished name missing from any list of their guests. Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning were especially intimate. Lady Charlotte's brilliant wit seemed the magnet while she lived; but when she

died people realised how much her husband's half cynical delicate humour, his exquisite literary and artistic taste, and his humble loveable character, had contributed to the charm of the home. Many of the following letters were addressed to her to be sent on to my mother, though Lady Augusta evidently spoke more unreservedly when addressing my mother directly. The three sisters were bound together by the closest ties. But indeed the whole family had a genius for family unity.

The impressions which my mother gave me of them all were of stern serious devotion to duty, of deep religious conviction, but pervaded with joyous bubbling humour; and those were the characteristics she herself revealed. People always spoke of the family eyes. I saw them in my mother. Like the rest she talked with her eyes. They seemed to give out sympathy. The earnest interest they expressed if you told of your anxieties made you pour out your soul; the flash of indignation at meanness made meanness infinitely more mean; the dancing light of laughter made you feel all amusement incomplete till you had shared it with her. Sympathy was the chief gift, and the range of that sympathy had no limits. To meet anyone was to them a joyous adventure. They felt, as my mother used to say, that if you found anyone a bore it only showed that you were too stupid to find out what made them interesting.

Their mother's home in Paris was a great training ground. Though she was eccentric and her manners unconventional (her habit of yawning in the faces of guests who bored her filled her

daughters with amused concern), she drew able men round her by her great powers. In her salon, and in that of Madame Mohl, the daughters met almost every interesting man of that interesting time, and the habits of the salon in Paris made these meetings frequent and intimate. Long afterwards, Fred Locker jotted down the names of the guests he could remember. It is so remarkable a list that it is worth quoting: Lamartine, Ary Scheffer, Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, the Duc de Broglie, Victor Hugo, Villemain, Ristori, Rémusat, Jenny Lind, M. and Mme. d'Haussonville, Prosper Mérimée, Tocqueville, Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, Mignet, de Lesseps, the Comtesse de Castiglione, Duc de Rochefoucauld, Sainte-Beuve, Odilon Barrot, Lanfrey, Loménie, Prévost Paradol, Montalembert, Renan, Tourgeneff, Paul de Kock, Gustave Doré. There were also the distinguished English visitors to Paris whom they got to know either at home or through the Embassy. And in managing their mother's evenings they learnt that *talent de Société* which made them such remarkable hostesses afterwards in their own homes.

When to this is added the variety of social circles radiating from the country houses in which they lived on their visits to England, it will be seen that few women ever grew up with such a wide and varied intimacy with distinguished minds. The Paris life, too, freed them from the prejudices and conventionalities that dominated English society at the time. I remember an old family friend telling me that as a young man he was returning from the Temple in an omnibus when, to



ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF ELGIN'S SALON IN PARIS

From a water-colour drawing

his intense surprise (for ladies did not then travel in omnibuses), Lady Charlotte got in.

"You go in an omnibus?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, they are very convenient," she said. "But I hope I shall not die in one."

"I hope not," he answered. "But why do you fear that?"

"Oh, it would be such a shock to my sister Mary."

Such a detached view of conventions was rare.

II

Lady Augusta's connection with the Duchess of Kent opened a new chapter in their lives. I very much hope that these letters will suggest a new understanding of the Duchess's character. The generally accepted view is that the Queen, when she came to the throne, snubbed her, and that she retired into a somewhat morose and disappointed obscurity in which there was little intercourse between mother and daughter. Nothing could be further from the truth.

It is generally admitted that she showed wisdom and dignity in the difficulties of the years of the Queen's childhood, and that the education she gave her was wise and successful. The one weak spot was the influence she allowed Sir John Conroy to acquire in her little Court. He seems to have been a tactless and ill-judging man and to have alienated the Queen. It was to throw off this influence that the Queen took her stand when she came to the throne. That the Duchess was for the

moment hurt is possible, but she obviously put the feeling quickly out of her mind. It is also possible that a clever woman, whose family by their remarkable political gifts had established themselves on half the thrones of Europe, should have been disappointed by her exclusion from all share in her daughter's public life. But the calm cheerful dignity with which she accepted the position, without a complaint or an effort to recover her influence, and without letting the cordial affectionate relationship to her daughter be clouded, raises her character to the height of nobility. Still, her life was dull and uniform, especially when her little household began to grow old round her. Some of her letters to my mother describe the little party of old people yawning through the dull evenings. Her piano was, and remained till her death, her one great resource.

Into this quiet, affectionate, dull household of old people at Frogmore and Clarence House came Lady Augusta in the freshness of youth, with her exuberant vitality, her quick sensibility, her warm heart, her bubbling fun and humour. No wonder the clever affectionate old lady felt her presence like sunshine! The relationship soon became like that of mother and daughter. Letters from Paris, stories of the world outside, jokes and fun, filled the dull rooms with laughter. The world, out of which she had dropped so long ago, was opened again. The warm tender love she soon gave to Lady Augusta awoke a passionate response. The service of duty became a service of love. Soon these ties extended. My mother came over at

eighteen for her first visit to England, and Clarence House and Frogmore became her English homes. The Duchess's tender love never failed. I have piles of affectionate notes and letters written to my mother. The clothes, the amusements, the health of the pretty young girl were all of absorbing interest to the old lady. Her engagement was an event; the fixing of the wedding day brought an offer of a gift of the wedding gown. When the Duchess was dying, a letter from my mother roused her.

No doubt these two bright young lives were like a breath of spring in her quiet life. And the rest of the family were drawn in. Brothers home from Governorships or Embassies came to stay, bringing with them interesting stories to enliven the evenings. The Lockers constantly contributed their wit and brightness, the jokes and stories and witticisms that had flashed through the brilliant society in their little home. Dinner and a play in London were constantly shared. Old Lady Elgin, if she came over, must come to talk about the children with the second mother. Family friends, too, who might interest the old lady, were invited.

Meanwhile Lady Augusta wrote letters and read aloud and walked and drove with her mistress. Her ready tact smoothed the little difficulties of the household. She, with her social gift, was always ready to shoulder the burden of dull guests and find amusement in it.

But though the service was constant through the year, it was never exacting. Permission was gladly given to pay visits. Every claim of family was

cheerfully recognised. Invitations to the others were never commands. They must choose their own day; they must only come if it was quite convenient. In all those piles of letters not one suggests weariness or the sense of being tied. Mutual love spelt happiness to both lives. The story of those fifteen years with the Duchess, written in absolutely frank letters week by week, has left in my mind a picture of infinite beauty.

The Duchess was forming ties with Lady Augusta's family, and meanwhile Lady Augusta was forming even closer ties with her daughters. Princess Hohenlohe she respected and valued to the day of her death, and though the Princess's daughters married in Germany and so drifted out of her life, they had a warm place in her affection. But the Queen, the Prince, and their children, she was constantly seeing. Her love for children made these royal children devoted friends. The Letters show how she loved them. With the Queen also the bond became very close, and, when she had passed through the sad time, first of the Duchess's death and then of the Prince's illness, it became much closer than that merely of the sovereign with one of her household. After the Duchess's death she had passed into the Queen's household, where her position was an unusual one. She was to be there, all the year round, to share the inner life of the family. Such a position for a highly sympathetic woman in any large family of young people just growing into man or womanhood must be a severe strain. They all made her their confidante; all the little troubles and disagreements

were brought to her and she felt that this gave them a false importance. It is in these things that the members of a large family should learn the give and take which is needed for life. She felt that she stood in the way of their learning it; that from outside, where only real difficulties would be brought to her, she would be more use.

After the Prince's death there were some months during which she was really useful, for the Queen clung to her and lived in her company almost exclusively. To leave her then would have been impossible. But as life became more normal, she felt increasingly that her position was a mistake and that she could help her beloved mistress far better from outside. Her marriage was just the right solution. She remained near enough to be at hand if she was wanted. Her husband was a man in whom the Queen and her family had the greatest confidence and for whom they had a really affectionate regard.

At her marriage I have closed the letters. But it was not the end of the relation with those to whom the best years of her life had been given with wholehearted loyalty and affection. To her they still constantly turned. In her house the young Princes and Princesses found opportunities of meeting easily and informally many of the most remarkable people of the time for whom her great gifts as a hostess made the Deanery a constant meeting-place. To the end their interests, their difficulties, all that concerned them, remained the subject of her loving care. But she took into the broad embrace of her sympathy many new cares,

As always, every one in the wide circle of her family turned to her in every difficulty. She threw herself with passionate devotion into the lives of the poor in the slums of Westminster. The Westminster Hospital, the lives of the nurses and doctors, were seldom out of her thoughts. She tended her husband, who in practical affairs was very childlike and helpless, shared his interests, watched his health, and accompanied him on his travels, with unremitting assiduity. Chiefly for his sake she developed the Deanery as a great social centre. Her days were so full that half the night had to be given to her enormous correspondence. Her exuberant vitality and unselfish nature carried her through ten years of incredible labour, always bright, always responsive. Then the collapse came, and after a long illness she died, burnt out by the fire of her own devotion to duty. Her death was the extinguishing of a radiant light in countless lives.

She was a great woman, not only in gifts and powers, but in the splendour of her selfless devotion.

III

In selecting the letters for this volume I was faced with many difficulties. The letters were most confidential, and respect for the writer obliged me to honour that confidence. The memory of Queen Victoria is also personally dear to me. She was my godmother, and was very kind to me till her death; I grew up among those who knew her intimately and loved her dearly; so that

I could not bring myself to provide food for the gossiping discussion of her faults and virtues which has been so common of late years. I can bear this kind of discussion as ill as I could bear the same cold gossiping discussion about my mother. The Queen had faults as well as virtues, of course. Who has not? But love, in judging a character, sees the faults in focus with the rest of the character, and the estimate of love proves in the end true. A cold catalogue of faults and virtues is irritatingly untrue. The sum of personal qualities is what one loves and the attempt to build up a personality by a mere synthesis of particular qualities inevitably fails. The history of Dr. Johnson's reputation is a good example of what I mean. When Dr. Johnson died, he was widely criticised, and his faults were dwelt on till they seemed to constitute the whole man. But now that we see him in perspective, his faults, though we recognise them and see him struggling with them, do not obscure the nobility of that great tortured soul. The generation that criticised him so adversely would have done well to consider that the man loved and revered by Burke, to say nothing of the other members of his distinguished circle of friends, must have had such nobility and loveableness of character as wins love.

Our starting point in judging of Queen Victoria should be the fact that she commanded the respect of all the greatest minds of her time that had the opportunity of knowing her intimately. To remember this will have the same steadying effect on our judgment of Queen Victoria as the story of Sully's two visits to England has on our judgment

of Queen Elizabeth. The first time Sully came, Elizabeth was alive, and he was immensely impressed with the vitality, the sense of latent power and purpose, in the Government. On his second visit, she was dead; and, though he saw many of the same ministers, he found the state feeble and vacillating. We read this, and then take up one of the books that shew Elizabeth as a petty, vain, avaricious woman and sneer at the tradition of her greatness, and we put it down impatiently. There is nothing in the picture to account for what Sully, the shrewdest of men, saw.

What is there in the picture which men draw now of Victoria—the Queen before whom Bismarck, never dazzled by crowns, stood in awe, and whom all the greatest men in England revered—what is there to account for the impression she made on her contemporaries? I have tried, in this selection of letters, to shew how a strong, capable, sincere woman, with unusual experience of the world and men, after years of intimate association, not only revered but loved her; loved not blindly, without recognising her faults, but with the deeper love that comes with full understanding.

If we know she was loved, we may learn to look for what made her loveable. No one wishes to deny that she had faults, but in the main they were the accidents of her circumstances. She had never had the opportunity of rubbing shoulders on equal terms with other people; she had not even brothers and sisters. Inevitably, she lacked the worldly wisdom in small things which so often controls us ordinary people and which we have learnt in the

rough intercourse of the world. But she retained the strong, generous, childlike, simple nature which those who knew her best loved most truly. They at least, with fuller opportunities of knowing than we have, saw that she was noble in character as well as great in mental power.

ALBERT BAILLIE

The Deanery,
Windsor Castle

The Letters here selected were addressed, except where otherwise indicated, to the writer's sister Fanny (Lady Frances Baillie).

CHAPTER I

Osborne: The Duchess of Kent, a rural fête, the Queen and the Princes. *Paris:* Lady Augusta visits the old home. *England:* The Queen at Barrow Abbey. *Woburn:* A visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. *Clevedon:* A holiday visit. *Abergeldie:* With the Duchess of Kent, Princess Hohenlohe and Princess Feodora, the Queen and Court at Balmoral, the dancing master, the childhood of the Princesses.

Osborne Tues. July 24 1849

The Duchess was much concerned to think of having me here when Mama might be in need of me. . . . The journey was very fatiguing to the Duchess, and she was very unwell on Sunday, but is now I hope really mending. She sends her love (so does the Baroness),[1] and was much pleased to receive your letter and have tidings of you. . . .

We arrived in the midst of a rural fête given to the sailors and workpeople on the lawn—all dancing. Pr Helena with the Queen and the two men [Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred] in sailors dresses *more than lovely*. Then the delicious Baby—[Princess Louise] it *is* a delight and a beautiful creature. Pr Helena sits in Grandmama's room and draws! They are quite sweet. The place is lovely through the rain. The Baroness came down yesterday with Williams—Prophet, dear and not thin. Thaylin[2] stands all day at the back of H.R.H's door and could, I fancy, give a better account than anyone of the Royal Emotions.

[1] Baroness Spath, who had been Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of Kent since her first marriage.

[2] Williams, Prophet and Thaylin were pages.

Paris

My dear infants, you say you know what it is to be here *alone*. That may be; to be *left* alone; but to *arrive* alone, to come at once and with one step, from England to an empty house in Paris, smelling of "frottage" (I use a comprehensive term including all the component parts of that perfume) to find it cold, dreary, comfortless, without a face you wish to see, a thing to cheer or warm your heart. Oh! My girls, this is something! You wander about in acute agony, the walls even (being French) of course decline to echo back your British moans. All is chill and damp and dreary, body and spirit faint; your last hope is gone and you turn away with sickness of heart, conscious that there can be no rest for sole or foot or anything else until the Channel rolls once more between you and la belle France. . . .

We had a very rough passage. Mama[1] just escaped—I was very bad. The beloved Captain took us through the maze of military, got our luggage forwarded with ourselves to Paris where, without much ado, we had one searching for all—This clever invention has been adopted by dint of bullying on the part of Britain, and only applies to the Mail train.

Tuesday[2]

We started in an open carriage with the dear Queen, and had a charming drive to the Abbey

[1] Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Elgin, Lady Augusta's mother who lived in Paris.

[2] There is no note as to where this was written.

[probably Barrow Abbey] which far surpassed anything I had anticipated. So beautiful it is and so extensive—I never saw anything of the kind so gigantic in its proportions. Ferns and ivy growing in the chinks of the walls make it look lovely even in its desolation, and there are, scattered about in every direction, perfect gems of architecture. A rapid brook runs through the grounds, and must in former days have blended its voice with the swelling sounds of the organ, and joined in the hymn of praise. The sun shone brightly and brought out every beauty, but the noise of workmen and the intruding railway disturbed the peacefulness of the scene and jarred painfully on our feelings. What a beauty spot it must have been when the bank, which is now disfigured by the modern works, was covered with splendid trees, as old, perhaps as the building, or that at least could have told of its former splendour, had they been able to speak. The secluded "valley of the deadly nightshade" in which the Abbey is situated, is traversed by the road and disfigured so, that it will require many years and much care and attention even to *conceal* the monstrosity. One of the workmen was overheard by Mrs. Gwyllym to say to his companion, in the broad Lancastrian dialect, "Well, if this here belonged to me, why I'd try if I could to build it up again as it was before." Was not that a nice sentiment from a railway labourer? He might have given Lord Burlington [afterwards Duke of Devonshire] a lesson. Really, the devastation nearly made me cry. How I should have loved to see those stout-hearted Knights, who now lay among the ruins, bearing on

their funeral stones the mark of having been in the Holy Land—how I should have loved to see them kneeling in that splendid temple! Dear old fellows, how their hearts would ache if they could witness the spoiling of their beautiful retreat, and the low-mindedness of their degenerate descendents.

We visited an old clergyman on our way home, Dr. Stonard—he is nearly 80 years of age, never married, and has devoted his life to study. Pitt was his pupil, and he showed us some of his books, among the rest a copy of the Odes of Horace in which Lord Chatham made him study. It is marked and underlined by him. Doctor Stonard is indeed a darling, so agreeable, so kindly, and so perfectly well bred. He made me almost think of our beloved Daddy. Several times I clung to his arm for that reason, and listened to every word he said with respect and interest. He has built an addition to the Church at his own expense, and is banishing pews as much as possible.—This Church and parsonage are on the water's edge (the sea) and very picturesque. He has added both to the house and garden in the interest of future ministers. He has studied prophecy deeply and published, I believe, on the subject. He mentioned that he understood that there was a great movement among the Jews, that they had discarded their ancient Commentary on the Scriptures which had been a great hindrance to them. "There are commotions," he said, "in every religious body, at present we cannot see an hour before us." I should have liked to hear more but the subject was changed.

We came through a very pretty village with a sweet lake, Urswick by name.—Yesterday we visited the site of the first Quaker Meeting house in England, where they still assemble, close beside the residence of George Fox, an old Manor House now fallen into disrepair and used as a farm house, but in which there are still some carved oak rooms. I thought how much you would have liked the pilgrimage with us darling and although I do not know much of his history, I felt an interest in the place for your sake.

Woburn[1] *Sunday*

On arriving, a smart groom ushered us into the tea room where we partook alone, then up to our apartment which is compact and comfy, the rooms large and mine and Sir John's low in the roof—the furniture old fashioned except that in Matty's where pink is the dominant colour.

At ¼ after 7, down we went . . . presently in came the Duke and Duchess [of Bedford] who shook hands, but muttered only some shy words, and dinner was announced. . . . My neighbor at dinner was a towering toupet, a Miss Elliot. Clever, bloomerish, foreignish and a great hand at acting. The evening was awfully stiff, but when the hosts retired at 10, and shortly after we came upstairs, Matty and I roared to our hearts content. Lord and Lady Bessborough, Lord and Lady and Lady Victoria Talbot, the latter ladies *very nice,* Lord Torrington, to whom I feel inclined to mention the Oliphants, a very nice old Mr. Sandford,

[1] A visit with Sir John and Lady Maxwell, her half-sister.

Lady Hislop and her niece, Miss Elliot, form our party. This morning we breakfasted upstairs and only came down to go to Church.

Dear Hay[1] preached most nicely—After, we went to the Rectory—visited the Almshouse and cottages—had luncheon—went to the schools, and walked home with all the cousins thro' the beautiful Park full of fine cedars, firs and evergreens. The Rectory is charming, and is to hold, beside the present party, Selina and John, who arrive tomorrow. The Guests are asked to dine here, and we have been making plans for a pleasant dinner if possible. The hosts do not settle their guests, so we think we may do so for them!! However, today we got on famously and began to separate the wheat from the other thing in the company. . . . They were all at Lord de Grey's [at Worth] on Friday evening for theatricals. The Theatre is lovely they say; arranged, and the scenes painted by Lord de G. himself. Mr. and Mrs. Craven did the principal parts quite *wonderfully*. Tell H.R.H. with my duty. The Duchess here asked much after H.R.H.

I am writing hurriedly to catch you two together. I shall write again. Our hosts are very dear and kind—innocent beings who *flirt* much together and are very quiet and silent. The servants are mostly as old as themselves—all is nice and English and not of *today*.

The things in the house are beautiful—pictures, sculptures, ornaments, etc., and downstairs we saw today the perfection of kitchens and beautiful

[1] The Reverend Hay Erskine, her cousin.

housekeepers room, with a lovely old lady, the wife of an antiquated tottering butler, presiding. Splendid plate and wonderful china. . . . Let me describe my joy at all this—Chassey's[1] presentation and prolonged visit—her seeing the Queen and all the Duchess' kindness. How kind, *too kind.* I never heard anything like it. . . . We had on Monday 28 at dinner, and the beautiful gold plate—the hosts were *very* kind, and the Talbot family charming we thought. . . . We are charmed with this nice family circle—Lady and Sir Charles Fitzroy and their 2 men are so nice—the Duchess delightful, the old Duke a dear. . . . A pleasant party without a "snouch" of any kind. Tonight, children in numbers from the whole county round come for a magnificent Xmas tree which Lord Charles [Russell] in particular has been engaged in getting ready. . . .

Clevedon[2] *Saturday*

My own child, here I am after my journey which I bore capitally. . . . The town or village is so clean and pretty, composed of most cheerful looking cottage-villas covered with flowers and creepers. . . . At Chippenham I met Lord and Lady Westminster and a son. She was amiable as always, and gave a good account of Lady Octavia.[3] . . .

Sunday morning I had much talk with an ancient Dame who told me that *like myself,* she

[1] Lady Charlotte Locker, sister of Lady Augusta.

[2] Lady A. went to Clevedon on recovering from an attack of scarlet fever.

[3] Lady Octavia Grosvenor, later Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart.

was less able to walk than she once had been, was the mother of 13, and had six sons married and settled in Clevedon! There was, as you see, much likeness, but some tiny points of difference notwithstanding. . . . She admires the scenery much, and wound up all by assuring me, after pointing to Churches and Chapels of various descriptions, that "there's every *accommodation in religion* in this place Madam". . . .

Such a man we had in the train . . . perfectly dear and good and stupid; very rosy, very pleased, very anxious to be civil, and without *one idea.* Oh, yes, one, which I was obliged to nip in the bud, that was in addition to my bundle of shawls of which I was making a pillow, to give me his greatcoat. Fancy if he had taken home Scarlet fever in it, poor dear! But he had top-boots, *new,* tremendous cords on the most approved plan, revealing to the most casual observer where the saddler's efforts would be likely to be soonest required. These also *newest new and all stiff.* Then a bewitching *blue* Waistcoat, a neckcloth *bluer* still, with pin to match—thick silver chains of an intricacy of which you can have no idea—gloves as novel as the rest, of a bright *orange* hue, and so stiff that it took half an hour to put them on. . . . On the top of all, a hat with a broad crape band!! Now what could he be, or whither was he bound? I racked my brains to discover. No shooting, no hunting (the coat, by the way, was the most "cococious" cut-away). At last a luminous idea struck me, he must be going to "propose," and more glad was I than ever that I had not infected

his greatcoat. Poor young lady, she would not have resisted him, but to have had S(carlet) F(ever) into the bargain! . . .

Clevedon Saturday evening

Every day I discover new beauties, even limited as I am in my means of exploration, for *Thomas* is not rapid. Green's sister "Eliza" is with her other sister, and the brother is now at Bath, and she came to-day to see Green. She is quite struck with my air of health. She says she never saw me look so well, and this a great feather in Green's cap, as she feels it is her doing—a little is owing to the *sun and sea-brown,* but I am really well. I took my first drive to lionize "Eliza," and how beautiful it was—first Clevedon Court, built in the time of Edward II, then thro' the most exquisite villages and lanes. . . .

It seems probable now that I shall resume my duties [at Frogmore] on the 4th. I *do* enjoy my quiet, and appreciate my lovely hours. . . .

I thought I descried an acquaintance the other day, and in an agony of fear lest my peace should be invaded, I sent for a pair of blue spectacles to add to the effect of my shade and blue veil!! Luckily there has been no return. The only talk I like is with the nice civil country people I meet in my walks—to-day a whole flock of little children who spoke at once, giving me their family history and the dates of their birthdays etc. "And *we've ten children* and brother Thomas coming home from Africa and he says he never was in better health in his life, and Will, he's at the Cape

of Good Hope, and George, why he's a soldier in 'Injier' and he wrote mother such a long letter and *all in verses* about home and the place where he is, and he's very happy; he's not at the war, but —— is, and he writes his mother he wishes he was home with her again."

They are very nice people, well bred and civil and intelligent and not grasping. Our Widow who attends us Green "doesn't know what books she has not read," and she has one she calls Robert, after Robert the Bruce. . . .

Later

What does "Des" say of politics? Sir George [Couper] thinks the power would be immense if we became a French province! and he does not see why not. L[ouis] N[apoleon] seems quite ready and Sir George believes in his ships and soldiers and sailors.

Clevedon Sunday 2 p.m.

I have just returned from the old Parish Church, a venerable edifice without any gallery or other deformity into which you are *welcomed* by the officials and shewn into the nice open seats without a glance at your purse—that is *such* a pleasure and one felt so glad. . . . There are some interesting monuments—an ancient Knight of Clevedon—The two gifted sons of poor Mr. Hallam,[1] his wife and charming daughter, cut off like her brothers, in youth. Their mother was a daughter of Sir Abraham Elbon of Clevedon

[1] The historian whose son was the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Court. Two of her brothers are also resting there. . . . It goes to one's very heart. . . . Give Miss Strickland [1] my love and tell her that her interesting letter was picked up by me at the Post Office yesterday at the outset of one of the most enchanting drives a being ever drove.—I made the coachman take us through woods he had never explored before, narrow roads with overarching trees and passing little hamlets with venerable old Churches, so still that they seemed scarcely to belong to our hustling age. These lanes lead us to Porthead, a pretty village on the Channel, commanding a beautiful view of the entrance to the Avon, the Tennant, the Wye, more or less. . . . Green [2] [Lady Augusta's maid] and Eliza [3] inside and I beside the coachman who was almost enthusiastic as myself. "Isn't that beautiful Maam, isn't that a beautiful moon, I was just thinking how much *parties* must enjoy that, parties as has nothing on their minds." This was in contradistinction to himself, for he had confided to me that the cares and responsibilities of his office, " 'ead of the Stable Department at the Royal," were too much for him.

Today we had a fête. . . . when I returned, I found the nice old ladies from below looking at the scene through my window. I begged them to remain, and we spoke of Clevedon, which they were to leave this afternoon. I said the only thing

[1] Author of histories of Queens of England and Scotland.

[2] Lady A.'s maid, a great character in the family for her queer sayings: mentioned frequently in the letters.

[3] Green's sister, later Mrs. Thornton, housekeeper at Buckingham Palace.

it recalled to me was Arran, the air and the mildness. Then spoke up a sweet looking, much elderly dame "Ah, I know that country. I have lived many years in Glasgow and last summer visited Arran with my son, the Reverend M. Miles of Glasgow, and I have had the honour and pleasure of spending a day with Sir J. and Lady Maxwell at Pollokshaws" and here followed much which I listened to not unpleased—but I said little, for you know I have thought it more suitable and less conspicuous in this most quiet resort of Quakers to be "Miss Bruce," so that I did not want a genealogical investigation, but she was a dear, and I was happy to be able to be civil to her, though her son is a heretic, is he not?

Abergeldie Thursday September 2

What an awful climate this is! We are obliged to sleep with our windows open.—This evening the Duchess, with her daughter and eldest granddaughter [Princess Hohenlohe and daughter] having left us to dine alone, Princess Feo[dora], Miss Young (the governess) and I walked bonnetless and without shawls after dinner—and again the latter and I in the moonlight for a long time after the Princess had gone to bed. We might be there now and sitting, so mild and lovely is it, and so free from damp, even by the Dee. You can have no idea of the beauty of the scene, any of you; exquisite it is. . . .

The Duchess and Royal party met the Queen on her way from Castletown yesterday, but the beloved pair drove down nevertheless immediately

on alighting from their travelling carriage to visit "Mama." Our young Princesses are intoxicated with the delight of having "dear Aunt Victoria" here and the cousins.—I am sent out to ride with Princesses Ada [1] and Feo; and a fine time I have of it, for they are only allowed to walk, and their lamentations are incessant and my authority small. —Princess Feo dislikes "the thick yellow ponie" (Fat Boy); another is "ugly," is employed in the sense as when she says "I do not like the French, they are always so ugly to the Germans." She is a darling. . . . I saw Mary Seymour [afterwards Lady Biddulph] to-day. She looks remarkably brilliant. It will be charming to have her here. I am as busy as a bee. H.R.H. has herself read to (newspapers) at present, and I have frequently scarcely time to put my things on to go out. Green is outrageous at my being "hurried for them." . . .

Dining Room Abergeldie Sep. 20

"A beat before and a beat behind and a beat before and down upon it—turn the figure *slightly*; round the arms, the *shoulders* back *nicely*—it is only repetition that makes it easy—beat hop, beat hop, one 2 3 hop!! to the tune of . . ."

Yes, there he is—years have not diminished the spring, the grace, the *music* of his easy action—his voice, his intonations, his turn of the head, his reproofs, his encouragements, his bland smile, his *deep earnest look* are the same.[2] One sees that like

[1] Afterwards mother of late Empress of Germany.

[2] This dancing master many years before had amused and horrified Lady Elgin by proposing that Lady Fanny Bruce

L. Napoleon, he believes in his destiny, in the sacredness of his mission, and that unshrinkingly he pursues his glorious object with unabashed zeal and energy. "The figure *slightly* turned, the figure is never seen to such advantage as when slightly turned, look at the *pictures all round the room*; the attitude is invarably slightly turned, the eyes raised if you please—when the eyes are down to the ground it loses all the expression of the countenance. It's *only* repetition that will do it. Only! Only!!"

No, but imagine this and my feelings. The Princesses here were to go to learn reels with their Cousins at Balmoral. The first day, the new Master, who was to replace the late poor Mr. Thomson, had not arrived. The following day I got a note from Miss Hildyard begging me to see him and settle about the lessons—"Interview him," says I to my Prophet—The door opens; who do I see? Oh! the object of my heart's young idolatry, my own, my Lowe! I fell senseless into his arms —the "crowd" in which "we met" was not so large, Prophet alone stood by amazed. Many were the tender passages we reverted to, many the memories of the past we awoke from their long slumber—"Your Father liked my reel tunes and I remember his being struck with my 'one 2 3 hop.'" He said when one can do that step, one has the key to all the rest.—It was so strange to hear him at his 1, 2, 3, hop where we left him!!

should be trained as a ballet dancer, and by his blank astonishment when he found that she did not regard it as the highest destiny for her daughter.



My dear Lady Frances.

I wish you a very happy new year and many many more. My little genius is to bring you health and happiness, in every shape.

That your future
life may be full
of sunshine and
happiness, is the
very sincere wish
of your affectionate
friend,

Victoria

Frogmore January 1st
52

I scarce dare breathe the word, but in your ear I may whisper it. Yes! I think he feels and sees the misery he has caused and perhaps, may I add it, appreciates *now* the worth of that heart whose devotedness he once scorned—at least he said with a sigh "I have a large family now, 8—"

I could not bring myself to utter her name . . . Pss Hohenlohe admires much the "cambrure" of his back, and the "graces" which he endeavours to exemplify for the instruction of his pupils. . . . He came here to give his first lesson, and is to teach the steps separately to the Cousins. I heard him advise the Princesses to ask me to repeat their lesson to them, as I used to dance *"nicely."* Oh! do not you remember how he said that word, and all the other expressions and forms are as unchanged. "The Queen," says her Mama, "is delighted to hear that he is so dear and old a friend of ours." Cluny McPherson recommended him. I can not say what a curious feeling of dear old days came over me.

Later

I am sorry to say that the Princesses are to "beat before and behind" with the Cousins at Balmoral, so I fear I may not see much more of my own Lowe.

Later

. . . The Queen came the other day and joined the reel—too dear— . . . H.M. comes in for her share of praise, advice, encouragement and, where it is necessary, reprobation, just like other people —"Now gently, me deare, try and dance like a

lady." This is what we imagine he says to his sovereign in private. No! no! Charlotte, you need not try to say it, you go too far, you overshoot the mark. There has never been but one Mrs. Lowe; one too many indeed, but not two too many. . . . John Grant[1] and Mary[2] dined on Thursday. The Royal Ladies adore him, he was so pleasant and nice. They had enjoyed their visit so much and left on Saturday, a lovely day.

Oh! my Feo, imagine her being the victim offered up for the whole party on the shrine of gooseberries. Yesterday on returning from Church we found her poor cheek all red and of an immense size; she had put gooseberry and wasp and all in her mouth, and the latter had stung her, naturally enough! It was so sad, but so entertaining. Now could it have been otherwise, poor dear child— To-day her cheek is enormous, and so sore and red, poor darling.

Princess Helena criticises the *German* pronunciation of her Cousins—I hope you like her. She resented much being called a Baby by her eldest brother and threatened to slap his face if he persisted! The donkeys give me your letters now at breakfast, and I have such squinting under the table to get a peep at their contents between my cakes of shortbread! *That,* I am happy to say, is provided in abundance, and everyone now takes it as a matter of course. I have it also at tea at five. The maid downstairs having ascertained that I would not think her sending it up *vulgar!*

[1] John Grant, of Kilgraston, Lady A.'s brother-in-law.
[2] Mary Grant, his daughter, later well known as a sculptor.

I went to see an old woman the other day who did not at first recognise me—when I explained, she exclaimed "Oh! o'chone and I thought it might be your body." Why only that?

Friday 3rd Sept. 1852 *Abergeldie*

You are quite right to figure me among the gooseberries, where I am most days with my Princesses; they are always *starving,* so nice, and not allowed by Grandmama to eat their fill, poor things. When I can supply their wants, I do.

Lord Malmesbury is at Balmoral. I do not like him so much as Lord Derby nearly. Still, it is a comfort to have a Tory here. I have dined three times. H.M. so kind and amiable. Princess Helena is so lovely and charming—talks German . . . making all sorts of neat blunders! On Sunday evening . . . the Queen and Prince came after dinner alone, armed with an immense Gaelic dictionary as large as themselves, which they studied the whole time!

Tuesday 28th Sept.

Dearest Sisters,

Before answering your letters I must tell you what happened on the day after my last was sent—You must know that occasionally my Princesses were entrusted to me for the purpose of being taken out to ride. Great was the labour of the arduous undertaking, and great was the anxiety for the safety of the little ones, and the health of the eldest, who seemed at home on her pony, but whose health was supposed to be endangered by

over-heating of any kind, especially riding.—I only wish you could have heard me lecturing! Well, Benison and I being in attendance, off went my pair, my Ada fearless utterly and full of confidence; Feo behind and more prudent—*Hoarse* was I with warning and advising . . . then we cantered. All of a sudden a little jerk of the pony precipitated Princess Ada on her head on the ground. The creature stood still. Benison and I flew to her—she was senseless and like one dead!! Can you conceive our state? The little one crying. We sent to the cottages for water, and I sat with her head on my lap endeavouring to recall consciousness, but in vain. Benison wringing his hands—In a few minutes the beloved Queen drove up with the ladies and Princess Helena. They jumped out, and you may imagine how dear and kind, how considerate and calm the beloved was. Comforting and encouraging us all—Slowly the poor child began to recover, and mercifully Sir James [Clark, doctor to the Queen] drove up. We put her in the carriage, and I went off as fast as possible to prepare the Mother and H.R.H. a nice job! But the dear Princess was *so kind*. Poor Pss Ada gradually recovered her consciousness, was dreadfully sick, and was put to bed and was watched all night. However, it has not been so bad as we thought—She is still black and blue, and has had a good deal of headache, but she will be quite well in a day or two. In fact, she had only fainted with the shock, but it might have been congestion by the look, and that was what I feared, while Benison settled she had broken her neck!!

Everything has been said since, but in fact nothing could have prevented the accident in the way of attendance. She does not know how to ride, that was all, and though sitting quite well, she was not prepared for the slightest jerk. Was it not an awful business? Fancy the Duchess' agony and all the old German maids and nurses? She is tall and heavy, poor thing, and delicate, so that it might even have been worse, though less alarming at first sight—Of course, say little about it—Pss. Helena thought it most fortunate that they were there, "though they did miss their drive" especially, as her Mama remarked, she was useful, for she stood the whole time and threw sand over the railing—such a darling. . . .

CHAPTER II

The Duke of Wellington's death and funeral. The Duchess of Kent and French Politics. Lord Cowley and Louis Napoleon. The birthday of the Duchess in the Highlands. The visit of Prince Charles of Leiningen. A Highland Ball.

1852

I have this moment heard from Tuppin the sad news of the dear Duke's death—no particulars—What a loss! And yet one may be thankful that his fine mind never was clouded. The Duchess is in the greatest distress, and when I told the sad news in the schoolroom, dear Princess Feo, looked up with her large eyes full of tears "and what will become of the Aunt Victoria?" [the Queen]. Poor Aunt Victoria, she will be much overcome, and her visit to Althnaguisach will be painfully remembered.—What a life! How cloudless to the very end; glorious, great, unstained. And how he bore prosperity! Poor Lady Douro [his daughter-in-law] was not with him, and I hardly fancy any of his family.

Abergeldie October 2 1852

. . . I asked Mary Seymour what day they were to leave, but the only answer I could get was, "Don't speak to me about going away from this." She is so mad about walking in all weathers that the footman was obliged to remonstrate with her on the subject! I had a charming visit from dear Lord and Lady Caroline Courtenay whom I had not seen as man and wife—they sat a long

time with me. Lady Canning came too, and it was nice to get a little pleasant talk with people who have proper views and feelings. The Duffs dined. . . . You know that it is nobody's fault the dear Duke's funeral being delayed. It is necessary and right to wait for the meeting of Parliament. . . . Indeed the sad loss still weighs on all, and the dear people here feel that it will become more apparent every day, as his good and faithful counsel and advice, his sound judgement, come to be needed on every occasion. The extracts from the French newspapers have been quite worthy of the nation. "C'est tout dire." The more one thinks of him and his character, so perfect a contrast to their bombast, the more one admires and values him.

Dear Prince Arthur! "The Duke of Wellikon, little Arta's Godpapa," were his constant words.

You may believe what a blow the death of the dear Duke has been to us all. The Queen has felt it *deeply,* and all the dear children enter into it with the heart and comprehension they have, the darlings. The Queen shewed us the proof sheet of that interesting engraving from Winterhalter's picture[1] of the 1st. of May, and spoke so delightfully about it.—"Little Arta" was constantly speaking of his "Godpapa" and the Queen said was so happy and so good on the 18th June when she sent him to pay him a visit of congratulation, the pair walking all about Apsley House together.

All our Ball's, etc., have been indefinitely postponed.

[1] See illustration.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PRESENTING A CASKET TO PRINCE ARTHUR ON HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY,
WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

(*After Winterhalter*)

Frogmore Oct. 23

Have you sufficiently meditated that sentence "La France est satisfaite, l'Europe est tranquille" but who cares if she is or is not "satisfaite"? That man [Louis Napoleon] is getting too big for his boots decidedly.

November 12

At half-past three Lady Fanny [Howard] and Lady A[nna] Maria [Dawson], Sir G. and Lady [Couper] assembled and we next, following the Queen's carriage and followed by all the others to Chelsea. The sight was a beautiful, touching, and most solemn one—the Dear Queen felt much her last visit to Her faithful and best friend—Dear Princess Royal wept out loud, the darling, and everyone seemed overcome. Nothing could be more noble and more grandly simple—more worthy of him and all those fine handsome soldiers, standing with their heads bent over their reversed arms. We expect to see the procession from Buckingham Palace.

On Tuesday our babies 3 came to dinner, and oh! my Arthur my beauty—He was a good deal puzzled, for he first saw Mama on Aunt Feodora's arm, and then on his tip-toes discovered the real one opposite, across the table—"There's Mama." He discovered by degrees many friends at table and announced his discoveries quite loud.—"There's Mr. James! [Sir J. Clark] and where's Feo—Where *is* cousin Feo" with a despairing accent. . . .

Posted from Windsor Nov. 20 1852

Georgina[1] sent her carriage at quarter to five so that she and I, Frederick Locker and Bertha Locker should go to St. Pauls—Chassey [Lady Charlotte Locker] and Mrs. L. to Thomas's—I dined in Chester St. so did Thom. [The Hon. Thomas Bruce]. C. and F. with all our arrangements only got to bed at 12. . . . She slept little and so did I. By three the carriages were on the move, at half-past four we dressed—at 5.30 we started on foot to Thos. near Picadilly, which was already occupied by spectators—standing in the mud and darkness, perfectly good humoured, civil and decorous. "Master Bruce" as his maid calls him, was asleep—Fred and I en attendant the carriage watched the tide of human life pouring down towards St. Pauls and the City. The beautiful soldiers, etc.

The carriages came, dropped C. and Mrs. L. and took us up and proceeded. The balconys were all hung with black, and the seats covered. Every creature, rich and poor, had at least an attempt at mourning, and even at that early hour you heard no rude, rough jokes, or indecorous noise among the crowds. The Police everywhere carrying and helping ladies across, and facilitating instead of impeding everything. The throng so well managed, so quiet, setting down so clever and rapid. A moment only we were uncertain about our places, but we immediately found them over the West door, and beautiful the view was from where we sat. We were very comfortable and perfectly cool

[1] Mrs. Archer Houblon.

and at our ease. Gradually the immense Cathedral filled, and nothing was so interesting and fine as seeing all those handsome men and uniforms—from every Regiment in the Service. The colours blended well with the black and white dresses of the choristers, and when the whole was filled made it more magnificent than anything I could have conceived. The gas lighting produced very striking effects, and the beautiful sunshine that found its way in as the morning cleared added to it instead of marring it. When the head of the procession reached the Cathedral the bands commenced to play the Dead March, and the effect was wonderful. The music seemed to swell and die away and commence at intervals. The great bell tolled, the cannon was heard in the distance, and solemnly the various bodies, deputations and illustrious men marched up and took their places. The priests and the choir received the coffin at the door and preceded it chanting as it was slowly moved up the long space to the Dome, on a black bier. There it was placed on a pedestal, and the service proceeded. Not a breath was to be heard, and with the deepest emotion the whole congregation joined in the solemn service, repeating as with one voice the response to the Lord's Prayer. Poor Lord Douro was quite upset, so were many more, and our poor dear Prince was perfectly overcome.

The silence, the order, the deep feeling of the whole could not fail to impress the most careless, and the Dear Queen could scarcely speak of it even as she heard it from him without tears. It was indeed glorious—dear, dear old man—how

worthy of him, and what a dignity the love of him seemed to impart to a whole nation! If you could have heard the Queen speak of it—Her deep sorrow and feeling—Her whole heart beaming in Her eyes! Beloved one—and they had been so anxious —seen to everything themselves—thought of everything—arranged the music. The Prince said he never could have imagined a more impressive ceremony. The dear Queen could scarcely bear to realize, as She did when she saw the coffin before Her—Her unspeakable loss—She wears a bracelet with his hair. The last words Lady Canning heard when they were going to London were, "Arthur wants to go to London, Arthur does want to go"—Oh! bless him—his nurse was in despair, for she thought he could have remembered something—this recollection is kept up as much as possible.

Frogmore Friday

Mr. Tollemache in his note this morning says that on Thursday appeared a print of Napoleon III robed and crowned, and H.R.H. [The Duchess of Kent] wishes you to send it immediately—of course a common one, not a proof sheet—just one of the ordinary prints for the fun of the thing. Try and have it sent to the Duchess' by Monday's packet. . . . I am sorry Miss Weston has been ill, and remember me and say Mr. Van de Weyer [The Belgian Minister] and I talked of her last night. He was standing next to Prince Edward [of Saxe Weimar] (whose wife is not here) and up to his sash. He is not as tall as the Queen. Walpole has been much kinder and of course

much more gentleman-like than any Whig ever was, and the Duchess is so pleased.

. . . If there is anything funny and amusing about France and politics, or curious, send it. Perhaps a print of Abdel al Kadier, if it is like. You know the Duchess' love of curiosities. . . . Prince Arthur was travelling in his wagon yesterday, and having a capital game with his brothers, but he was obliged to hurry, for he had to enquire for the Baroness, feed the fowls, and be back to see his brothers ride. He comes to Princess Hohenlohe every evening and will not go away—his words are few and his ideas many, hence a great spluttering to get them out. I never saw such eyes and such a look, like the little bust of the Queen in the Gallery. All life and merriment.

Burford Sat. 11

. . . Last night Lord Mandeville dined at the Castle with his pretty German bride[1]—nice and pretty, but a mistake to marry a foreigner. They do not understand, and she finds it dull and hates the country—alas!

. . . I suppose Lord Cowley[2] went to Fontainbleau because he was desired; one would rather not, but I believe the Ministry is very anxious to keep quite neutral and to give Louis Napoleon no excuse for taking offence. At any rate I think now the Foolfoolikins can not mistake the feeling of Great Britain with regard to the Duke [of Wellington]. I am so amused with L N

[1] Afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.
[2] British Ambassador in Paris.

and his chasses—put a beggar on horseback and he'll, etc.

. . . Lord Cowley looked very dear at Windsor, and was most amiable. . . . I am full of despair and rage now that he [Louis Napoleon] dares call himself His Majesty, bringing contempt on the name. What snouches all!

Frogmore Saturday

. . . I may say that Her Serene Highness is Prince Hohenlohe's sister, so that you say "Y.H." I hope that she may call and have a little talk with Mama, who will like her. You can speak with the children. Tell Mama that one may be quite at one's ease with her. She is a *love.*

Tuesday

H.R.H. is getting the rooms ready for Princess Ada. . . .

The Duchess wishes to hear from you if people wear great magnificence of gowns, mantles, etc., and especially if they wear ribbons, feathers, flowers and domestic utensils of all kinds on their hats and caps and heads at one time. Miss —— Paris Modes look as if they might crush such an able bodied woman as *Duneme,* for instance, to powder and at once.

Frogmore

. . . The duchess appealed to Sir G. to know if he admired the blue ribbon the other day—"Everything is becoming to Lady Augusta!" was the reply from a thorough courtier!!! Now im-

agine—I made them take away my plate and said I could eat no more after that! You may imagine the Royal delight.

Abergeldie August 17 (*the Duchess's birthday*)

. . . roused by the National Anthem in full chorus—I rushed to the window of my little room and there beheld at the door of the tower, under H.R.H.'s bedroom windows, the whole household congregated—Maslin in the front in full rig, bouquet in buttonhole, music in hand, leading the band—a very Costa! and there stood my Tuppin, my Tustin, my Seabrook, with his wide-awake befeathered, and even our Hallan, our Ogg, awed by the gravity of the circumstances into something unlike his usual waggishness! It was very pretty, all the maids with bouquets, and all so neat and tidy. At the conclusion of the anthem, Captain Gordon's keeper, a great talent and a very handsome fellow, struck up some appropriate tunes and marched up and down with great dignity. We assembled in the dining room to greet the Duchess, who appeared in white looking very well, and accompanied by the family. By this time I was longing for my coffee, but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and this I was destined to experience, for in came Seabrook and recited an ode of his own in honour of H.R.H.—really extremely pretty—of course I was too shy to look at anything but my empty plate, and felt very hot, especially when at the conclusion, after many "Thees and Thines" came suddenly "Y.R. 'ighness." It was too dear, and I assure you the

thing was neat and clear to a degree, but that pronunciation at such a moment rather perilled the composure of my overwrought nerves. Then came the anthem again, a cheer, and breakfast, but in the middle the pipes struck up once more, and the gillies appeared in profusion, followed by the labourers, all carrying flags and wreaths and what-not—another pause, the end of breakfast, and then on the lawn and in the dining room a reel or two, danced by the new "Duncan" doing wonders at the sword dances. After this we came upstairs, the men having first given a Gaelic toast in honour of H.R.H.—The drawing-room round table was decorated as usual with lovely wreaths, and covered with presents. First—a large picture of the two Hohenlohe Princesses, not very pretty to my taste, then two exquisite heads of the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, all from the Queen —a set of iron bronze table ornaments *y compris* a *thermometer* from Princess Hohenlohe, Lady F., Lady A. M., and the chair, one bit on either side, looking *perfectly lovely,* and admired, I can not say how much, by everyone—the Duchess showing it off with great pride, and quietly ordering me to cover it with silver paper!!! Most pleased she was, and will send her love and will write. I must say I thought my vase looked as pretty, and more chaste than anything, *ne vous en déplaise*—but the nicest present was that of Princess Feo., a charming child of 13, chosen by herself at the Hague, in the neighbourhood of which place she has been staying for bathing, and from whence she only arrived yesterday, travelled all

alone in her grandeur with her attendants. This present she wrote asking her Mama's leave to buy, praising its *lovliness*. It is a sort of pen tray, supported by two most funny looking bears on their hind legs. . . .

The day is dark and dreary, but mild, so we can not go to Althnaguisach as had been proposed. There is to be a dance downstairs in the evening. . . .

Abergeldie Sat. 18 *Aug.*

. . . We danced famously last night, the two Princesses joining. Had you seen Maslin [page to the Duchess] leading off a country dance of his own invention, I believe, with the eldest, and Tuppin [another Page] following with Princess Feo, you never could have forgotten the spectacle —(earwigs and wasps lead me an awful life here, I am constantly in chase, but Green cheers me by bringing me figs or prunes from her dessert)—

Your letter to the Duchess was perfect. She sends her best love to dear Lady Fanny.

Abergeldie Aug. 26

. . . We have been slaving to see and do all that can possibly be seen and done during the stay of our dear Prince Charles [of Leiningen] who, with M. Klumpf, leaves us on Monday. . . . My head is rather achy with having to exert my lungs so much all day, especially to entertain Klumpf, who has to be talked French to, and is in a perpetual fury.—Oh! that Paravey could take his bile in hand and put him on the anti-bilious regime, or

that we might give him a blue pill.—What can I compare him to? A bear with a sore head? and having been thrown from his pony on Monday and had his wrist sprained, he has been perfectly *dreadful* since.—We think Mama rude when she yawns at her visitors, but he never does anything else! I have him next to me at breakfast, dinner, luncheon, and opposite in the carriage, and have the job of pacifying him when, besides the chronic fury, there are periodical attacks of affrontedness. Pig-driving, according to M. Mohl, is a joke to this. I believe however that he is a *very good man,* and he must be, or the Princes, when they were his pupils, *must* have murdered him. He is by way of being very civil to me (I wish you saw the amount of it) and is going to call on Mama when they pass through Paris. I trust she will be *very civil* to him, as it is an immense effort he makes in my honour to go to take *nouvelles* of me to my anxious parent! He is Conseiller de Cour at Stutgardt, and a *diplomat,* consequently a great gentleman. I am so sorry our dear Prince is going. I shall need less fortifying lotion when his companion departs, but it is good for one when one's youth is over to have someone who kindly whips one for one's good, and really, I am getting quite accustomed to it and shall miss it terribly, especially as he shows me how deep is the good-will and interest by which he is moved to give me a share of the "keeping down" he so largely and generously bestows on the world in general.

The Princesses were so happy with the first ball that H.R.H. gave a second dance on Prince Al-

bert's birthday.—Benison, in the Haymakers, pulling down his cuffs as if he was going to box the fair party towards whom he was advancing, and showing evident signs of heat, was an excellent sight. Ogg, his *vis-à-vis,* was not bad, the dignity of his air, slowness of his pace, and gravity of his countenance, no description can *ever* render. The Duchess's hospitality and sentiments seemed to me to multiply whiskey toasts rather dangerously, the mirth certainly threatened to grow fast and furious I thought, and Ogg's singing of the National Anthem at the close was highly loyal, but I should have said, slightly "supper annuated."

The weather continues milky and mild and sweet. We have shewn most of our Lions to our dear Prince, and given him shooting. . . .

Monday 13 *Abergeldie*

How you will stare when you hear of my gaiety! On Thursday, Fan, we took advantage of such a day as you remember last year, to go to the gathering, which was very pretty and brilliant as to performances. The forward harvest unluckily prevented the Duke and his men coming. Baby Farquharson was very charming, insisting on sitting on the Queen's knee, and bringing up her brothers to present them!

Cristo [1] I did not like in "trews," but he and the Grants were pleasant to meet.—The day before, Mary Seymour and I joined the luncheon party of

[1] Mr. Christopher Nisbet Hamilton of Biel, husband of Lady Augusta's half-sister, Lady Mary. Mr. Hamilton was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Invercauld on the top of Craig Cluny, and had great fun. A *lovely* day, mild and bright. The Duchess and Princesses feared cold and the long drive and determined *not* to go to the Ball at Corrimulzie. However, the dear Misses offered to send me to Invercauld on Friday to dine—go with them and sleep. The Ball was quite beautiful—we danced in the open air till 2 A.M. and much later, in *ball dresses,* and no one caught cold, and this at the highest gentleman's place in Scotland—say we have not a fine climate! We left at 2, but it lasted till morning. A large platform had been raised on a level with the drawing room windows —on one side was a beautiful estrade with crimson canopy, decorated with flowers and stags heads, for the Queen—a row of handsome Highlanders formed a wall or hedge on the three sides—beyond which all was closed in by trees, and the whole illuminated by numerous torches of pine wood placed at regular intervals on standard poles, and held by stalwart clansmen between. The whole place was decorated with flowers, wreaths and arches, and together with the gaily clad company and the strange wild light of the torches, produced a most striking effect. Seven pipers played together—imagine the noise! and we had the band of a Regiment and our two old fiddlers besides.

The Farquharson[1] boys are quite enchanting, so naughty—*nicely* naughty—Mrs. F.'s frantic attempts to keep them in order are so useless—Cristo and Mr. F. retired early, to the wrath of the youngsters who vowed that Cristo should rue his

[1] The Farquharsons of Invercauld.

folly. We drove home with our piper on the box, playing all the way—Annie and Mary [Grant] having danced every dance, and, on our arrival nothing would serve the boys but to begin again a reel which lasted any length of time, accompanied by shouts that might have reached Chesham Place, let alone our poor Lancastrian, who was reclining next door! At last the dancing was stopped, and Mrs. F. thought she had driven her rabble rout to bed. Not at all—they made a halt at poor Cristo's door and serenaded him in a most cruel manner. More maternal rebukes and threats, and again a sort of lull broken by the return of a single rioter, who slipped past his rather unwieldy parent to satisfy himself that their purpose had *really* been accomplished, of which he seemed to have painful doubts—"I do not believe he is awake *yet!*" Certainly no fault of theirs if he was not.

On Monday we had a dance in honour of Prince Leiningen's birthday—the Queen came, and it was very merry. I had the joy of dancing a country dance with Benison! Fancy! You never saw a finer sight—it was exquisite. He is most tender to me. To-day the Grants (Mary and A.) dine here with the Farquharsons.—H.M. is at Althnaguisach with Mary Seymour.

August 25

The Duke and Duchess of Atholl came on Friday till Tuesday. Yesterday we spent all day at the Queen's hut in the mountains, a striking spot, bleak and barren but beautiful from the shape of the hills and lake. To-day we have been out since

Church, seeing drives and Balmoral added to the entertaining—the company leaves me very little time, and tires me.

Green is very angry with the quantity of heather I bring home; as to the Duchess, she has exhausted all the crockery resources of the house, and what she may ultimately be reduced to, I should not like in modesty to say.

Sunday, Abergeldie

Before I sleep I must tell my darling that she is my treasure and blessing, and that I *will not* have *a word* said against her, because her love and affection are my joy and delight, and she is my child and my pet and my darling. Do not imagine, my precious one, that you make me unhappy—I am only sad for an instant when my maternal heart descries something rising up as a barrier of pride or want of confidence between us, but I know it will pass away and that my darling will come to herself and feel that there is, and can be, no barrier, and that there is no happiness but in mutual confidence, and that she has no better friend, truer at least, or none to whom she may more safely confide every thought.—One who has the same weaknesses as others, perhaps greater struggles and temptations too, and who knows well the weary battle that must be fought and constantly renewed! One who has watched her child from infancy, and who can enter into her feelings and claim some confidence and that frank trustfulness that must exclude all proud and repulsive defensive feelings—who can better understand all

our proper feelings, position, thoughts, habits, wants, hopes, fears, interests, pursuits and struggles than one who has gone thro' the same, and yet it is not so far removed as to have lost the remembrance of these things? Sweet darling, let us be near and dear to each other—do not think I hide any cares from you. I have none. More changes I have seen, and more trials I have gone thro', and naturally these may have left a shade, and something of gloom at times, but it is just the care for, and interest in, your happiness my darling that drives away sad thoughts and gives me an interest and pleasure and object in life. Let me look after them then my pet, and you will be what you are, my joy and comfort—the only thing by which you can possibly give me a moment's pain is by keeping back from me and seeming proud or distrustful as if you put something between us and did not have confidence in your second Mama, but when I see your dear face like itself, and it is *very* seldom otherwise, it cheers my very heart—Precious darling—Blessings on you and all happiness and joy go with you.

CHAPTER III

The Queen's visit to France: Her meeting with the Emperor. The building of Balmoral. The Queen and the Crimean wounded at Shorncliffe. The Prince Consort on the Diplomatic Service. Lord Raglan and the Crimea.

Monday Oct. 1 1855

The Duchess of Wellington is very amiable and friendly, and talks most affectionately of you, Fan, and of Lady Georgina.[1]

There is a great deal said and written at present that makes me very hot and angry—but the reality is that there seem to have been some mistakes in the management of our Redan business. One knows how they exaggerate the skill and management of the French, and the Hospital story is enough to prove that, ours being now so far superior to theirs. So it will be about this matter —if judgement and arrangement and some means and appliances were wanted this time, it will not happen again, and after all we succeeded better than the French in *their* attacks on the small Redan, etc. But you may suppose all that is said. —Gen. Coddrington, it appears, was rather stupid and obstinate, and then they not only took men who had been for months dodging about the trenches and hearing perpetually of mines, etc., and who had never been engaged in a regular fight, but they sent driblets out of different regi-

[1] Lady Georgina Baillie was Lady Fanny's mother-in-law and aunt of the Duchess of Wellington.

ments, so that there was no *esprit de corps*.—The men got mixed up and separated from their own officers, and all became a "muddle" . . . and they could not put it to rights—besides which, the position was not of value enough to justify them in making a second assault in which, no doubt, the past errors would have been more than retrieved. You may imagine the state the Army is in at its having appeared for an instant that the French had eclipsed them. Of course "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," Sir George Couper says it will, and is all immensely exaggerated and much will be explained, because he is certain no such gross errors as they describe can have been committed by Sir H. Jones, who is the best and cleverest officer in existence, and who, with Sir J. Burgoyne and General Niel, always from the commencement saw the true principle of the attack, a system which was at last adopted and led to success. Both Pelissier and Niel do justice in their reports to the English, but privately I dare say they will say what they can of any mistake or omission. At least I fear so. Lord Raglan's friends and relatives say that while the Alliance lasts no one will ever know the trouble and bother the French gave him. Lord Rokeby says he knows his division would have carried and kept the place, and the other Division the same—It was badly set about, and thus everything turned out ill and at cross purposes, and contributed to make bad worse. One knows the sort of thing.

I was so mad at Birkhall with the "réchauffed" *Times* nonsense debited with ineffable conceit by

Clark and his young whipper-snapper friends—I could not help putting before him some of his own contradictions and fallacies, and hailing his arguments as those of the *Times,* already refuted (which they do not like) and which made him assert that after reading the accounts, the circle at Birkhall had made the same comments *exactly* as those that appeared next day in the *Times* and *Daily News.* Small praise to them I thought! It makes me sick to hear their *"truisms"* uttered with such indescribable folly and "aplomb" and as Genl. Grey said, even if such people were right, they would make right wrong with their pretentions and conceit.—Do you know young *toupet*ish radical lawyers, and would you not flog them? I just think as you do, Cha., about the French and the Alliance—if the Emperor has time to establish Free Trade he may perhaps do something to eradicate their prejudices permanently, but else there is no hope, and of course they will be ready to turn against us any moment.

Clarence House Tuesday

Miss Hildyard will write to tell you if during any of the repos they [the Royal children] can see you or at St. Germains. You could write to her at St. Cloud; if there is any suggestion strikes you about seeing them you could write to Miss H. They wish very much to see you and said perhaps you would come to them on the Sunday while they repose, or one of their quiet afternoons, as they and the children do not always accompany the Queen in Her progresses. . . .

October 24

When Mary Bulteel found herself at St. Cloud on the evening of the eventful 18th. of August, not to say dirty, but filthy, disgusting, tired, done-up and half asleep, and suddenly exposed to the bright glare of countless *bougies* and told to be ready for dinner in twenty minutes, her feelings were not enviable. No maid, and the only attainable boxes those containing full dress ball robes and nothing else. However, then she would have sacrificed herself and put over her dirt, but luckily Lady Churchill had nothing at all, so Mary shut up her mails again, looked disconsolate, and made a virtue of keeping Lady C. company. But this was not all—I believe she had never been in France, at any rate she had never pictured to herself the strange customs she was to meet with in that same barbarous land, and in a state of partial lethargy she was accosted by a voluble footman—"Madame la Marquise a ici ses appartements; je suis aux ordres de Mme. la M., toujours prêt. Mme. la M., je ne quitte pas ce fauteuil à la porte de Mme. la M. Absolument à la disposition de Mme. la M. Mme. la M. peut-elle me suivre par ic, par ici. Mme. la M. n'a qu'un pas à faire," and he displayed to her astonished and now wide open eyes a fearfully English one. She had hardly recovered when she found herself passing by her dressing table—"Mme. la M. peut-elle attendre 5 minutes, elle aura une toilette à la Pompadour"—with immense emphasis. From that moment he never left her. The door had no lock or bolt, and she was never

for a moment safe from him. By dint of the greatest watchfulness and constantly starting out of her bath and shouldering the door of which he was always turning the handle whenever he proceeded further than mere fidgetting with it, she contrived to baffle him during the bathing moments, but at all other times he made good his entrance, despite her shrieks and remonstrances—"n'entrez pas," (crescendo) "n'entrez pas." "Oh, oui oui oui, Mme. la M., il le faut, Mme. la M., c'est pour expliquer à Mme. la M.," having said which, he thought himself justified in taking up his position at her pompadour under any circumstances. Poor Lady Churchill was less of a French scholar, and had less *toupet,* and being probably in their eyes a Duchess, was victimised by three, with whom Mary found her one day perfectly helpless. She turned imploringly from her glass where her toilette was proceeding, to entreat Mary to release her and deliver her from them.

She did not wonder however for all this at Fan's having found them rude, as those who were not actually told off for any particular duty were most disobliging and uncivil to the maids for instance, leaving them to drag the boxes if the footman happened to be out of the way—"a great contrast" said the maids, and at dinner, she said, they did not seem to know their business as ours do, for instance you constantly heard behind your chair a great scuffle of five or six over something, and an authoritative "Imbécile!", which seemed to denote that all was not going on precisely as smoothly as could be wished.

That said word, M. remarked, one gets unconsciously to use in France, and one finds it a great comfort! Every now and then also one saw a large white glove on the table, gathering up the crumbs in a primitive manner, and on one occasion she descried a puzzled helper of truffles use his fingers when they proved rebellious to the spoon.

The fun she is, and all that she said in a low tone, half her face grave, the other convulsed. I cried last night with laughter. And she is such an admirable mimic, and takes off the accent and intonation so well. Before they arrived, an order was issued to the Minister of the Interior to provide English tubs for all the Queen's household, and Mary's attendant had been so well drilled as to what he might be required to do in the way of cans of hot water, that had she ordered them 12 times a day instead of only 3 or 4, he would not have been surprised. I hope the tubs may introduce a new era, but till last account, the British custom seemed to have struck no root in the ungrateful soil.

Lord Clarendon was at dinner last night and the night before, but I never got near him.

It appears that Doctor Body is a worthy pendant to "Smith." The other day Lady Couper was telling him a sad tale of some lonely orphan, and making him remark: "The sadness of her, an only child and consequently alone. Indeed, Madam, it almost reconciles one to a series of young persons." Miss Couper hopes you will be obliged to her for this yarn. It appears that he has a "series" himself, and poor Mrs. Body defunct, so

things are thrown on his hands. The result is that they have it in the body!

I sat by Sir Richard Pakenham, the late Minister at Lisbon, the other night, and made great friends with him. He spoke most highly and warmly of our Hope Johnstone. He says he is charming, so talented and agreeable, and good natured, making himself useful wherever he goes, and always ready to oblige anyone. Sir Richard said: "I am sure he will get on with his abilities. No one can have an idea how such a gift of making himself liked by all helps a man on in the profession." Sir Richard is a dear. He has retired from the service, being anxious to end his days in Ireland with an elderly sister. Lord Clarendon was lamenting his retirement, as he says he is one of the most useful men they have. To-day I went to see the Queen receive the address from the Corporation of London on Sebastopol. It was a fine sight. She was well dressed and looked very well. The Duchesses of Wellington and Atholl were with her, the former splendid. Lord W. Russell[1] was in the gallery with us, and spoke much of his Cousins, the Baillies, and rejoiced in numbering Fan among them. Last night we had a fine Crimean, Major Swain who lost his leg in the trenches. The Queen shewed him the most marked attention. He felt nothing of the operation, having had chloroform given him, and altogether he made very light of his sufferings, poor fellow. He had become engaged to a lady before, and after his misfortune offered to give her back

[1] A Canon of Windsor.

her word. You may imagine she would not take it, and they are going to be married.

Sept. 8th

Yesterday was a very busy day—at 11.30 we went to Balmoral and watched the preparations till near luncheon time. Every trade connected with housebuilding and furnishing was carrying on its own particular business within those four walls, and how all was to be completed before 6.30!! The Queen's apartments above look towards Invercauld, and the bend of the river and the mountains rising in succession as far as the eye can reach form a lovely picture. The general woodwork is light coloured, maple and birch chiefly, with locks and hinges, etc., silvered, and the effect is very good—besides there are beautiful things—Chandeliers of Parian; Highlanders, beautifully designed figures, holding the light, and which are placed in appropriate trophies—table ornaments in the same style, and loads of curiously devised and tasteful, as well as elaborately executed articles; the only want is a certain absence of harmony of the whole—in some matters such as the papering of the rooms—here and there fenders, etc.

By the way, the Duchess admired the tables much this evening, and loudly mentioned, "Oh, they are so well LAID IN," in which case I would have them adorned with a plant called *Myrtle bog*. I conversed largely with Holland the upholsterer and promised to go and study the progress of the art in his shop some day. I thought Fred [Locker] would go with me. He assured

me that they had copied Buckingham Palace in the arrangement of the rooms at St. Cloud, and that he knows for a fact that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th. (he being in that Imperial residence at the moment) the Empress *burst into tears* at seeing how much less pretty the rooms were than those prepared for the Emperor and Empress at Windsor! Those things were sent for and things upon things arrived till there was no room to put them. When I alluded to the Boudoir at the *Exposition,* a *chef-d'œuvre* of French upholstery, he smilingly observed that it was a reproduction of the waiting room at the Great Western station, arranged for the Imperial visit.

It appears that the tide would not allow of the Queen's landing earlier than she did, at least in her own yacht, and that caused the delay. The confusion at Boulogne about luggage and attendants was quite *beyond description,* and they say also that the noise and rout and confusion among the French people when they were at Windsor is not to be told—all the doors open, and screaming and talking—the Ladies dressing . . . with open doors. . . .

On getting near St. Cloud on the Saturday, the Emperor desired M. Vaillant to send up the Commander of the *Guides* to announce to the Empress that the Queen was coming—This tall *bêta* misunderstood and with perfect gravity came up to the carriage in which both were and said to the Emperor: "Sire, le Maréchal me commande de vous faire savoir que S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre *arrive.*"

"Mais ne voyez-vous pas que nous l'escortons?" replied the enraged sovereign, and sent the poor donkey off with an animal in his ear.—Can not you fancy how he had heard the order wrong and probably fancied it was etiquette to utter those words—Imagine the Queen's amusement. At St. Germain the "jeunes filles en blanc" who came with their bouquet were headed by a spokeswoman who commenced a long oration "Grande Reine" and proceeded to rehearse it. All of a sudden in the middle, after talking of peace and war, industries and victories, alliances, etc., she came to a dead halt, and the Queen and Emperor endeavoured to appropriate the bouquet and relieve her embarrassment and their own ennui, when she, resisting, exclaimed, "je vais achever," and the torrent recommenced its monotonous flow. Another stop came uncalled for and then the Curé chimed in "Vive la Reine" and she took up the words "Vive la Reine, vive la Demoiselle, Vive . . . Pr. Albert, Vive l'Empereur, Vive tout le monde."

To return to yesterday—we returned at six and strange to say almost all was finished—the carpets are Royal Stuart Tartan and green Hunting Stuart, the curtains, the former lined with red, the same dress Stuart and a few chintz with a thistle pattern, the chairs and sofas in the drawing room are "dress Stuart" poplin. All highly characteristic and appropriate, but not all equally *flatteux* to the eye. A little before 7 the joyous cry of welcome was heard and they drove up smothered in turbans and blue veils.—The Prince made old François throw his shoe into the house for luck, and they soon all

vanished into the recesses of the new house.—The evg. we drove there and met the Queen and Prince driving. We went round a beautiful new road and to the house, where we saw the children—dear darlings, so nice. Pr. Royal was full of your visit, but I saw them only an instant, and Miss Hildyard not at all to speak to. Mr. Gibbs[1] told me he had seen you and this evening the beloved [Queen], when we dined there, said what she had already written to H.R.H., how sorry she had been not to see you [in Paris] except at the window from below, and all sorts of kind things.—It was so kind, writing that message in the bustle and hurry, and she said this evening, "Not even at St. Germain. I do not know how it happened—we fancied she was on the terrace and looked for her there." Lord Granville is with them, and Lady Churchill is *so nice*. She was sorry not to have seen you, and would have made time even in her quick dressing. I asked about meals. She described her horror at finding herself seated at breakfast with three wine glasses by her plate. Wine she declined and was resigning herself to the idea of cold water, when near the end, tea or coffee were offered! She added that the French wondered how they could eat at luncheon again. She tried to explain that our breakfasts were not composed of hot and cold meat and vegetables, etc., etc., like theirs and our luncheons were not dinners. They could not comprehend this but what they did understand was eating like 16 at luncheon, though each day they began by saying how strange and how terrible

[1] Tutor to the Prince of Wales.

"Manger de nouveau, toujours manger"—Can not you hear them, and eating each time double at least what we do! They are, however, highly delighted, and they said the household seemed civil and well disposed, and charmed with the Queen and Prince and children.

September 11th 1855

The Queen admired the Zouaves beyond everything, and the soldiers generally very much. She said: "I looked at them with such interest and such a deep feeling, the thought being always present with me that they and their comrades were sharing the perils of my brave men. I felt so grateful and so moved by the thought—I had heard also so much about them from our Generals. And they themselves, principally Canrobert[1] with whom I conversed much, spoke in such glowing terms of our soldiers."

The blessed one. She is only too good for them, that is the feeling one has, but certainly the impression she had made is remarkable.—Of course impressions with them are fleeting. . . .

If you were to see any nice 4 or 2 hand music at Frankfort tell us about it—The Duchess does not often play 4 hands but sometimes. . . . Miss Hildyard and Lady Caroline [Barrington] are sure, from all the wilful stupidities and delays and difficulties made about parcels and goods at St. Cloud, that the servants must have taken bribes from the tradespeople, and kept back the things of those who did not buy their good offices.—Such

[1] The French Commander in Chief.

a confusion, such a nest of hornets they got into, poor innocent people! Can't you imagine? Poor Miss —— the Draper had four *lingères* at once dragging at her person and gown! They were nearly maddened, and the last day —— told Miss H. one man was storming and absolutely *furious* because the Queen had only bought 9 *gowns* of silk from him!! What Turks!

I have been much interested and impressed by what you have written of the reception, and the impression made by the Queen.—She feels the cordiality immensely, and the idea of cementing a lasting union is, I see, one which kindles her enthusiasm and delights her. Then I think she is *quite* charmed with the Emperor; feels that she never met on equal terms anyone like him. She seems to feel that their views and aims and interests are identical; there can have been no stiffness or *gêne* apparent, and I am sure, on her side, no real holding back in their intercourse, manner and bearing, etc., etc., etc., throughout: it *won all hearts,* and with the conduct of his children he[1] was quite delighted. All this is much from Him who says less than he thinks and feels, invariably. The Emperor has been *wonderful,* the more they saw the more they were lost in admiration. His tact, taste, frankness, good feeling, everything! The Duchess says the Queen can speak out to him, and she is so frank and straightforward. She says what she thinks, and it is quite astounding the degree in which she finds a response in his sentiments and views. I hope he is honest; I believe it; but if

[1] The Prince Consort.

not, one can only repeat, in the end honesty will have the best of it. The Princess Royal writes in ecstacies, but reserves all details for when she sees Grandmama, only the darling finds time to tell how much pleasure it has given her to see Lady Frances, who came to St. Cloud and was looking so well, and that when she told Prince Arthur for fun that Lady F. had seemed very much annoyed when told he had forgotten her, he blushed, and seemed to feel very keenly the loss of her good opinion. The Duchess was charmed and sends her affn. love over and over again, and bids me say she thinks of you and longs to have you here, and is continually writing to you in intention and heart, but finds her poor eyes make the accomplishment of her purpose very difficult. It is so sad, and then she is often "so busy"—she is hours over one letter—the dear, dear beloved one.

. . . You may suppose that *entre nous* I have been slightly reported [*sic*] by this laudation of French people. . . . —I had been oppressed by the feeling that it was my duty to think them wise men and angels, and really this little sketch of things as they are, making me feel that all my preconceived notions, the product of years of experience, were not to be overthrown in an instant, was refreshing.—If you tell me that our dear Louis Napoleon with his Northern extraction and English experience may end by putting a little sense into them—well—but that they have already become reasoning and reasonable beings I can not admit. How I can see and hear them—with their "consign"—I have half a mind to tell

Gustave La Grange of it to have them blown up, rude hogs that they are.—The Duchess was so glad that you had seen the darlings and was so pleased to hear of all. That remark about the Queen's being as *jeune* as her Demoiselle charmed her. . . .

London Sat. mng. 1855

. . . We found Miss Carter here and very agreeable, telling many interesting things about Miss Nightingale and her dear soldiers—also praising Miss S. Stewart with whom she did not know we were acquainted. . . .

Robert wrote that Jim [Lord Elgin] had "magnanimously refused the Duchy of Lancaster," and R. thinks he has done well. . . .

1855

. . . Prince Arthur is more handsome than ever, though thin, and his eyes as enchanting—He wishes one—even two caps brought for him from Paris, but especially to know from Mama whether there are any baby things there, for if so, he begs she will bring some for Leo[1]!! I asked if he remembered you—he said "Certainly yes," and on enquiring if he would wish me to send a message, he replied likewise in the affirmative—He is a little shy with me, and the more so as Leo absorbs and engages my attention, holding me fast during the games, and wishing me to kneel beside his little carriage—bless him, while he screamed at every new feat, "Look, look, hurrah," and clapped his

[1] Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany.

hands. He is a dear, but passionate and always frightfully naughty in the presence of his parents, who think him quite a Turk! I am like Cha., I do not think they know how to manage him, not even Turton [his nurse], however it is very difficult, for the battles are usually to avert some danger. He is perfectly reckless and fearless, and gets himself into terrible "straits."—The two eldest are grown and very nice—Did you hear that Prince Arthur, when reproached with his fickleness to you, proposed that Leo should now devote himself to you!! The Queen was quite annoyed at his changeableness, and threatened to confiscate the box of soldiers. . . .

The Bluejackets looked so handsome—splendid men they are—the Queen loves all—but her state about the Crimeans! and soldiers in general. She said the patient, grateful look of those in hospital went through her heart, and you can hear her enumerating the cases with the usual memory, and knowing the names and histories of each. On returning from Shorncliffe, she passed, in the carriage, in front of Haslar hospital. All that could in any way have themselves conveyed to the terraces and balconies were there to get a sight of her, and cheer again and again. She was much touched. One with but a stump supported himself and flourished his crutch over his head. Three have become *imbécile* from the sufferings—many have churchyard coughs—others have recovered in the most miraculous way from wounds. Chloroform was constantly used and with the greatest success on the battlefield. Several told the Queen



LADY FRANCES BAILLIE

From an oil painting

they had been operated on without the slightest pain. H.M. told me that the soldiers all saw and read the papers, and whenever there was an article particularly abusive of Lord Raglan Commander in Chief and eloquent on their wrongs, the effect was to make them give him a double quantity of cheering when he next appeared!—I told you that Lord James heard the Zouaves talk, and always with contempt of their army—the only soldiers besides themselves they will acknowledge are ours. The Prince seems to hope that we are not to be saddled with 25,000 Spaniards—the Turks are quite enough to have of that description of military! I sat by him last night at dinner. He was very kind and pleasant, as usual shy, but when coming out at all, so wise and good and right minded. He asked after you—I told him I had paid you a visit and liked Frankfort.[1] He was interested in knowing where your house is, etc., etc. I said you enjoyed the place in many ways, but that Evan regretted there being so little business. "Ah," he said, "as the service is now constituted there is very little that is interesting, very little that is beyond mere manual labour in any of the subordinate posts—it is a great misfortune that men are not brought on and trained as in any other profession; they are obliged to spend a certain number of years, and when at the end they are promoted to be Ministers, they are as little prepared as at first. In addition to this, it is not the custom with English attachés to do even what they might

[1] Lady Fanny had just married Evan Montagu Baillie, Jr. of Dochfour, who was in the Diplomatic Service.

that rests with themselves to improve the opportunities, and our diplomacy is consequently the worst. They know, generally speaking, nothing of the countries and the people among whom they live; the *exclusive* system of society, which is the fashion in England they import with them, and instead of mixing in the society of the place where they are, they associate only with one another, and with those of their own countrymen resident where they happen to be. Even the languages they scarcely learn—does your brother-in-law know German?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "he does very well, and he is very painstaking."

"But does he mix in the society of the place, does he study the people *of all grades,* get thoroughly acquainted with their thoughts and feelings, the resources, the customs, the machinery of the state, everything in fact that influences the common wealth and goes to make up the individuality of the country and people and that enables one to understand and estimate the place they hold in the world, their bias, their tendencies, and the complicated causes that determine these, with their probable modifications or chances of durability."

I could not quite say that he mixed a good deal with the people of Frankt. of any grade, so I answered that I had heard from him or you expressions and sentiments that led me to suppose that he was fully aware of the importance of these points, and of the deficiencies of many in acquaint-

ance with that which alone would make them useful and efficient servants of the State in that line—

"Well," said he, "let him pursue a different course from that which so many adopt—nothing is insignificant, nothing is trifling, nothing is undeserving of study and investigation, be the post however dull and unimportant apparently, he will always find plenty to learn that will be useful to him and improving—only let him mix with the people and not be *exclusive,* there is no one from whom he may not gain some information and learn something either by observation or directly from the Prince to the coal-heaver inclusively—a diplomat should be acquainted with all, have studied and made himself master of all that concerns them and their social position."

In short, a knowledge of history of past times is indispensable to a politician, and an equally comprehensive knowledge of the present is necessary for a diplomate in addition.—I am sorry I can not give you the Prince's words, but this was the substance, as nearly as I can recollect, of what he said. I am anxious you should reflect upon it—you will be the best judge of what of it you ought to, and may, repeat to Evan. . . .

. . . I was the more impressed by the Prince's remarks as [Sir] Frederick [Bruce] had said a few days before how much our difficulties and losses in the Crimea were to be attributed to the little knowledge we had; the want of ability and *savoir-faire* of our agents abroad, which had left us in the dark on so many important points: from them

he proceeded to discuss the ignorance and stupidity of our "employees" and our inferiority to Russia and other foreign countries in this respect.

The Duke of Cambridge came yesterday looking well and very nice—Lady D. rather silly—Colonel Gordon also here—handsome and better than ever, not having had a day's illness, and having been full of zeal and interest. He talks with much energy and "verve" and is really improved. He goes back—he thinks his daughter charming. They were saying how many of our officers had been killed by exposing themselves heedlessly. Sir J. Campbell, Colonel Yea and many others. Lord Raglan terrible. He used to sit in the "embrasures" to be cool, and all entreaties were in vain—at last an ingenious individual thought of telling him that he attracted the fire on the men by so doing, when down he came instantly!

The beloved one! One of the stupid stories circulated in Germany to alienate the *gobemouches* Prussians was to the effect that the English officers had been made to efface the name of Waterloo from their clasps and medals. The Princess of Prussia wrote to ask the Queen if it was true. "Most certainly not," was the reply, "it is there and there it will remain, and we hope ere long Sebastopol may be added." "Since then," added Her Majesty, "nothing more has been said on the subject."

. . . The Duchess excused poor Leo tonight—"he was so young, his passions would go off, as he was six."

"Oh," said his Mama, "I don't know what we

should do then—whip him well?" The Duchess said how sad it made her to hear a child cry, "it makes an impression."

"Not when you have 8 Mama—that wears off. You could not go through that each time one of the 8 cried!!"

Monday

. . . I waylaid Prince Arthur yesterday and asked him if he had a "weenie rifle." He appealed to Mary Ann who replied in the negative. I then gave him the gun . . . from you. He was charmed and sent his love and thanks you. When he recommended that Prince Leo should have you, he said "he ought to begin!!"

CHAPTER IV

Abergeldie: The Duchess and Princess Ada Hohenlohe. Visit of Princes of Orange, Saxe Weimar, and Victor of Hohenlohe. A Ball at Balmoral. Lord Elgin and American interests. Visit of Florence Nightingale.

Abergeldie Aug. 11*th*

I told you of the Montpensier [the Duc d'Montpensier] dinner at which [Lady] Matilda [Maxwell] and [Lady] Lucy [Grant] were present and did their best in the French tongue, but were altogether awfully shy. Mr. Brown got his *congé* dinner that day, and the Sheriff was put off so that Ld. James and the Duke had it all their own way. —He is too fat and vulgar looking—she not so *provenante* as our Royalties, and hard to get on with, but I liked her much better and think her good and pretty looking. Mme. de Latour (the wife of his French attendant, a regular rounded Frenchman, everything circular about him, beginning with his head and going down, chest, back, tummy, hands, legs, feet, you know, and can see him arm-in-arming me down the steep stair at Barry's [Hotel]) is a nice cheery good natured woman, enchanted with *l'Écosse*. They had as an interpreter a policeman. . . .

There was a tremendous fire on the mound, a magnificent sight. No lives lost, but two of the tremendously high houses consumed. . . . Ld. James, when we were driving on Wed. afternoon, happened to quote Col. Dundas. Immediately he was asked to dinner, with a saving clause to the effect that he was to come *if still in Edinboro'!*

To my surprise he did not take advantage of this, but came on Thursday, made himself most agreeable, and entirely captivated the Duchess who has spoken of nothing else since—so agreeable, a *delightful* person, I felt at once quite at home with him etc., etc., and to his dismay, invited him to Abergeldie!! I roared again at his face of horror. . . . The Duchess, in honour of Prince Alfred's birthday, had luncheon at the Granton Hotel on Thursday, and was charmed with the view from that window whence Fan, by Matilda's account, used to watch for the Inverness steamer. So pretty and nice it was, and a capital luncheon, not exorbitant. Barry no longer keeps it. . . .

We breakfasted without H.R.H. but she comes to luncheon, not for the company, she explained, but to save the new drawing room carpet!!!

Ld. James [Murray] is walking up and down smoking and someone is shooting my winged rivals who carry off all the currants, cherries etc., which operation makes my pen jump. I am at my little window looking East. You must not expect much writing, I am so constantly in attendance here.

Knock at the door—enter Maslin.—"H.R.H. has ordered the Droski at 12.15."—"Very well. . . ."

Abergeldie Aug. 23rd

. . . The Sheriff dined with us on Friday and Monday—Elgin likewise. On Saturday the Mortons [Lord and Lady Morton], and on Monday Sir R. and Lady M. Abercromby, Lady Edith

Ramsay, and Lord Melville, who talked across the table about road trustees and all sorts of things in the Dundas voice—Oh! if you had seen the Duchess's face! When she came out of dinner she confessed that it had made her "quite *hot*" you know, and was obliged to retire to the bedroom to recruit.—The only comfort I could suggest was that it was well no more of the family were present, for they all talk at once in the same tone! After dinner I sat in his pocket to keep him off, and she cowered under Elgin's wing, clinging for protection. He got so fond of, and at home with her this time.—On Monday she went to luncheon at Dalmahoy [Lord Morton's place], but I was at B. Hall. The skipper of the ferry-boat was much struck with her considerate kindness in coming down to the pier to put me on board—"just uncommon thoughtfu'. . . ."

This place is in great beauty—a large portico in wood, under which the carriage can drive, has been added—The new house at Balmoral is very handsome—it is all in great confusion, but they expect to have it inhabitable by the 7th.—The old offices are still to be used this year, and a few bedrooms—The view is beautiful, looking up and down the valley as the best windows do.—A new approach is made, entering at Grant's house—quite lovely.—The road on this side is to be private, and a fine bridge built by the Prince to replace the suspension one. . . . Yesterday was a charming day, but the air is keen, very different from what we have had, and rather trying. . . .

Do you hear the mumbling of Sir G. down in

the d.room this moment talking to H.R.H.? Henry has joined us, not to the joy of Mary S[eymour] who took it greatly to heart and begged me to write to tell you instantly how awfully it bored her—Finding out that it is only for a limited time, she is half reconciled. The Duchess requests you to get for her a green umbrella, light, with pretty handle like the last—to order thro' Joseph[1] by post to be sent to her the numbers of the *Illustration* giving an account of the Royal visit to Paris, and either a selection of airs simply arranged out of the *Pré-aux-Clercs* and the *Dame Blanche,* or the Operas themselves arranged for piano, but not the small print edition. . . .

Aug. 30

It does not require such a circumstance to bring you to my thoughts, but somehow for long, former days have not been so vividly brought before me. I had to go up to *our three rooms* for something the Princess required. I do not often go in the day, but then all Her things are so conspicuous that there is no illusion, tonight it was dark. I had to get a dim candle from the middle room and in the twilight the present vanished and a crowd of recollections rushed into my mind with a reality and vividness quite startling. I felt that as if all that had intervened were in a moment obliterated and as if I was there once more with you. I could have fancied I saw and heard you my own darling. I felt as if those rooms were our home again and

[1] The old servant of Dowager Lady Elgin in Paris (see p. 134).



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

After Winterhalter

as if the time piece of the universe had gone back, as if the same feelings, thoughts, sensations, preoccupations, had sprung into being again. It seemed as if the thousand shades of things and circumstances which under ordinary conditions my memory would not enable me to recall, had by the touch of some magic wand been recalled to life in their completeness. When I returned to the D.room and the light and sounds dispelled the pleasant dream, I felt *so sad.*

. . . The beloved Duchess, who tells me every day "and if you are writing to *dear* Lady F. give her my affn. love—dear Lady F.," is stronger and better in every respect.[1] . . .

The Princess [Ada Hohenlohe] is very nice; the Duchess loves her, only her chilliness physically and want of spirits rather upset H.R.H. at times—conceive a German who breakfasts in her own room and has . . . a constant large fire! The other day Sherskine made matters even worse than usual. H.R.H. would not, she said, go up. She knew she would be made impatient by the temperature—but I was sent with the thermometer and a warning that a proper degree of heat was what, if studied, would probably conduce most to health!! I am a joke to her for chilliness. . . .

[1] The letters about this time are full of depression about the Duchess's health. She was suffering from what proved to be an incurable illness which gave her constant pain for many years. We have shrunk from publishing all the details of the progress of the illness and the daily anxieties of her attendants. Yet without them it is difficult to realise the full dignity and unselfishness of her character. We would urge that her patience and cheerfulness should be associated with a background of extreme suffering which has been deleted from the following letters.

Lady James [Murray] can only drive, and can never sit backwards in a carriage, so she has usually had drives with little Mary. In the evenings Princess A. plays charmingly. Lady James and I work, and the gents read newspapers. Can you see it? I begin to feel very shy as the idea of confronting the Balmoral people comes over me. They drove through this place yesterday (Aug. 31) looking *too* happy notwithstanding the rain, which made the Duchess more than "sade." Prince Alfred is here with Mr. Cowell [his Governor], the poor dear P. of Wales left at Osborne to study.

Monday such a lovely morning—Yesterday afternoon I walked with the Balmoral party—Ld. Clarendon who is charming and *delighted* with Scotland, which he had never seen.

Abergeldie Sept. 5

We, the Duchess, Princess and I walked over the hill in front of Balmoral the other day, a fine day, exquisite views, and the dear Duchess so well and happy and full of admiration and enjoyment —not at all tired—quite like old times—it made me very happy to see the beloved one so.—The enclosed bits of heather were gathered by her for you with much love—

September 6

Prince Alfred is brought down here with Mr. Cowell (whom everyone likes) to have a little change and recreation. I have no doubt that wise people who know nothing about it unhesi-

tatingly condemn these arrangements. I confess, myself with feeling that the beloved parents have nothing so much at heart as the right training of these precious children, and hoping and praying that their conscientious and anxious endeavours may be blessed. So far, nothing can appear more satisfactory than the result. God grant that it may turn out so in the end, as one has every reason to expect. . . . The Duchess does not breakfast with us—so Lord James and I are *tête à tête,* which the Duchess in her heart thinks I believe incorrect. . . .

The Duke of Cambridge at Balmoral from yesterday till Monday, when he returns to London for business and in order to be near "His Dearest Aunt"—so nice of him. I have just had a nice ride with the Balmoral party and Colonel Macdonald.

Monday 15

Lady Ely brings me all manner of tender tributes from Lord Clarendon.—Alas! he is universally benevolent I fear, I only wish he were devoted to you and E. seriously!—

Tuesday:—Yesterday the Col. Philip came to see me on his way to Invercauld from Gairn Shiel, had luncheon with us, and I put him on his road, after, returning on my pony—luckily just in time to jump into my clothes and be down to receive the Queen and Co. and Prince of Orange, who is such a nice, intelligent forward boy of 16. . . . I think the Prince of Orange would do very well for P. Alice, but certainly there is no thought of that yet.

To Lady Couper

Sept. 17 1856

Dear Lady Couper—

The weather has been boisterous but bright, and not too cold.—The Prince of Orange was much liked, though only 16. He is very pleasant and intelligent and conducts himself as a man of 25 might, while yet frank and pleasant and *young*. Prince Edward [of Saxe Weimar] came the same day, and only left to-day, as large as life.—The very high winds and storms of sleet to-day have made the Queen give up Her intention of starting for a two days visit to Althnaguisach. Prince Victor [of Hohenlohe] is expected one of these days. Of the Langenbourg wedding we have no details yet. "The gathering" was very gay and pretty and P. Amelia liked it. Most successful was the Duchess's Ball. What with white curtains over the green ones, wreaths and lamps in the places of the old grim Gordons (white and green at the west end of the room where was the Bride's picture decorated with orange blossoms), an Estrade for the Royal Family on a level with the lowest step at the east, and chairs round the room, the heavy bronze chandeliers removed, and the stewards' room metamorphosed into a very nice standing tea and supper room—you would hardly have known the place. Add to that a sufficient number of gay dancing people and not too many, kilts in the majority, and those charming Royal children, and imagine how pretty it was.

The night being fine, the Duchess's most bright

idea of bringing the company thro' the garden was carried out—Andrews flowers by the light of Benison and his carriage lamps, revealed to me the description I have just been reading of the Gardens of the Incas, and far surpassed Mr. Kean's representation of them in "Pizzaro." The ladies assembled in the drawing room—the *unfair* sex in Lord James' sitting room, but all were united on the dancing floor before Her Majesty's entree. The two darling little Princesses arrived first, looking like little fairies—so merry and so pretty. P. Helena was much concerned because the Ladies were not all seated in the drawing room, and offered her services to order chairs to be brought! This Grandmama declined, as with great trouble all those in the house had just been conveyed to the Ballroom!!!

To see those lovely little creatures dancing was a treat indeed—Sir B. Hall, Col. Phipps, Ld. James and the tallest in the room seemed to be preferred as partners—and Ld. James found when introducing an unknown Country dance that instructions given to the partners were of no use, but addressed to the small Beings they were instantly carried out without the slightest difficulty or mistake! They were all as happy as possible—the Queen much pleased and the guests, etc. Dancing was kept up till 1.15, the Queen having left at 12.15—and most merry it was. Ld. James and the Farquharson boys exercised their lungs, as well as their legs, to the full.

The only thing H.R.H. can think of in the way of a commission is, that she would like you to get

a nice *bonbonnière* for her to carry peppermint drops in etc. *in her pocket*—She remembers them of tortoiseshell—but at "Giroux" or some of those shops, or at some of the smart bonbons makers you will find a variety. The Opera glass is an immense favorite.

Lady Anna Maria [Dawson] is so happy and gay and well at Erno—She enjoys being there immensely—all the associations of the place, the kindness of the nephew and niece, and the wonderful improvement in the peasantry.

Lady Fanny goes back to Charlton at the end of this month.

I am writing against time with frozen hands, so forgive. Lord and Lady Lovaine,[1] Ld. James —Sir B. Hall—Ld. Campden—Col. and Mrs. Dalrymple—Mrs. Hope Johnstone were the guests in addition to the families of Invercauld and Corrimulzie.

Thursday 19

. . . Elgin received your letter, and not having time to answer it himself, he desired me to give you his best love . . . he must be in Scotland on the 28th. to preside at a meeting for the purpose of erecting a monument to Wallace near Stirling. His views are entirely at variance with the views of Govt. on this American question, tell Evan, as far as I can make out his opinion is that our policy ought to be to keep out of the Central American affairs. In the nature of things the people of the United States must spread themselves in that di-

[1] Afterwards Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

rection.—We cannot keep them out by force, and our policy is by setting them the example of a strict *neutrality* to delay it as long as possible, and give them no pretext for interfering. Our interests there are almost nominal—their's are greater, but the pursuit of them will be a source of weakness to the States.—The B. Clayton treaty was one which, in the nature of things, could not suit the States, it was contrary to their policy, and though the obtaining of such concessions was a feat of diplomatic astuteness, it was bad Statesmanship, as the entire bent of the U.S. Govt. ever since has been to set aside the whole thing.—They are wrong, and they wilfully misinterpret the letter of the treaty and its fair signification.—Still, it is a yoke that does not fit them, they will not bear it, and it ought never to have been put on.

They have behaved ill both in this matter and about the enlistment difficulty, but we have made *a series* of blunders, and E. thinks the throwing over "Crampton" a continuation of the system. He would have owned the mistake long ago, and perhaps withdrawn Crampton—but now to pocket the affront, and return Dallas on the understanding that concessions are to be made in the Central American matter, concessions as valueless because as contrary to the natural course of things as those extorted by Bulwer, this he thinks the worst possible line.—He was disgusted with the tone of the papers on Monday—all turning against Crampton and eating humble pie after their insolent, ignorant bluster.—He says that the Americans behaved

very well about Walker—they refused to sanction his expedition and to receive his envoy—*but,* when he meddled and sent arms surreptitiously to the opponents there, as Elgin foresaw and told Ld. Clarendon, they thought themselves justified in seeing his Ambassador and countenancing his Govt. which, after all, is probably as good as any other.

They never have any Govt. but the Govt. of adventurers in those wretched countries. As someone said, "c'est un état de fièvre"—then Walker's the man, for that *General* is a doctor! The root of the bad feeling comes from a stupid speech of Ld. Clarendon's at the beginning of the Russian war. Speaking of the French Alliance, he said it was to protect the interests of civilization in the *West* as well as in the *East,* and this the Yankees took to themselves, and it filled them with suspicion and mistrust.—Elgin thinks that Ld. C. has shewn none of the qualities of a great statesman—he has been driven along by circumstances, and had no thought but to deal with them one by one as they arose without looking forward or endeavouring to mould and direct them. These are some few of the ideas I gathered from his conversation. . . .

Abergeldie Sept. 20

There is an exquisite footman now who waits on Ld. James, and treats us all *very kindly,* but *d'égal à égal* exactly. His voice resides at the *top* of his head and his gait has a free and easiness about it quite peculiar. He plays the violin—sings songs

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—joins in conversation, and has a keen relish for every joke at table! (*Do not* speak about him to the Coupers.) At the first Ball he distinguished himself greatly, ensnared all the prettiest partners, sat in their pockets, and always danced in the reel *with Ld. James,* imitating closely his every movement. That party was not displeased with his goings on, especially a wrinkle he got from him as to the civilities of life and Ballroom etiquette.

Realize a voice like Mawby's, and then hear it uttering the following sentences—"Are you engaged for the next dance Miss?"

"No."

"Then will you OBLIGE me?"

Oh! but the tone!

On Saturday they danced a country dance in the Hall—Green was his partner, and was rather disposed to call him a *"fellow"* you know! The various couples were going through the mazes of it *hand-in-hand* as the custom is—suddenly Ross's turn came—with a look of unutterable perplexity and disgust he appealed to Green—"Dear me, dear me, what *is* all this, I do not understand it *at all.* Will you allow me to take your waist?" and off he set!

This morning I waited as usual a long time for Ld. James—Dr. Robertson came to breakfast—he sat down—time wore on—at last I said: "Have you told Ld. James?"—"I was up at nine, my Lady."

My look seemed to hint that another ascent might be useful. He burst into the room where a long form reposed in the arms of "Murphy."

The voice I have tried in vain to describe burst forth in an excited tone *"Good gracious, My Lord,* it's near ten o'clock, and Dr. R. is at breakfast."

"Very good" was the calm and sleepy reply, which sent an indignant and exploded soda water bottle down stairs.

The other morning Effie entered the premises thinking us all at breakfast, and was engaged in dismantling the bed, when a "black form" as she expressed it, met her astonished gaze; judge of her alarm and the precipitation of her retreat!

Jane left her tooth brush behind, and Effie provided her with one. A little later she heard that Green was in a like predicament. Very civilly she came up and said she would like to offer her her's if she would accept it, but she was sorry to say that it was a *very old one.*

Sept. 20th

Did I tell you what a nice boy our Prince of Orange is? So pleasing and intelligent, he might be 24 instead of 16, and so nice and merry and boyish withal. He will be handsome if he grows tall, which he seems likely to do.

Sept. 23rd

Last night we did not return from Balmoral till 7.30 as there was a neighbour Ball to inaugurate the new Ballroom—the company almost the same as last time, with the addition of Lord Melville from Invercauld.—The room lovely and the little Princesses exquisite. By the way, the most important addition was Miss Nightingale! She is at

Birk Hall, and spent a long time with the Queen on Sunday.—She is much less altered than expected—her beautiful countenance looks to me more beautiful than ever.—Her hair is short and she wears a little plain morning cap—her black gown high, open in front. The Queen and children delighted with her.—She seemed intent all yesterday evening on talking with Sir George and Genl. Grey. She is so modest and retiring and fearful of notice—but when people require information and are anxious to discuss with her for useful purposes, then, in her firm gentle way, she speaks with a lucidity and clearness quite as extraordinary as any other of her remarkable gifts. It is most touching to look on that slight delicate frame and think what it has been enabled to go through. The serenity, simplicity, unaffected natural cheerfulness, combined with such depth of character and thought.—

"Caddy Boyle" in a black gown *à la Pompadour* (square cut) with her hair brushed back, looked exactly like Marie Antoinette going to execution—she sat in Miss N's pocket all night. Her magnetising servant gave great offence here, where he dined on Saturday, she having come to spend the day, by declining to eat meat, or drink wine or beer. I hear that he is rather troublesome at Corrimulzie, as he objects to eating with the servants. —She lives in quite a detached cottage, and has her breakfast brought in a wheelbarrow.

Lords Campden and Melville were never off the floor, the former very fatiguing—it is impossible to understand what he says, and doubly so to

make him hear a single word one says oneself. . . . Ld. Melville dancing perpetually is not, strictly speaking, a bad sight—his length and weight as he comes down on you broadside on, is slightly terrific, and his spurs most threatening. This love for dancing is a new and very striking feature. A great drawback to the Ball was the non-appearance of George and John Atholl Farquharson, Mr. Suttee, and another of the chief dancers.—Their friends who knew that the carriage was following became much alarmed. At last, after nearly two hours, they arrived, having been overturned, *chemin faisant,* but not much hurt. I never remember anything approaching to the storm that has been raging since yesterday. The Duchess kindly sent me in the afternoon to see Miss N. at Birk Hall. The rain came on during my visit, and came down in torrents—it has continued to do so with the addition of a fearful storm of wind ever since—only now (noon) it is clearing.—The Dee is splendid not so the crops, which are still out. . . . To-morrow is fixed for the solemn opening of a bridge built by the Duffs at the Lynn of Dee—I hope the weather may improve.—The Ballroom is an immense Gothic sort of hall, the wall only whitewashed, but ornamented with wreaths, and the effect, as well as the lighting, beautiful. People were very shy, and the whole rested with Lord James, who made it go on by his spirits and dancing—so nice he was—*entre nous,* the other household do not understand putting people at their ease and arranging such a festivity. It is no fault of the heads, they lend

themselves to it with great spirit, but the assistants are not helped and encouraged to get rid of their shyness. Poor Lady Agnes [Duff] linked to Ld. James in a country dance was like a victim hooked into the wheels of a steam engine, only, truth to say, she did the puffing. . . .

Later

. . . I do long for you precious one, and understand your longing to see and be near our most Beloved One—Oh! how tender and dear and good She is—how delicious for us both to have such happy days with Her to look back to—to have known such an atmosphere of love and tenderness.

Abergeldie Oct. 5th

. . . Miss Nightingale has remained, and yesterday came to dine and sleep at Balmoral.—It was delightful to see her there, and how the Queen and Prince listened to and spoke with her—the Queen shewed her a whole book of photographs she has had done of the wounded and the most distinguished soldiers, with a notice of each, *little* required by the Royal memory!! One without arms the Queen pensions and looks after, and is in despair because his friends help him to the brandy bottle which he is unable to handle for himself, and the results are sad! The Prince found he was incorrigible, but the Queen *knows* he has *now* taken the pledge, and "will not give him up." You can see the look with which that was said, and Miss N's earnest entreaty that he might *not* be given up in despair.

The expression of the latter is wonderful, the sweetness of her smile and the grace of her every movement. One could not but love her independently of all she has done.—She dined here on Thursday with Sir J. and Lady Clark. You may think that it was not a talking party. Sir J. sat mute, and the table was very long, so that it was physically more difficult than usual—but to see the dear Duchess' delight.—"It seems to me like a dream to see her there," and many such outbursts. —After dinner H.R.H. confided to me that she had wished to propose her health, but was too shy!!! Fan, do you see that? Poor Miss N. would have been tolerably overpowered—it was just as well.—The Duchess abandoned the card table that night and sat talking to her all the evening without sleepiness.—The servants were all in such a state to see her—Seabrook approves because she can laugh! and has no nonsense. She wears the Queen's brooch which her soldiers are so proud of, taking it as a *personal compliment* to each individual!—Numbers of them write to her!

Did I tell you that she thought the Scotch bore pain best, then the English, and last the Irish, poor Paddy, but all wonderfully.

We asked how many times she went round at night. "Three," she said (sometimes there were 2,000 patients).

"Then when did you sleep?"

"Oh! that first winter we did not feel as if we needed much sleep." I suppose she never went to bed!! . . . Miss Nightingale who sat in our seat next to me [at church]. I do not think I have

heard a more beautiful sermon than Mr. McLeod's [1]—I hope it may be printed—It reminded me more of my recollection of Dr. Chalmers, not perhaps so imaginative and poetical, but so full and deep and overflowing.—Real eloquence with the ease and grace of a Highlander—and one the very opposite of sectarian. All were delighted.

Lady Clarendon wore last night a velvet gown with three skirts (all very old), trimmed with plain bits of crêpe, in the effect quite like Turkish trowsers, for it all fell in at the ankles, and was short and narrow!! He charming . . .

[1] Norman Macleod, the great preacher.

CHAPTER V

Frogmore: The Duchess of Kent at home. Prince Leiningen's death. The Queen's children at Windsor. *Abergeldie:* The Duchess's friendship for Lady Augusta. The Indian Mutiny.

Frogmore Nov. 3rd 1856

You know, notwithstanding the desire I must have to return to my other duties, how sadly I write the above date and think that my happy time with the beloved is coming to a close.—I can not but be very low and anxious sometimes with such a malady.—Brown *assures* me there is no alarming prospect—God grant he may be right.—She was at Church yesterday, and pretty well—so dear—so good.

Frogmore Wed. Nov. 5th

. . . The pencils are charming, many thanks and much love. If no more blacks are to be had, send a sample of the others on trial—I was to tell you that Tuppin laughed much at the cutting of your own two—It was agreed that they were very like you, and I took this opportunity of explaining to H.R.H. the shape and appearance of the pens you make for yourself—they have a strong family resemblance with the pencils—I was told I was very "notty," but you are to know that Tuppin laughed! Don't you know the long slender look of the Duchess's own. I kissed her hand many times for you.

Oh! how it wrings my heart—dear, dear Duchess.—Miss Wagner is *very* anxious they should consult an American, Dr. Fell, who appears to have had great success.—She speaks to Brown about him, and he, nasty little snob, said: "Oh! but we could not bring forward a man like that" —"What," replied Eliza, "you would find it in your conscience to let the Duchess's life be sacrificed for fear of bringing forward a man who could do good?"—And he *blushed scarlet.* I patted her on the back for that.

Frogmore Nov. 7th

We were terribly upset on Wed. by the tidings of Prince Leiningen's [the Duchess' son] third paralytic seizure, which took place on the 1st. at Wald Leiningen. This attack is described as much worse than any of the preceding ones—his limbs seemed entirely paralysed, and the writer's words were, "the worst fears are entertained." The letter was addressed to the dear Baroness, most touching it was, she [Baroness Späth] seemed to recover her former prudence and self-possession on the occasion—took it to Sir George, who sent it to the Prince, and though, on account of His being from home several hours elapsed before the tidings reached the Duchess, she did not allow a human being to suspect that anything had occurred!—Most strangely, no further account has been received, the telegraphic message has not yet been answered, and you may imagine the sad suspense in which the dear Duchess lives—it is most trying; still, surely were he worse they would

send.—The letter was from a gentleman who is with him, not from his Dr. A letter from the Princess Hohenlohe of the 3rd. makes no allusion to it, though she is within a day's journey of Wald Leiningen.—The poor Duchess! anyhow it is a terrible calamity. He had been well, but complained in his letter of the 29th. of cold and of solitude there! Poor fellow. "Il a si bien fait" that his house is indeed a cheerless one, but even Sir G., who blames him so much, thinks his wife has much to answer for.

The Queen went to Aldershot with [the Brabants] yesterday, and returns to-day. The darling paid visits to the Duchess all day long to cheer her. She is tolerably well, better she thinks, and mercifully has slept these two nights, exhausted, I think, with anxiety.

Prince Arthur entreated me to walk with them yesterday and then ran on you know in a shy way. Miss Illhardt says he is perfect—so courteous naturally. He was walking holding her hand, and stumbling, fell. He said he was not hurt, but his sister thought he had bruised his knee.

"Oh! no, I was only sorry to have pulled Fräulein's hand so much!" Do you think it pretty?—

Monday 10*th*

. . . Do you like Pr. Leopold? The Duchess of Brabant shewed him some cards and asked which Queen he thought prettiest among them.—"You" was the reply, and he mentioned to someone that she had such a beautiful *skin!!* Most Babyish pronunciation all this!!

Nov. 14th 1856. *Evening*

Dear, dear Duchess—she has not had a very good night, but less headache this morning.—The effect of yesterday morning of being called for and finding her so pale in her black things—looking so *crushed,* and weeping—the Prince deadly pale—the beloved Queen TOO SWEET—and the purpose was to desire me to send to Evan to go to the funeral to represent Her—"As Lady F's husband, he a little belongs to me"—"I should like it very much"—and a few moments after through her tears: "You know it must not cost him anything."

Oh! what that thoughtfulness is.

The Queen spoke *so kindly* about it—so afft. of you, and so feeling that she would like your husband to be the person—But dear Sir G. thought the Duchess would like him to offer and Sir J[ames] C[lark] to take care of Him, and most gratefully it was accepted—he may be of great use about business—So they go, you must see all you can of them, and make of them, and give them much *tea,* and take care of them.

Saturday

All is changed—Sir G. and Lady Couper are not to go, neither the Queen's Gentn. Pr. Edward is to represent the whole family, and you and Evan are not to be asked either, as they have reflected that under the circumstances the presence of strangers would only be a great inconvenience.

Frogmore Nov. 19th

The dear Duchess is wonderfully strengthened

and upheld in body and mind—Her precious health is better in all essentials than it has been lately, though, as might be expected, H.R.H. suffers much from nervous headache and pain over the left eye.—The excitement, the speaking, seeing the family, and worst of all, those terrible letters, keep up a constant agitation that prevents the nerves recovering their tone. Rest, rest, rest is what her worn heart and spirit require and call for—and gradually it will come. The very sorrow seems like a frightful dream, so little has she been able to look at it alone and quietly, and to realise it. . . . On Sunday evg. the beloved Queen came all alone to her.—Can you fancy Her coming out of a carriage and going into it again *quite alone?* The Princess and I both felt that we could not trust Her and must jump in as one would do with a Baby.—Her kindness, Her anxiety, the tenderness, are too dear, but we are rather in the dark I imagine as to how to set about dealing with people, in the Duchess's state! Oh! the beloved—Thank God she has not had much experience.—To have seen her trotting up to the Baroness' room . . . then trotting about Her Mama and bringing pictures of the Prince and of his horses, and every possible detail and account—and so sad Herself, weeping so bitterly, but not before Mama to upset her.—Poor Pr. Royal loved him *dearly,* and is terribly cut up. All the children did, and are, but of course with her it is deeper, and it appears she said "Oh! how dreadful to think that when one goes away one never knows if one may live to return." She has been in bed two days with

sad headache—Such a noble, generous, feeling creature.

The Pr. of Wales is full of love and attention. . . . Yesterday I met a carriage and tiny pony—two Gents [Princes Arthur and Leopold] and two Ladies [Princesses Helena and Louise] with "Turton" and Mr. Nollande.—

Pr. Helena:—"Well, Lady A., about GdMama. She is *wonderful,* QUITE WONDERFUL. I never saw anything like her in MY LIFE," and then I had to tell all about it "because Mama told her in a sort of way, but I have had no particulars," etc., etc.

This was interrupted by a visit to the dogs, and I was consulted to know whether they would attack her *fur* on her coat!!!

Frogmore Nov. 25th

I walked with the beloved Baroness and called on dear Petty [Lady Couper] and Sir G., then on my return found Her Grace of Atholl in my room—so amiable and pleasant she was, and sat till 6.30, when I put her on her dark road home—You may see in the papers that she has been brought into the bosom of the R.C. Church by Dr. Manning, but you can hardly be as much surprised by the announcement as she was, never having seen Dr. M. in her life, or had anything to do with perverts.—She has been deluged with letters on the subject. Dr. Channing, whom she does not know, writes to beg if it is not too late that she will listen to the other side of the question! An Atholl man in Edinburgh wrote to ask their factor if it is true, and states that to the first man who said it to him

he answered: "Sir, that's a d—d lie!", which, considering that he was the champion of orthodoxy, was a strong expression!!

I was so pleased with the Duchess of A. She loves the Prince as we do—knows his shyness—always helps Him on—finds Him most agreeable, and values more than I can express His good sense and *feeling*. The *blessing* he is to the Queen and country. Knows the good He does, His kindness, His well-conditioned mind and tastes, and His anxious desire to do what is right and encourage and develop in others all that is good. . . .

. . . Oh! those delicious children—Horatia[1] was wrath with Constance [her sister] for not remembering that Lady's sister (mine) who came to see you one day when you had your nightgown on, and a man was cutting your hair.

Oh! what that exquisite child is. No such a fellow so glorious, large, fat, handsome, open, frank, and as *good as gold,* as they all are. . . .

Constance's only iniquity was that she had at one time the noble habit of calling people *"liar"* when she was displeased! After vain attempts to convince her of the desirability of avoiding this mode of expressing her feelings, recourse had to be had to the rod.—Lady E. very nearly joined in the weeping on the occasion—but it has never been necessary to repeat the operation—she is perfect.

The Duchess was out a little to-day, and much better this evening—it appears that H.M. is of opinion that my going to Paris is unnecessary, and

[1] Horatia Seymour, later married David Erskine of Cardross, Serjeant at Arms of the House of Commons.

wonders the Duchess does not arrange for me to stay.

Did I tell you that there is a miniature of Pr. Charles Hohenlohe, all eyes, staring and purple cheeks, aged 16 months apparently—with a facsimile of *Matilda's nightcap* on his head? Not bad!!

I wish I had known Pr. Alfred was to be in Frankft. I would have begged for an interview. He is gone to Geneva for the winter with his nice Lieut. Cowell, A.D.C. to Sir Harry Jones and Sir F. Stovin! . . .

Abergeldie Aug. 20th 1857

The Duchess said: "I wish you all happiness some day, but you must not leave me, you must stay with me while I live" . . . my feelings, how I was nearly choked and could say nothing—I did not understand at first, for I was so far from thinking of any personal use of the advice—Oh! the beloved—I felt that even if I had wish to leave, I could not have harboured it for a moment after that—it touched me so deeply, and made me so unutterably thankful, for you know that I have not a desire beyond my two present duties, and think it is so difficult for me to fancy that I can do these aright, and each grave look I see, I fancy, as you know, that all is wrong, therefore the encouragement is doubly precious, and to be able to pour out my sense of it to you is a relief. I kissed the dear hand. . . .

Monday Sep. 1st 1857

Queen came in the afternoon with a number of

small people looking all very well.—Prince Arthur too manly and beautiful in his Kilt with a walking stick! We met them this afternoon on Ponies—Mr. Nollande explained that he was tomorrow to have a man's saddle, as he felt much annoyed at being in a Spanish one!

Genl. Grey says he has been enchanted with the Prince of Wales, he is such a fine, nice Boy, and behaves so well—His civility would have bored an older person, but he was always ready to render them all amiable and pleasant.

That assish article in the *Times* is only because Sir W. Coddington told them and put them down so entirely about Genl. Ashburnham when they calumniated him—of course they have not forgiven him. He offered his services for India in *any capacity*—and as to his being too good for a walking guest, as the Genl. says, who could be too good to be about the future King of England!

The Queen says that never was there such zeal and such readiness—*everyone* is anxious to be sent to India.[1]—The news is really too terrible to write of.—Genl. Grey, but you know how gloomy he always is. . . .

[1] The Indian Mutiny had begun.

Frogmore
Sunday afternoon
Jan.y 14th 65.

My dear Lady Frances, from day to day I was obliged putting off writing to you and to thank you for your kind letter of Oct.r 4th — It makes me always sad when I must write to you! And when I pay sometimes a visit to Miss Seymour and do not find you there that makes me still more sad. — I suffer so much pain in the left eye when I write that I can only say a few words. —

Be so good as to thank
your dear Sister a thousand
times for her kind letter
of the 12th, which I received
yesterday evening! Tell her
that I am very much
pleased by all she told me
of you, my dear Lady
Frances and of a certain person
who the Queen repeated
yesterday again, I should
much like a picture with your
When a certain day must
be fixed, and when you
must order a certain dress
for that particular occasion
I beg, & be allowed to give
it to you!!!

I rejoiced to hear from
your Sister Augusta, that
you are and that your
Lord quite well. The
Queen suffers either by
the Mama from rheumatic
Prince Albert has a very
heavy cold. The Children
are better. Yesterday night
my Grandson Ernest
arrived from Germany
in tolerable well. The good
account of your Father
pleased me very much
to hear. Be so good
as to remember me to
her and give my love
to your Sister Augusta.
She will be astonished to

that I read the Daily
News there are some very
good Articles about poor L. Payne.
I must say good bye
do not forget your
old, and very sincere
friend,

Victoria

CHAPTER VI

Lady Matilda Maxwell's death. Baroness Späth's death. The illness of the Duchess of Kent. Death of Elizabeth, Countess of Elgin, mother of Lady Augusta. The Queen receives "Joseph." Lady Fanny Baillie at Rio de Janeiro. Paris and French affairs.

August 1857

. . . Darling Matilda's maid writes the following most touching and comforting account:—

"It is indeed true that we are sad and desolate, never certainly was any more loved than our Dear Lady; the only comfort under it, it was her Father's hand—I cannot help believe she was taken because she was perfected; but time presses me hard, I must just write facts and stifle feelings. —Lady Matilda was at the Episcopal Chapel in Glasgow on Wednesday morning the 26th.; she had called at Dr. McFarlane's house going to Church, to get him to see Lady Lucy, who was staying there, and had remarked to him how very well she was herself. There was a Synod of the Bishops that day, and Her Ladyship partook of the Holy Communion with them. In Church she felt cold; the weather had been very warm, but rain and an east wind came suddenly, to this she attributed pain, called by her flatulence, coming on in Church. She came home looking ill, but she had walked out and only tried simple remedies. As night came on we thought it was an ordinary Bilious attack! Thursday she intended being at the Marriage of Mr. Stewart Nicholson, and got

up and washed with the hope of being well enough, but had to give up. She, however, took great interest in seeing Sir John prepare to go.—Lady Lucy sent out Dr. McFarlane in the afternoon, but he saw so little to dread that he hesitated about returning. Lady Lucy wished it, and he promised to come next day. At night a violent spasm of pain came on—we gave morphia and Her Ladyship fell asleep, but through the night was often awoke by spasms, but none were like the first: we thought them subsiding. I slept in her room, and at 6 o'clock in the morning just proposed to send for the Doctor to come early, because the Groom would be exercising, and he might know better what to do. He came immediately, stayed some time and returned again in the day; then he took alarm—it was inflammation of the bowels, but Friday we had so quiet a night that Saturday morning found us quite cheerful. The Dr. was with us before we expected him; he evidently thought My Lady very ill: he came back on Saturday, then proposed further advice. From that time began danger. One or other of the Drs. never again left her; all that earth could do was done, but the fiat had gone forth. About 4 o'clock on Monday morning the Dr. told her Death was approaching. For a moment a shade of disappointment passed over her face; then she composed herself to face the mortal foe. Our richest comfort is this dying bed, but I do not think I can write it—such calmness, such love, such blessing, every friend was remembered—a special message to most—every servant received her Good-bye and

a touch of her hand and her blessing. She did suffer, but her faith never wavered, no doubt came there, all was bright, holy and happy. How wondrous the triumph of faith over such mortal agony; surely these sufferings were permitted that she might be perfected by them: but I must close to catch the post. Sir John is looking above, his hope soon to be reunited. He is very composed, trying to help everybody. He goes from home to be at Granton for a time. I remain in his service—my Beloved Lady's wish."

To Mr. Evan Montagu Baillie
Abergeldie Sept. 4th

Dearest Evan,

What can we say and feel?—God gave us a blessing indeed such as I believe few ever possessed—a friend, a guide, an example, a comforter, a support—the joy of our hearts, the light and encouragement of our lives—and it has pleased Him suddenly to take her away. Oh, Evan, I dare not think of the future, of the rough battle of life without that cheering presence, without her sympathy and advice and guidance, but I can look at the past and think of her—of the faultlessness of her character, of the beauty of holiness, the perfection of love and charity reflected in her, and thank God for His goodness towards her and towards those to whom she was the channel of His blessings, and for the privilege of having seen and known one in whom His choicest gifts were blended, and in whom we were permitted to see reflected the faint image of divine wisdom and

love. God only knows what she has been to each of us, and to countless numbers beyond the circle of her own family. From that circle she began; nothing was overlooked or neglected, all things were done in order and harmony. What was she not to my Father, and to my Mother in that most difficult of all relationships. No real daughter was ever like her—to her Mother's relatives, to those of my Mother—to her Brothers, Sisters, and all those with whom she came in contact in the ever widening circle that she gladdened with her love and encouraged by her influence and example.—Oh! what that example was—what the *perfect* unselfishness of that life, the wisdom and charity of that heart. The "conversation was in heaven" and indeed one could see by her unwavering faith, her cheerfulness, her overflowing love, that she had been with Jesus, that constant communion with Him gave her that strength, that rejoicing in his works, that readiness to be conformed to his will, that humility and intense yearning over every creature, hoping all things, believing all things.—She had the *largest human sympathy* of any being I have ever met.—Oh! blessed be God for this Gift of His Love.—I try to listen and to hear her voice in my ears—I know what it would say, what it did say, for she comforted those about her to the last in the midst of her severe sufferings, and forgot no one! Oh! blessed, blessed Matilda—God knows what she was to each of us.—Poor Sir John—I hear touching accounts of his quietness and gentle submission—Our darling Fanny has borne the shock;

thank God that she was in London and Charles and Harriet near. Charlotte is well—I remain here knowing it is where she would have me. Soon we shall be going South.—The tenderest sympathy I meet with, and I try to fulfil my duties. Your dear kind letter was *very welcome*—I trust you are now with your Brother—Oh! how I had looked forward to your having the delight of seeing our Beloved One!

God bless you dear, dear Evan—How she loved you!

Yr. aff.

AUGUSTA

This morning the Body of our dear Sister was to be committed to the ground—in sure and certain hope. Oh! how she loved those words!

Abergeldie Sat. 5

. . . The little ones here[1] are most tender to me, both cuddling on my knee and Mary [Murray] saying, "Me love you, you have two friends, Baby and the two children." Their dear Mama is so gentle and kind—You may imagine what your Beloved [The Duchess] is—You know how little time she has and can conceive the angelic tenderness and tact with which she sends for me by way of to read and sit there asking me questions, and at the end I perceive that it is to get me to speak, and to let me have the relief of opening my heart—can you see those dear, dear loving eyes and hear the words of sympathy!—I drove with her yesterday, but she kindly allowed me to dine in my room—

[1] Lord James Murray's children.

I wished her to play in the evening. . . . This heather the Duchess gathered for you, and the myrtle.

Monday morning Sept. 1857

. . . I am anxious about you—I fear you have written and talked and excited yourself too much. . . . Only my darling knows the temptation and restless anxiety which *seems* to find relief in words whether spoken or written, I know in reality these exhaust, and I am reminded, and would remind you of Her oft repeated entreaties—"Say and write as little as possible"— . . . A tender note from our own "to dearest Lady Frances give my kind love; I would have written to her if I did not suffer still so much from my eyes and head."

Tuesday

My beloved Duchess sent up the *M. Post* with a large piece cut out of it to-day. I found afterwards that it was the account of the Funeral, which she would not allow me to come upon unawares! When I told her that I had a Scotch account she shewed me hers, but begged to have it back to keep it. On Sunday Mr. Caird preached a beautiful sermon—full of originality, striking thought and illustration, as well as great elevation. "All things are yours, the world and life and death, etc., etc." Speaking of the sense in which this could be said of life, he described how that of a holy Christian, though cut short, could be more full, incomparably, of *life* than the longest, if the latter were not redeemed and dedicated to the

service of God and the good of Man.—It was indeed as though in describing the Christian Life, he had taken Her for his model.—The blessed Duchess felt it, and her tears flowed fast, Her whole frame shook, and I felt a tender pressure of my hand. She was sure he must have been thinking of our beloved one!!

The quiet evenings are a great repose and comfort—but my greatest real comfort is to work for my Beloved Mistress and to go thro' my duties as she would have me.

Tuesday 15

Poor Green is most touching. She sits all day thinking of our beloved One [Lady Matilda]—She does not know what it is, but she never felt so about anyone as about her, and she always got up to look at the carriage if she was going out or coming in, as she would at the Queen! When I go into her room, her eyes are constantly red. It only shews what impression her character produced on those on whom you never would have expected to see it.

I dined at the Castle last night.—All most kind, but it was a great effort.—However, I felt that it was *right,* and I determined not to give way or neglect my duty.

The Baroness' Sitting room[1]
June 23rd 6-30 p.m.
Frogmore

Do you smell the roses and the honeysuckle in my glass . . . do you see the swans on the lake

[1] The Baroness Späth, Lady in Waiting to the Duchess, had died.

and the birds hopping about on the short grass under the big oak trees? Do you hear the songs of the birds, the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the sheep? and do you know every chair and table in this dear, dear room, and the clock—almost the darling Baroness' spectacles and her pocket handkerchief? Oh! it goes to my heart to find myself here, and yet I do not hate myself for being in her place, for I know that no one could inhabit them who would love them as I do for her dear sake; who would think of her and almost speak to her as I am tempted to do at almost every hour of the day, and feel themselves her guest . . . blessed, blessed Baroness—Oh! how I love her. . . . She [The Duchess of Kent] has never dined with us, and only once spent part of an evening in our sitting room, but then the Queen often came—Can neither write nor play the piano—Is most sweet and gentle. I am constantly in and out now to write to the Queen—this I say little about, on account of Lady Susan Melville (but I do not think she minds). You can imagine the quires of paper I write. Again said how grateful the Queen was to Elgin for his beautiful disinterested conduct[1]—asks much of you. . . .

Osborne Aug. 15th 1859

. . . I spent yesterday afternoon at the Swiss Cottage with the Babes. Pr. Leopold in his little

[1] Lord Elgin had arrived in India on his way to the Chinese Expedition, when he received news of the Indian Mutiny. He immediately diverted the troops intended for his own expedition and sent them to help the Viceroy, risking the failure of his own mission and the credit of his own reputation.

carriage with his arms round Baby [Princess Beatrice], every moment bending down to *hug her.* She is delicious—jabbers so fast and so plain, is full of wit and fun, and graceful as a fairy—meddles with everything, makes her remarks on all—quite exquisite.

She was writing, dictating a letter to her Mama in French on Saturday, and wanted to send my love, and could hardly be made to understand my reluctance—I was obliged to consent to "respects." Poor Houde was expected to write "Tina est bien bon." They call her Tina. She agreed that she thought that information would keep—but I was forced to take the pen and write it. . . .

. . . I am rather afraid of the Duchess being scandalized at our tenderness, and do not speak much of Him. These are passages of a very tender nature. When he is naughty and Tina won't kiss him, he revenges himself on me—but he explained that he did not kiss Lady Gainsborough "or any of Mama's Ladies, only Lady A., she is Gd.-Mama's Lady"! This of course makes it more proper! He complained bitterly to Tina on Friday of having seen me *running after Ld. Elgin* "mais c'est son frère"—"oh je ne savais pas cela. . . ."

Hallingbury Dec. 10*th*

I saw the Queen and took leave of Her—most warm and affn. and kind—I thought all was over, but after the Princess dined at Windsor, I found on the table of the yellow room a letter and tiny parcel directed to me—I tore the letter open, and

was in such a state when I read the contents that H.R.H. thought there was more bad news—Not at all; it was the most precious document ever penned—you shall have a copy of it some day when I am able—and with it a ring, something like your ruby one from the Duchess—with emeralds and diamonds from the Queen! I really was quite overcome you may suppose—I had to write an answer that night. The Duchess was quite as much pleased as I was. . . .

rue de Lille Paris Wednesday 13th

. . . She [Lady Elgin, her mother] has just had the best part of a partridge with bread (2 P.M.), at 5.30 she will have some fish. I read a little of "Tom Brown"—Arsine sits while we dine—then read again for a few minutes at a time, having intervals when the servants come from dinner—she likes to go to bed till ten—when she gets up to have her bed made, and all is over at 11. . . . Saville says now he quite expects the restoration of her speech; she says *yes* and *no* more distinctly, but is not yet able to move her tongue freely.

rue de Lille Paris Palm Sunday 1860

Oh! I did not know that I loved as I do, for I can almost not wish her back, though to think of life without that smile is like death to my heart—but as, during all those long hours, I did not look beyond, neither will I allow myself to do so now—I hardly know what passed latterly, except that I felt that I *could* not let her go, that my whole soul recoiled, my spirit refused to admit or believe it—

a passionate longing for one more look, to be able to tell Her how I loved Her, and to ask Her forgiveness filled my heart, and nothing stilled it till the unspeakable gentleness of Her breathing and of that falling asleep. . . . Oh! when I look back on the long years of Her Widowhood and trace the footsteps by which She has been led, I feel how precious Her soul must have been in His sight. . . . As I sit here and watch, I quite feel that I am deceiving myself that I do expect those loved eyes to open and to greet me again. She looks as if She were sleeping just as I have so often seen Her, only there is even a greater peace and calm, and if possible, a deeper look in the eyes and forehead.

Eleanor [1] is like a sunbeam in the house! She sang her Hymn to her dear Grandmama two hours before the last—was sure She would sleep well and be better, and next evening when told, she felt an impulse to cry, but soon understood that She must be so happy, because dear Gd.Mama could now talk and was quite well.

Mr. Forbes was much struck on Wednesday. She was rather less alive to what he said than usual (apparently), but the other days She gave so hearty a response, was so soothed and strengthened by his ministrations, that he could not believe Her so ill.—M. Hocarre came also, and as Her blessed spirit departed, the good Abbé Duclos was praying with us all round Her bed.—I rejoiced at this, for there were such fervent prayers rising from

[1] Lady Charlotte Locker's daughter.

the hearts of many who, though in different forms, worship the same Saviour.

79 rue de Lille May 5th 1860

. . . Oh! how sadly we turned away from the station after seeing the train vanish from our gaze on the 9th., and yet we were, I was, more stunned than anything else—stupid—unable to realize.

All [at Broom Hall] were most kind to Joseph[1] . . . instead of being landed at Charlestown they were taken on to Kincardine and landed in a boat—Joseph thought his last hour had come, but as he said, "Je ne suis pas peureux" and he prepared to meet his fate without trembling. He arrived on Thursday evening.—I had asked Mary to take him in on account of France. He was lodged in a fine room and was very happy. On his arrival in London he burst into my room and poured forth:—"Ah! si on m'y avait envoyé il y a 15 ans—ah! quel malheur c'est, que j'aurais tenu tête à M. Hubert! je lui aurais dit, vous mentez, cela n'est pas possible que l'on ait été mal pour vous, des gens qui m'ont comblé, qui m'ont reçu comme un parent. Et puis les usages anglais, mais ils sont excellents, mais tout est bien entendu, bien arrangé—Voyez les gares de chemin de fer," etc., etc. Everything, even the tea, he approved of! And the "Ochils," when he passed under these he thought they were clouds, never having seen hills

[1] Lady Elgin's old and trusted French servant, afterwards married to Green, whom Lady Augusta brought over for his first visit to England after her mother's death.

before. You may imagine what an occupation it was to me in my bed, to arrange his London plans. —On Friday he went to Mrs. Thornton.[1] We trembled—nothing was in the paper to guide us as to whether the Queen had returned from camp. —About 10.20 P.M. the servant said "Joseph is there." I looked at May to see if I should desire him to be sent in, but before I could meet her eyes he *exploded* into the room and there stood dumb. "Eh bien! cela a-t-il réussi? Oui? La Reine est-elle arrivée? Oui. (solemn) L'avez-vouz vu? Ah! cela est toute une histoire." And then he had told how he had been to Frogmore, but so afraid of seeing the Duchess that he only walked round the house—returned to the Castle—was sent for by Mr. Hocédé—entered the room—a young lady rose—"bon jour JOSEPH." His head went round —his heart beat, and something internal told him that it was the Princess Alice! As long as he lives he can never forget that face, or cease to hear the echo of those heavenly accents! She asked what he had seen—he told her, defended London—gave her the views expressed about England, and warned Her emphatically that when She read anything in the papers written in a different spirit, She might be sure the writer knew nothing of the subject.—After which he retired—but hardly had he reached Mrs. Thornton's room, when another message came, Mr. H. again sending for him. "Mais qui est-ce que cela? Mais elle n'a plus rien à me dire—Mais—mais." A strange presentiment filled his soul—"c'est la Reine." His

[1] Later housekeeper at Buckingham Palace.

legs refused to carry him. He concealed himself in the embrasure of every door and window, and at long long last was drawn and driven into the presence of H.M. Herself, who was waiting to receive him surrounded by Her children—*un vrai tableau*—a *groupe*. She spoke most kindly and encouragingly—asked him about his duties, etc., etc. "Je n'en reviens pas, cela est comme un rêve. Un Souvrain S'abaisser à parler à un Serviteur—et un Serviteur étranger—Encore si j'avais été Sujet Britannique—Il n'y a qu'une Reine d'Angleterre qui me put faire cela." I suppose that it would have cost the crown of any but a constitutional sovereign! Was it not charming? It pleased me more than words can express. . . . Pr. Alice wrote by desire of her mother to say how much they were pleased with and interested in him, and that they wished to know what became of him.

rue de Lille
May 11*th* 1860

I copy from Fred's[1] letter dated March 4th.—"So Evan and Fan go to Rio.[2] The only things against it are the heat and separation from home. I trust he will manage to get perched up in one of the Hill residences—they are cooler and more healthy than the houses on the plain. I wonder if she takes her children with her—at their age the climate will not do them harm—but it increases anxiety to have children which require frequent medical attendance. Evan will find it a great

[1] Sir Frederick Bruce, then ambassador in China.
[2] Mr. Baillie had been appointed First Secretary in Brazil.

change in point of work from Paris. He is right to go—it is a sure claim to promotion.—The winter is nearly over after a month or six weeks frost, and we are all as fresh as difficulties and anxieties will allow—but China is a terrible place, and I was too prescient when I told Malmesbury that it is fatal to any reputation." . . .

The Duchess is well and is, I hope, at Osborne for a week. On the 5th. the Queen goes to Windsor for Ascot—so She will be cheered by their society for another week, and after that I know not. . . . I went down to St. Denis on Saturday. . . . At the Cathedral they are making immense *travaux,* lowering the floor, and constructing a stupendous vault for the new dynasty, having walled up the Bourbons and taken away Louis XVIII. from the steps, where his body was placed to await his successor.—A sort of semi-circle like an altar at the end of the vault is destined to receive the old Nap., and thro' a window the faithful are to gaze upon him. Fifty great stone coffins containing the bodies of the old Abbots and Priors have been removed to make room, and of all this little menage no one knows anything. We dined at —— and after dinner the bell rang, and in rushed a bearded pard, "je vous arrive en quêteur. Je viens quêter pour Garibaldi." . . . Carry had great trouble to put it all straight.—M. de Bourbe was describing the other day how the French were going to annex Belgium, the Rhine, Genoa, etc., and then deplored the contempt into which England had fallen owing to her inaction or awkward action—that affair of Switzerland was only a pre-

text—after all, what is Switzerland, and everyone knows that the Swiss are so *grasping*——Motel was so pleased with the word. They say that the Emperor is quite satisfied with the Sicilian affair —the Bourbons are walled up here—extinguished in Spain—and will perhaps be driven out of Italy! Europe is rather anxious.

79 *rue de Lille June 6th* 1860

What a blessing to know that your troubles are over, and that they should, after all, have turned out to be no troubles. I am fired with a desire to navigate and to follow on your track, and no one can better enter into the delight of the quiet, and absence of care, and call for exertion which belong to a life on board. I do not feel as if even the attraction of being a coal agent would retain me at St. Vincent, and though the oranges at Bahia, and the pineapples at Pernambuco . . . would be apt to exercise a spell, I think I should eventually push on to Rio and settle myself at Petropolis— How fond I am of your Captain and Mr. Westwood and Mrs. Christie; I even relent towards His Excellency. I rejoice in the Dr. and his Lady [Dr. and Mrs. Kalley] and in knowing that you have such practical and experienced people to help and encourage you, and to tell you how to steer your way thro' all the domestic difficulties of your present situation. How lovely it must be, how perfectly enjoyable—the morning breezes and the bright moonlight nights—I fancy I am with you, so I enter your pleasures, though the separation is so great and the pain of waiting 2 months

for a response so trying. While I do feel that there is much to make your exile agreeable and much to be thankful for and to look to with sanguine feelings. Tell dear Evan with my love how happy it makes me to know that there is so much he will enjoy. I am looking forward to seeing his sketches, and only fear that the "Commercial Report" will come off second best when put in competition with the drawing!

I suppose the washerwomen take a wear out of your clothes.

79 rue de Lille June 7th 1860

The dear Duchess wishes me to go to Frogmore when I leave—I think it will be about the 20th. . . . feeling that we shall never more be under this roof together goes thro' my heart—this kind hospitable roof.—The large heart that welcomed every guest and was ready to see the good even in the least attractive.

People are uneasy—no one knows what the Emperor may be plotting. It is supposed that he is fomenting the Sicilian affair secretly, as ostensibly he condemns it. Bonnetty told us that the Père Ventura told them that the outbreak was a natural consequence of the bad Govt. of the Neapolitans. It is good, telling us English that, as a piece of news, the only thing is that L.N. will "exploit" it to his advantage and humbug the world again. His annexation *Band* is on the frontiers of Belgium just now. They have quite reduced the art to a system—"les procédés tout bien connus."

CHAPTER VII

Osborne: Princess Beatrice. The Prince Consort and French Affairs. *Cramond:* A birthday fête. *Frogmore:* Visit to Archerfield. The unification of Italy. Lady Frances Baillie in Rio de Janeiro.

110 *Eaton Square July 7th* 1860

. . . I tried to be ready by the 26th., then the 29th., and finally I left on the 2 July. Oh! what a wrench! . . . I can not attempt to tell you anything this time. I shall commence my journal when I reach Frogmore, where I go on Monday to proceed to Osborne on the 11th. and to Cramond on the 21st. I can only tell you that poor Mary [Lady Elgin] was much shaken on the receipt of this terrible news of the Malabar,[1] but has been soothed by the universal sympathy, interest and admiration. She leaves for Scotland next week, and is not able to write to-day, but sends you her love and the accompanying extracts. How beautiful they are—you will read the announcement in the *Times*—so graphic and heart stirring—dear Elgin, what an escape, and what must have been the thoughts that passed through his mind on the deck of that sinking ship.

Osborne July 18th 1860

Your journals are such a comfort and delight to me, and you would laugh if you could see with what

[1] Which was wrecked. Lord Elgin was saved and able to proceed to China.

interest they are listened to here. The Duchess was enchanted with the last, that of May, and made me read it to the Queen, who had never found in real life anything so like Robinson Crusoe, and who has inspired Pr. Alice with an extreme desire to hear it also—so that till long past dressing time I was deep in it to-day—the third reading. Yr. cook, whose total ignorance of cooking seems her chief recommendation—she was honorably mentioned by H.M. across the dinner table—Mrs. Christie's improvised chests of drawers and tables "I should not like the two boxes to write on"—Mrs. Kalley's merits—the bargain of a horse turning out a venerable stager—the gardening and M. de Glinka [the Russian Minister]—the early hours and pleasant country life—the wilfulness of "James"—the manners and customs of Brazilian operatives and tradesmen—Your takes at body with fleas—the scrubbing to get rid of them—and above and beyond all, the beauties of the country, are all familiar to the Royal Family—Even the arrangts. in the garden! I could not pass over. What I require is to have more of Victoria's remarks (the Duchess was touched by that of the photograph and sends another for her own self) but the absence of all allusion to the food of James [the Baby] gives her some anxiety. Of course to comfort Her I say it must be that you have weaned him, though in my heart I daresay you have not, and the Queen exclaimed when I read out "the children sleep at 12 and dine after"—"Ah! that is conclusive, the children dine, he must be weaned." I could not think what it concluded at first!—

I found the Duchess looking pale the first day, but I was told it was accidental—she bore the journey here very well, and though she sometimes complains of *the* pain, Her chief torment now is a sort of fixed muscular rheumatism in the side and back low down, which, like the pain she had before in the neck, is most trying and most impossible to remove. Still, however painful and distressing this is, it is not alarming as other things, even the biliousness that was so troublesome a while ago.—You may think how kind she is—I exert in every way I can, and do not speak of what engrosses my thoughts and weighs down my heart. The other day, with those beloved eyes full of tears, she suddenly looked at me and said "Speak to me when you like and when you wish of your Mother, of your friends of all the past—I know what you must feel and what you must require to relieve your heart." There is no one like Her, She knows and guesses everything by that tender heart of Her's, and while I would not harass Her feelings, while I know that other thoughts may occupy Her later, that She and others may and will think that the wound is healed, still, now I feel that She understands more than most, and I love to think of this additional tie of gratitude that binds me to Her.

All are most kind—the children most affnte. Pr. Leopold's affection was as warm as ever.

Pr. Arthur complained to someone that "Leo, only think, He says that He is the only one that loves Ly. A., that I do not, and that's very wrong, for I do."—

Pr. Beatrice expressed her tenderness, "and I love another Lady too, and THAT'S GENL. BRUCE." She is quite enchanting, so bewitching a child.—

The Queen says "Baby mustn't have that, it's not good for Baby."

"But she likes it, my dear" is the reply as she helps herself!

She adores her Mama, kisses Her hand, is very grateful for the affection shewn her by her parents. She comes to the Duchess to be played to, and *sings the tunes* she wishes to have—quite correctly with a most huskey pot-house voice—I never heard anything like it.—The Pce. said one day "You are very troublesome." "No, Baby's not, she's a little girl."

She took a pencil and proceeded to do Mrs. Thurston's picture, but first begged to be allowed to ring for a biscuit to keep "Turton" quiet while she sat!!

Pr. Helena is much grown—Pr. Alice looks well—so do they all. Osborne is looking *lovely*. The pillars supporting the vine covered colonnade on the lower terrace are one mass of blossoms. I never saw the place so pretty.

We have very few visitors at Osborne, only Ld. Clarendon and his nice daughter—the 2nd. is to be married, and her sister is about as disposed to part with her as I was with you. Ldy. Clarendon was in Waiting. I like her *very much,* but I did not see much of them as I almost always drove with H.R.H. and was much in my room.

Nothing could be more kind and nice than the dear Royal Family. The day we left, the 24th., at



H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE

After Winterhalter

11 a message came that if I was disengaged, H.M. would drive me out—in that tiny carriage with the 2 Sardinian Ponies. It was very pleasant—She so kind—a lovely morning—and then I had never been so long tête à tête, got over my shyness so much. We discoursed politics—how wrath Palmerston is at having been deceived in his opinion of his ally—what a pity Cowley saw none but the people of the Imperial clique—how strange it is that the French should always be wishing to have what belongs to others—"*we* don't," etc., etc.

I had told the Prince of a pamphlet which had appeared and been immediately suppressed, although it was merely a reprint of the official condemnations of the Press since 1852. When collected, the inconsistencies were so glaring that they could not allow it to be sold! I wrote to Mabel first, as the Prince wished to see it, and rec. a most capital letter in return which the Prince took from me to shew Ld. John. I am so sorry, for Evan would have been interested.—He says of the Syrian affairs that the idea of the French having got up this affair was too monstrous to have suggested itself, had not a French Diplomate remarked in a mysterious way "on a été bien imprudent, on avait cru les Maronites les plus forts." French and Russians had been intriguing there is no doubt, and they caused the spirit which all over the East is so easily roused just now. Mussulman fanaticism—The result is terrific, and of course the English Govt. are as keen to stop these horrors and to restore order as any, but the plan proposed by the French would,

they believed, have at once been the signal for a universal massacre of Christians all over the country—with great difficulty they have got it modified.—

Anna writes, "il paraît que notre souverain met de l'eau dans son vin."

That letter to Persigny is most wonderful, is it not?

The Mr. Hervey who rendered much service at Tyre in his little yacht, is our friend who married a niece of Miss Tenant's.—

Mohl is very wrath with Thiers—He does not see him any more since the publication of his last vol. of *lies,* but Cousin met him the other day and said that Germany was mad to ally herself with England, who is the enemy of Europe, that France must have Namur, Liege and several other towns, that for the sake of peace he would be disposed to give up the acquisition of Mayence, but his friend would not, etc., etc. In short, says M., those men who formed the advanced Liberal Radical party are now at the feet of a despot from whom they hope territorial aggrandizement, for this they are willing to pay any price.—This party were the friends of Palmerston before he took up with L. Nap., and it rather shakes one's confidence in the clearsightedness of one's statesmen and guides when they are so long after others in discriminating friends from foes. All these things are very serious—this Eastern question arising at a moment when the Emperor's power is so great, and the aggressive tendencies of the nation he rules have burst forth again under his fostering care, is a

horrible complication, and makes one feel more than ever that the times are threatening.—

I miss Sir George to talk with—dear Lord James is too nice—but these matters have no interest for him.

We had very quiet days at Frogmore. The Cambridge party came to Luncheon one day—Thos. came on the 26th. and slept. You may think with what altered feelings I look across the water towards Broomhall—how tremblingly.—We came to York on the 31st—the Duchess *working* in the carriage, and though suffering from Her back as well as at home, and taking no rest on arriving, writing letters till dinner! The same thing next day.

I had hoped, as Pr. and Prs. Leiningen and Pr. Victor come for the Birthday, that Lady Susan [Melville] might only have come later, and that I might have had the repose of this room quietly to myself—but an arrngt. has been made by which she can be received now, and she comes on Thursday. Tomorrow evening the Queen is expected, and the Duchess hopes to be present at the Review. H.R.H. sends you Her love *every day,* so do all the family. Yesterday, seeing a young *sheep unweaned* (it no longer resembled a lamb), H.R.H. pointed and alluded to James Evan! His feeding was discussed at York at the dinner before the servants, with Lord James and Mr. Brown!! The latter is rather out of favour, and when Miss Wagner came to announce the birth of a Miss B., the Duchess exclaimed, much to Lady Fanny's amusement, "Oh! he has a daughter, stupid man: Why?"

The Duchess sleeps well, and really complains chiefly of this rheumatism, and is wonderful.—Prs. Royal [1] was only ill 4 hours, and not severely—the news reached Osborne at breakfast time the day the Duchess left.—

Sir James told the Queen that the Pss. had been taken ill at 4 A.M.—"Oh! that explains I awoke at 4 and could not sleep again!"

Rather touching.—

A nice letter from the Pr. of Wales—enchanted with the loyalty of the Newfoundlanders—for all details he refers his Mama to the Duke of Newcastle and General Bruce.—He was 4 days ill, but they made a capital passage, shorter than was expected. Prs. Hohenlohe is very poorly and unhappy; her eldest son has been left money, but Pr. Herman is to be head of the family. He is charming to his Mother—both are at Langenbourg.

Aug. 6th Pr. Alfred's birthday.— . . .

Aug. 7th. This is a great day—the Queen arrives this morning and the great Review takes place at 3 P.M. It does not rain this morning, but it is gloomy. I wish it may be fine. The Queen speaks of driving out here some time.

The Duchess wishes to know whether you ride behind Evan in the old fashion, having but one horse? also whether you are going to make a collection of serpents like the French physician. . . .

[Her Majesty] has just been here, having arrived at 8, breakfasted, dressed and driven here looking quite fresh.—Such crowds, and such an enthusiastic reception in Edinburgh—Much pleased—

[1] At the birth of Princess Charlotte.

She admires this place immensely. There has just been a shower I am sorry to say, but I hope it will clear again. The Duchess goes to Holyrood at one forty five, and the Review begins at three.—

Cramond Sept. 9

I have not sent you an account of our great event, our fête. It had been arranged for the Duchess' birthday, and put off, but was held on the 25th. in honor of the Prince's birthday, and of the Leiningen's and Pr. Victor.—The day was fine though windy, and the procession, as it reached into the grounds headed by the Pipers, looked very pretty—those said Pipers had been at Lucknow, as had the Band, but none the worse they looked.—The Pipe Major, a most handsome man, had been 18 years in India—was twice wounded in Lucknow, underwent all the hardships, and never suffered in any way—his family in Argyllshire had given him up for lost, but he confided to me that he had never given himself up! The Band Master, a little dapper Cockney, was charming. He laid aside his music and instruments, he and his men, and had shouldered their muskets, doing duty like the rest. I never can think that, even under these altered circumstances, he could have inspired much terror!—The children were very nice and well-behaved—very modest, and appearing as if butter would not melt in their mouths. I was in despair, thinking that it would be difficult to get them to eat—but not at all—in a moment or a twinkling the heaps had disappeared as by enchantment. I think many

"berries" had found their way into the pockets for afterwards—during the running a few oozed out from time to time! The races were very amusing and they danced very nicely, the Girls *en ronde* like Eleanor and C. The joy when the toys were distributed knew no bounds.—At a little after 5 the band, which had been playing alternately with the Pipers, put itself at the head of the procession, the children and all others followed, they marched round and in front of the steps where the Duchess stood, bowed and curtseyed and filed off. The Duchess was much pleased, and the people quite beside themselves.—One old woman told me that she had not been strong enough to go, but had heard how "rale kind and affable the Duchess was," and then appealing to me, "the Queen maun be a rale fine wummun, I hae often said to my neebors, the Queen maun be a gude wummun, for the tea and sugar's aye been cheap sin She cam on; 'afore her time it used to be 7/- the lb." I quite agreed. I was amused with a shamefaced one with a curly head, something like Victoria, and not much older, who described to her family every look and gesture of the Duchess, and who points out Lord James and the Ladies—"There's ane that gied me my tea." I am glad to think that their loyalty will be founded on so solid a basis as tea and cakes. The donkey boy was asked how many cookies he thought he could eat, and the reply was 15!

Cramond Sept. 22nd 1860

It was very sweet on Sunday to see the Queen

trot to Church thro' the grounds and the little gate in the churchyard near the stables arm in arm with the Prince. It was only announced the night before to us. The children came to Luncheon, and all were happy. The next day there was much shopping incognito in Edin. and various ascents of Arthur's seat. They started at 7 P.M. and reached Osborne at 9.30 next morning!—The incognito trip to Grantoun made the Queen very happy. The Canadian affairs [1] do well, but Robert has his own troubles, the boy is young, and the authorities not always full of tact. I mean those with him, so it is an anxious thing, but R. thinks excellent for the Boy, and the loyalty is most touching. . . .

Frogmore October 6 1860

As we left Archerfield [2] yesterday at 10.15, Mr. Hamilton, who had gone on before to Drem with Ld. James, stopped the letters, and in the carriage what did I find but your two of the 4th. Sept.—Think of the joy, and how I devoured them as we drove along, only pausing to watch the views and to call the Duchess' attention to the deep blue of the sea—the lights on Nth. Berwick Law, and the shining of the Bass, which looked like a mass of silver in the sunshine. That dear Bass which the Duchess so delighted in—quite taken up with it, and with the geese and their history—charmed with Sir . . . who conducted Her over the ruins of Tantallon—I saw nothing.—Was too happy, as

[1] The Prince of Wales was travelling in Canada with General the Hon. Robert Bruce.

[2] The property of Mr. and Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton with whom the Duchess was staying.

H.R.H. drove in the Chariot with Mary, to ride or walk and to put off Lionizing to a more convenient season. The Duchess got so fond of Mummy [Lady Mary], and so at Her ease with she and him.—So at home in the place with which She was delighted—The prolonged stay confirmed all this, and made the impression I was so anxious to secure, the impression that She would be like other people and enjoy a little change. She breakfasted and lunched alone—sat in the Library at that beautiful window and got quite comfortable at dinner, except the heat, which was intense even though the fire was let out and the windows opened before—Oh! what it must be when these precautions are not taken.

The first days were terribly anxious to me—Lord Melville you know is a bugbear—I fought off his sitting near Her and begged for the Duke of Cleveland, whom I found was almost equally unpopular, and then it turned out that Lady Howard de Walden is also slightly in the bad books!!! Fancy my feelings! Well, the Duke left—Ld. M. quite won back the good opinion, and was a butt for *chaff,* and Lady H. was found very agreeable, so all's well that end's well. . . . I like to note down for you the blessed feelings of calm and peace I find here—dear, dear Frogmore. I can not even bear the thought of losing a day by going to London. . . .

The Duchess was so delighted at Archerfield to see Mr. Grant again, and the Holsteins come on the 10th. A touching letter from the Queen to Pss. Helena, giving an account of the Prince's ac-

cident—"beloved adored Papa"—and "No one can deny that his safety was owing to the blessing of Providence." The Paper account is quite correct. —He is quite well again, but it was a great escape. —They are very happy at Cobourg all together—the Queen enchanted with the Grandchild,[1] who is good and dear and clever to a degree.—I have been at St. George's—stayed for the second service with a very few—thought so much of you and of the privation of being out of reach of Church—even after a long time of the Kirk though, I can not bear to hear people say they will not go.—The service is so beautiful, so refreshing, so heart-filling.

Did I tell you that H.R.H. announced that she was going to have a horse for me here—Sir George immediately forbade *that* extravagance. He is right, because as things are done here, they are so extravagant, but if one of the 16 carriage horses could be turned into a saddle one, it would not be bad.

Frogmore Oct 22 1860

I wish for a Kingdom or Italy—I can quite see that it is not fair to expect that because he is a great Capt., Garibaldi must be a great Statesman, but I do object to Cavour's needless *lies*. I do not like that a Kingdom of liberty should be built upon falsehood. People were thought extreme when they dreaded the prolongation of the Imperial régime in France on account of the corrupting influence of the reign of duplicity and falsehood—the most alarmed little thought how quickly the contagion would spread in Europe! The "Gali-

[1] Afterwards Emperor William II.

matias" they made in the Roman States—deceiving Lamoricière into the belief that he was safe from the Sardinians and then allowing him and his little band, which did *not* contain the Irish Brigade, but numbers of young volunteers belonging to the best families of France, who fell in a desperate encounter overpowered by numbers 6 to 1—is what no one can comprehend.—Of course it has roused in France a spirit of formidable hostility, and *now* the French troops re-occupy the town!

I maintain that the English enthusiasm for the cause of Italy is founded on everything that is noble and respectable, but I think that the reports of the Correspondents are too one-sided, they SMELL too much of falsehood.—

The Queen returned on the 18th.—the Prince quite recovered from the effect of the accident (which might have been so terrible) and all quite well—The Princess Royal grown so matronly—The Baby MOST ENGAGING—the youngest was not brought. They all enjoyed Cobourg *beyond*—running about the streets and everywhere in the greatest liberty.

The Q. finds the Germans rather pompous and pitched into Prs. R. well for shewing symptoms.

The marriage of Prs. Alice has not been announced, and I have heard no talk of it, but it is not unlikely or unsuitable.—

Pr. and Prs. Holstein arrived on Saturday: She so sweet and so pretty, though the face has lost the roundness of youth—Very happily married—He so excellent and steady and fond of her, but both what the Duchess calls "Neitleiftig"—I do

not know how the word is written, but it applies also to Lord James!

Just been reading to the Duchess, whose affnte. love I am to give, and hopes that you will not tire yourself too much with making marmalade, etc., etc.—Dear, dear Duchess, she is low about herself to-day, the pain is so settled she is losing hope. To-day had a good deal of the other pain. I can not understand Brown's keeping Her in, for evidently bracing and air are wanted—Archerfield having so agreed. I am sometimes very sad and anxious about Her. God grant this evil to be stayed.

Such a charming letter from Pr. Alfred from the Cape—so full of all he sees, so wise and so Boyish—at the same time very good accounts of the Pr. of Wales.—The Duchess very happy with Prs. Ada and Co.—She has, oh! awful idea, a Lady who is amiable but talks German English thro' her nose in a distressing way. But she is amiable and not like Greng or Klumpf, so that I am thankful.—I do not know how long they remain. . . .

Poor Lord Dalhousie was apparently nearly dead, and has rallied astonishingly within the last few days—Poor Leven—I forgot that you had not heard Lord Leven was almost well again. Very cheerful and gentle and pleasant—sat down to dinner better than usual on the 9th., and was dead in three hours—a stroke. Oh! it's so sad—the Mother is their love, but such a sad, sad break up, and he was so warm hearted!

I have been reading an article in the "Quar-

terly" on the Brazils which has raised my opinion of your quarters, and must, I think, have been taken from Evan's report!!

Princess Hohenlohe has bought a house at Baden and is going to live there.—Pr. Herman has been made the "oldest son" and Pr. Charles pensioned off. Pr. Victor is giving endless trouble about his Seymour marriage. He will do it, and they have *nothing*. It is a frightful *galimatias* altogether, but the poverty seems to me an insuperable objection.

Frogmore Oct. 25

You ought to bring in a charge for damages against the Govt. for Pr. Alfred's hard riding!—Tell Evan I expect him to send me an account of his travels. The "Quarterly" praises the Emperor and Imperial Govt. to the skies—is it so that things go on so well in Brazil in spite of lazy Antonius.

The account of the discovery of the sitting hens and ducks by . . . and then the ruthless attacks of the pig is all too thrilling. How that quadruped ever came to have such liberty to roam I cannot imagine. The Duchess' knowledge of natural history is increased by the discovery that they eat eggs.

CHAPTER VIII

The Prince of Wales in Canada and U.S.A. French affairs. The Empress Eugénie in Scotland. Lady Augusta at Oxford. The Chinese Expedition. Frogmore and the increasing illness of the Duchess of Kent. London Theatres. Phelps and Miss Heath.

Frogmore Oct. 25th 1860

Ld. Southwark is to marry that nice Lady Susan Murray—not the prettiest one—he is good but hard to cook I imagine, and there are 4 babes. Lady Dunmore seems much pleased, talks of his goodness and his great attachment. . . . I read with much emphasis to the Duchess yr. going to bed early as a hint—not taken alas!

I think Miss Wortley [Maid of Honour] would value a humming bird or that Eleanor and Louisa would look well in them, and then big people wear whole wings of large birds such as pheasants.

Nov. 8

The dear Duchess has been much more suffering from that rheumatism in the back—unable to go out to the Castle at all, though She drives daily in the open carriage. Sometimes I feel very anxious and have not courage to wish to leave Her—and now it is left to me. I must take the initiative and decide—as the time draws near my sufferings increase—Oh! how I used to count the days before.

Frogmore Nov. 22 1860

Nobody at the Castle had a moment's uneasiness about the Pr. of Wales, but he was much desired. They had the most provoking winds[1] quite unusually adverse, however the Prince was perfectly happy and cheerful and good humoured all the time, and no one was ill. He is grown and has become much more manly, while he retains that sort of youthful simplicity and freshness which give his manner such a charm. Robert looks well, but as if he had had an anxious time, and so it was; still, all went well and turned out favourably. And the result both as to the effect on the mind and character of the Prince, and the public spirit wherever he has been has surpassed what had been hoped.

The Duchess asked if there had been any incipient attempt at flirting, but Robert said no, he delighted to dance with all his 1000 partners, and made no distinctions.—Ld. St. Germains was much liked—The D. of Newcastle did better than was expected.

The dear Duchess has been ailing more than usual this last fortnight.

You will see by the papers what an escapade the Empress has made—The mystery in which Her proceedings were tried to be shrouded in Paris made people say thousands of things. . . . She is very much afraid that it is the beginning of judgement on them for betraying the Pope.—This is very likely. Mohl sends me a most interesting

[1] Returning from Canada and Newfoundland.

letter in which he says: "It comes to pass what I was always afraid of. The Pope becomes more powerful over the minds in proportion as he is persecuted.—It is strange to see the people who now speak of him reverentially. You will judge from an example—Lomenie told me that as soon as he could get together a good lump of money, he will send it to the Pope!! You see another illustrious example in the Empress—The Army is being discontented with the treatment Lomenie has received. If the Pope had the resolution to go into a monastery, his power over the Catholics would become enormous, and a new flood of superstition and clerical pretentions would break over the world. A system like Popery can only fall by its own faults, and not by the violence of its enemies, particularly when they behave as his have done! It is very remarkable that this should be the first result."

The Empress is to see the Queen before She returns—I hope here, rather than at Osborne. . . .

Frogmore Nov. 26

So happy to think that you carry out Miss Nightingale's injunctions as to scouring. . . . I am glad you have an American Ministry prepared, like Elgin's friend, to "kindle the flame of Liberty on the altar of Slavery," but he will have to return home alas! to attend to that little operation in consequence of the election of a new President. . . . I warned Robert from Sir George not to let his Boy [the Prince of Wales] *quiz* the Yankees for fear of its being repeated. He said he

saw so many he liked, and was so pleased and impressed by the country and people, that he is not tempted to do so. The Prime Minister of Canada, M. Jacques Cartier, was an especial favorite, *entr' autres.*

Robert has been most kind and dear, giving me so much of his time these Sundays, and much of his confidence. . . . The dear Duchess looks very ill at times. . . . Such tender memories the Duchess has of Her visit [to Archerfield].—Is working a pen-wiper or something for Cristo [Mr. Hamilton] at this moment. . . .

I was glad to see Gustave de la Grange the other day, and had much *toupet* in making my way! I believe that the poor Empress has *l'imagination frappé,* and more or less connects her sister's death with the Papal affairs, and fears for the future of Herself and child—Porment says, and I think it is most probable, that she has been "frapée à la tête comme au cœur." Coming here and flying about in her old way must be the best thing for her. She seems to have been doing nothing but "Chopping," as Green said, in London.—They thought her looking older and depressed here—She enjoyed Scotland, and fancy the joy of the D. of Atholl meeting Her driving to Blair from Dunkeld at 3 P.M.—jumping into the carriage—getting there in the dark—shewing her into the housemaid's room, the only fire there was—the house all dismantled—by tallow candle light—tea and chops at the Hotel and back to dinner at the Hotel at 11 P.M. Next day he took her to the *Kirk* and afterwards to call on Lady James

[Murray]. The Duchess, who is in waiting, grieved that he did not take her in by the window, so that Lady J. in her alarm might have jumped out at the door!

The Duchess has been so kind about Joseph, keeping him and not wanting him to go at all. He has been very happy, but feels himself in a false position here with nothing to do—so delicate he is, poor fellow. They are all pleased with him, he is so intelligent—remembers and knows everything he has ever heard or seen. The Queen sent to see him again, and everybody knows him as "the good Joseph."

Frogmore Dec.

Frewen Hall is charming—how sad I should be to leave it. . . . I arrived before luncheon, and after, R. and K. [General Bruce and his wife] took me thro' the rain to Merton College to see the rooms of Ld. H. de Walden's son—a perfect menagerie—A young crocodile in a basin—Beavers, rats . . . endless beasts. He had been in Canada and the States with them, and had added enormously to his collection!! Then we went over part of the town, and to Magdalen College to service. Robert left—K. and I dined alone.—Next morning we went at 10 to hear the University Sermon in the Cathedral. It was Dr. Pusey, and as I knelt there, where Elgin and Fred had so often knelt, with the news of the taking of Pekin in my heart, I thought of those beloved ones, of their bright, happy, confident faces long ago—of their interesting and joyous

visits home during vacation, and of the delighted interest with which Mama and Matilda listened to all they told them of the religious and intellectual movement at Oxford in the stirring and eventful period of their stay there.—Dr. Pusey's sermon was a sort of *résumé* (unconscious) of what has since taken place. . . . It was very beautiful, though there was no triumph of oratory or delivery. Dr. Acland described how it was a touching effort on his part after years of comparative silence—when all trace of his school in Oxford had died away, to come forth and bear his testimony to the fundamental truth of Christianity —the atonement and all that flows from this.

We saw Dr. Stanley[1] and his Mother after service. They asked me to go to them on the Monday, and much as I was tempted to do so—to live in Christchurch among such interesting people, and in the unspeakably soothing calm of those beautiful Colleges—I did not dare to take the liberty of prolonging my stay without the Duchess' offer.—

We went about with Dr. Acland after Luncheon till service at the Cathedral, and after service shewed Joseph the Ch.Ch. dining Hall and Kitchen —The old Cook told me where the brothers' rooms were. Monday was a lovely day—We walked over and over again round and in the Colleges.— I could not look enough or inhale enough of the atmosphere of the place.—We left at 4.30.

Joseph had been very happy. He has seen,

[1] Canon of Christchurch, afterwards Dean of Westminster, who later married Lady Augusta Bruce.

counted, measured everything—the trees in the Long Walk—the distance from the Castle to the Statue—with his umbrella.—Green said as a joke, "it is a pity you could not have measured the Queen." He replied seriously, "Oui, mais je l'aurai très bien fait, si elle avait tourné le dos, avec mon parapluie." . . .

I remain on, and probably shall during January, for the Queen, who was prevented going to Osborne this month by a fever prevalent there, is going in January. Nothing is said of plans, but I feel that it would be difficult to move at that time.

Think of the joy last Sunday to meet a messenger from Robert with the news of the China peace! Oh! what a blessing—it had seemed so far off with the Emperor at Partary—so hopeless.

Poor, poor Mary [Lady Elgin]—she received the news at 12 at night when she was sitting grieving over the prospect. But those poor prisoners! Poor De Norman, the only son—his Mother had been long engaged to her husband, and when at last they were able to marry, he died just after the birth of this only child. She has had no other thought, and he was one who rewarded her in every way.—I kept a copy of Fred's letter to her which I saw, to shew you, and shall send it next time.—Poor Anderson was also an only son.

The English officers are not pleased with the Allies, and are disposed to think that the cruelty of the Chinese, which has no precedent, was occasioned by the excesses committed by the French

troops in the captured towns!—The army, of course, are convinced that they knew exactly where they were, and that their taking the Summer Palace and pillaging it before us, was on purpose. —Elgin says their reckless destruction of everything was terrible. His anxiety passed all bounds, poor fellow, and I suspect there were divided councils, and that some recommended *treating* for the recovery of the prisoners, which he would not hear of.—He who is always spoken of in the "Times" as wavering and hesitating, has been, throughout the whole thing, the promoter of bold measures—had they been able to push on faster, as he wished, many precious lives might have been saved.

Jan. 4th 1861

Pr. Holstein talked about the fiasco that German colonization had been in Brazil.—I, who now take Brazil under my wing, am quite relieved to hear, on the contrary, of the prosperity of the German colonies in Rio Grande.

I am so glad of what you do remember to have heard of the Prince of Darmstadt. I do believe he is very nice and good.—Lady Caroline, Kath. & Co., criticize very much the sentiment exhibited, and of course I think it is not good for Prs. Helena, and that they are all brought forward too soon, but still, it is on the part of the young Bride and the Parents—so innocent, so unsophisticated, so unworldly, so spontaneous that one can not be but touched and admire. They all think Him (Louis) so good, and like him for that—I really

believe he is, and the Pr. Consort says he has excellent sense and abilities—God bless them.

Darling, I can well think how dear the recollections of Frogmore are to you, and it is precious to me to hear it—the Duchess' eyes glistened when I came to the passage where you say it.

If through God's goodness we have Elgin home as we hope, in 6 weeks or 2 months, I shall have only the anxiety about Polloc.[1]—There I long to be, and yet, when the blessed Duchess tells me day by day that my staying is a comfort to her—when I feel so uncertain as to the length of time she may yet be spared to us, I feel as if I could not leave.—Lady Fanny is so good and kind and amiable, and it is such a rest to me to be with one so independent, one to whom one can say all. If only I was not uneasy about Sir John—my idea would be to wait till the Duchess goes to Buckingham Palace, and then to fly to him.

Jan. 15

It goes to one's heart to see one symptom after another, and increasing discomfort and inconvenience, and then to hear the gentle, uncomplaining voice "it is most extraordinary, etc." So kind and good and thoughtful and gentle.—I hope She may be able to go to Buckingham Palace for a visit, but whether before Easter or not I do not know—The Queen goes on the 4th. . . .

Trotty being left in the room, drawing, by his Gd.Mama and commanded to remain still, was found by her on her return in pitch darkness,

[1] The home of her brother-in-law, Sir John Maxwell.

having made a little investigation of the properties of a Moderator lamp on his own account, and put it out! Such a face of dismay it was!

Prs. Beatrice was "notty" with her Mama at Luncheon, and Thurston was summoned to take her away. When T. appeared she appealed to her with wounded dignity and feelings: "It was only for Her [the Queen] I came downstairs." "Such base ingratitude."

A black velvet frock was made to serve the purpose of a finger napkin—Mama expostulated—!!

"It'll never be seen at night!!"

She is quite exquisite, and to hear her sing "I hang my harp on the willow tree"—a most sentimental Tenor song—is not bad.

You of course understood that the toys I sent by last packet are from the Duchess.—I have an improved Noah's Ark and a little *ménage* still to send. These were with your cards and Almanac and Brooches. The dear Duchess' New Years and Xmas gifts.

Prs. Alice looks better and healthier since Osborne, the excitement of *His* presence was too great. The letters are numerous.

Prs. Royal had gone to bed on the last night of the year and was roused by the telegram—she threw on a few clothes and without waiting for a carriage, went out with her husband *alone* in the bitter, bitter cold at 7 A.M., and walked to the Princess' Palace, from where they proceeded to Potsdam.—The last moments were protracted—She stood 5 hours—retired and returned—nearly

fainted and was made to lie down, so that at 5 A.M. on the 2nd. when the poor King[1] died, she was not in the room—but she was *deeply impressed*. Her first sight of death—so solemn yet so gentle, and far from alarming.—Her letter was most affecting and touching.—The poor widowed Queen clung to her. She is heartbroken—the occupation and interest of her life gone. In the poor King's published will you will see how he loved her—poor thing. . . .

Robert was made very happy by a letter from Fred[erick Bruce] in which he said that he and E[lgin] had entirely pulled together in all these events,[2] and that if the whole truth was ever known, which it is not likely to be, Elgin's reputation for decision and courage would be immensely raised. Fred thinks that his management of this business one of the finest things he has done.—The French were most dilatory and most unwilling to attempt anything spirited, or to incur responsibility.—The English Military and Naval Authorities very well intentioned but very prudent.—[Gen. Sir] Hope [Grant] having been imprudent first and brought on so great a misfortune, has been wanting, perhaps, in dash since; but of course this I only gather, and tell you in strict confidence—it would never do to breathe it. The fact is that resolution and the courage to face hostile criticism and to venture something, is the rarest thing possible—a man or two in a generation have it, and one has no right to expect more.—Mr. Loch[3] seems to

[1] Of Prussia, uncle of her husband.
[2] Lord Elgin's work in China.
[3] Member of Lord Elgin's mission.

think that the Rebel question will be the great difficulty now. Wingrove Cook has very *outré* ideas about them and never the tone of the "Times," which is also very cool towards Elgin. Mr. Loch and Frederick and all have the worst possible opinion of them, but of course they must be dealt with.—I am so glad that Elgin and Fred were together.

God grant that all may go well this time.—Laurie [Laurence Oliphant] is named to Japan. I hope he likes it, and that his poor Mother is not heartbroken. . . .

Apropos to Victoria's[1] not wishing to go to heaven—Lady Fanny [Howard] told me that one of the Dutton's warned his brother not to be good, for all good boys died!! Glad to see V. is not at that stage yet—Degenerate Baby to be ill from 2 gingerbreads!!

Darling, what you say of my remaining with the Duchess fits in with my own feelings. Unless a necessity, I should not like to leave Her in Her present suffering state.

January 25

Colleen Bawn would tempt me if we could get the Box. I shall ask for it for the 30 or 31, and Georgie must stay and go to both if it is to be had. "Richelieu," or "lew" as they pronounce it, was played last night—I was glad to see a man I disliked so little as Phelps, in fact I like him. Miss

[1] Infant daughter of Lady Fanny Baillie, later Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, and after marriage, Woman of the Bedchamber; now the Hon. Mrs. Alaric Grant.

Heath looks pretty and nice, but think of the whole set talking of Monsieur de Mouprat and Juley, quite Judy and Punch with no E. I saw Lady Tankerville, who was very pleasant and friendly when she remembered me, which of course she did not do at first. . . .

I met Miss Heath at Miss Skerrett's[1] yesterday, so pretty and modest and unaffected she is.—I thought a few lessons from the French stage would do her good, but when I saw her so occupied with her profession, and not herself, as she is, and so singleminded, I retracted my wishes. I could not think of her with all the conventional compliments levelled at her, poor dear. She is perfectly ladylike and charming, very highly educated they say—but I could well see that there was a something wanting that would always be felt, and she has not the quick perception and tact of a Frenchwoman to supply that "je ne sais quoi." . . .

Would be glad if you would go surreptitiously or promiscuously? to St. Peter's on Saturday 26th, to see Pr. Victor married [to Miss Seymour]. I suppose it will be at St. Peter's, they do not know. You might go early and get a good place and report minutely the whole thing—None of the party know you. He told me the 29th. but his mother says the 26th. and the papers. The Duchess jumped at the idea when I proposed it to her, so try and make it out, but quite privately—it would not do to get round to their ears.—

[1] The Queen's chief dresser. Miss Skerrett was the last lady to hold this post.

Frogmore Jan. 26

I dare say I shall not be able to sleep in London. The Duchess is suffering more than usual, neuralgia or rheumatism flying from one place to another.

I am so wearied at hearing nothing about Joseph—can not keep him indefinitely here, and do not like to let him go. Wishing to know who was in Mr. Gray's carriage, he asked the coachman "What name that Mrs. Bentinck."

"Ah! very well Lady B[entinck]"—

He was sent round, against his will, to meet Mrs. Salter at the station to-day—could not recognise her—followed a stranger, had misgivings, hesitated to address her; "elle se dira, Qu'est-ce que cet individu? Qu'est-ce qu'il me veut? quand je lui demanderai, you Mrs. Shosher! elle ne saura peutêtre pas ce que je veux dire."

Frogmore February 7 1861

The rain is pouring down . . . the gravel walk is so like a river that I can even fancy myself at Petropolis. The flowers are very brilliant in the collonade this winter but alas! our Beloved walks very lamely and tremblingly along it, and it is rare to hear a cheerful report resound thro' it. Since the thaw there has been a violent increase of the neuralgia sympathetic pain in the back.

Brown was in just now—has been giving bark to strengthen the general health, restore appetite and circulation—but we think that it increases the



FROGMORE HOUSE, WINDSOR CASTLE

From an old print

pain and especially the restless sensations in the legs, and which are so trying—He says there is nothing but pain and suffering in prospect. . . . The other night she had been low and ill at dinner —retired after as usual—rested—came out. Princess Alice was there, played duets all the evening most cheerfully. Even yesterday, when so suffering, she played the piano—it is an unspeakable blessing and wonder that she should be able to do this with a swelled arm and all. . . . Princess Mary was at the Castle—shewed her photo book with the portraits of poor M. de Norman and of his mother. She is more composed, poor thing, and full of Christian hope and resignation. There were three sisters of them, Miss Clephanes.[1] One married Ld. Northampton and was mother of Lady M. A. Alford. The other became attached at Rome to this young German Diplomate—but there were no means, so it was quite negatived—she waited, and years after he got promotion and went to seek her in the fastnesses of the Highlands—a few months after the marriage he died. She remained in Germany—brought up her boy there, living with her Mother-in-law. He had so decided a preference for England that at last she consented to let him enter the English service.— He had always been noted for piety and steadiness.

Prs. Mary said Fred's letter to Ld. John was beautiful. She quotes that text "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord" of which he says he always thought in connexion with him. . . . Lady Fanny and I went to see

[1] Wards of Sir Walter Scott.

"Richlieu" in the evening at the Castle, but of Miss Heath I spoke to you thro' Charlotte. . . . I had the day before been summoned to give up to her Charlotte's letter with an account of Prince Victor's wedding, and was obliged to refuse!

There was another play on the 31st., *"The Contested Election,"* with Matthews, very good. Miss Skerrett tells me all these people are exemplary mothers *now,* and always the most agreeable and charming of companions. Dear Lady Ely looking very handsome and very well—In a great state because they spread a report that she was to marry Cavour! and because people in Italy were jealous of the attention paid her by the King, here they doubted her testimony, and thought her an enthusiast.—You can see her, the dear.—She was so afraid of being quoted that she would hardly answer a question—To you I may repeat the little I gleaned under the Seal of Secrecy! The King told her among other things: "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez que je fasse? L'Empereur m'écrit une chose, me fait dire une autre, parle, télégraphe, en fait une troisième, et tout le temps c'est une quatrième chose qu'il pense."

I give him credit for that. She says he was terribly disappointed when he found the state Naples was in, and found that they know not what they want. She saw the prisons, and found them as described—saw Poerio, liked him. Such a good face he has. Thinks Cavour fired with a very noble and disinterested ambition, but not caring much how he attains his end. The

poor young Queen of Naples full of courage and energy, rather happy to be out of the clutches of her step-mother even at Gaeta, or Gaiter, as Lady Couper talks about. Lady Fanny screams over it.

I generally go out late and pay visits at the Castle and in the Cloisters to collect converstn. for dinner, to vary the stories out of the "Star" which Petty [Lady Couper] diligently tells. She and Sir George dine most nights, and we have whist at 9 or 9.30.

Clarence House Feb. 20 1861

Darling, what memories this beloved date recalls.—Clarence House! how I remember the day I went to meet you at the station, and your first arrival here—our happy times together afterwards—and then when you were a guest and I came to see you here later—and these dear, dear rooms.

Early dinner and to the Popular Concert to hear some Beethoven with Hallé for which I pined. Went in bonnet alone, 3/–, *lovely music.*

Yesterday, Palace 10, walk with Pss. Alice an hour in garden. Duchess to Southwell, with Lady Fanny, for her photo (too shy to go alone).

I dined at B. Palace on Wed.—very nice to see those dear rooms again.—All so kind and dear—Gladstone, Palmerston, Redcliffe.

Lord A[lfred] Paget called out to me the other day on the stairs: "How's your nice sister? Give her my love."

Col. Macdonald was most tender about you. Had he not thought himself an old bachelor some years ago, he must have placed himself and fortune at your feet.

CHAPTER IX

Death of Sir George Couper. Illness and death of the Duchess of Kent. The Queen's sorrow. Lady Augusta receives a post in the Queen's Household.

Thursday 6.30 *p.m.*

Dear Sir George is gone—at 6.15 all was over—the Duchess is not to be told to-night—She could not believe to-day that there was no hope.

March 1st 1861

It was at 6 he died without a sigh, without a struggle—poor Lady Couper had a burst of uncontrollable agony, Ramsay[1] carried her away and put her on the bed in the nursery, the children having been sent to a sister of Mr. G. Couper, and tears came to her relief. She saw me for a moment, and was most gentle—unselfish—thinking of others. . . . Lady C. slept a little and is *quite wonderful.* Ramsay says that after Dr. Harper had told Sir George his state yesterday evening, dear Lady C. went in and took it as a terrible reality—they talked together for 2 hours—not upon worldly things, for these he had explained to her and arranged long ago—but about their parting for a little while, and the sure and certain hope of a blessed reunion.—After that she was strengthened beyond expression, and calm—she never quitted his hand—had not for two days—if she did for a moment, he held out his again. He had no pain, was perfectly conscious and able to speak to the last moment.—An hour before the end asked Ruggs, when

[1] Lady Couper's son.

she came in, how she was—full of gentleness, patience, humility. He met death as a Soldier and a Christian. Poor Ramsay was much struck—he has been very nice with his Mother. She saw Lady Fanny this morning, and Lady F. was quite astonished at the strength vouchsafed to her—at her real faith—practical religion indeed—I never saw anything more beautiful than her conduct all through. I believe the cause of death was the bursting of the abscess internally. We only told the Duchess to-day he had had a good night and was better—the hand less inflamed. . . . She was terribly sad, and had never contemplated so rapid a termination. She can not realize it, nor can any of us. Dear Sir George—it seems but yesterday that he dined here—we think he must appear. The funeral is to be on Thursday at Kensal Green. . . .

Frogmore March 7

You will hardly expect a very long letter by this mail, understanding as you will all the writing that has come upon me and us—the many kind and anxious enquiries relating to our sad loss, and to its effect on the Duchess, and the daily reports to Osborne, to Brussels and to Baden. My last letter I closed on the 23rd. . . . On the evening of the 24th. I saw dear Sir George before going to the Palace, and he spoke cheerfully of feeling better—so lovingly and tenderly of dearest Lady Couper. I went to the Duchess—saw the Princesses—walked thro' the garden and got out in Grosvenor place and walked to Chester St., where I took Luncheon and then went on to Rutland

Gate to pick up Lucy, with whom I went to Quebec Chapel to hear a much admired Dr. MacGee[1] who is just leaving it.—Back to tea—dinner—and with Mary G. to St. Paul's evening service, with which I was delighted.

The Bishop of Carlisle's voice [Waldegrave] is very weak, and his Sermon, tho' very good, was such a one as one would address as a meditation to advanced Christians rather than a stirring appeal to such a mixed congregation. How I longed for dear Caird's Evangelist gift there.—The superiority of Chanting to reading in such an edifice was most manifest.

Lady Gainsboro' happened to come in and sit next to us with [Lady] Victoria [Buxton] and [Lord] Roden. He looks wretchedly ill, and is very delicate from the effects of Syrian fever, from which he nearly died in the East. He was taken in and nursed by the wife of the Manager of the Ottoman Bank at Beyrouth, a Swiss or French Protestant, and from having heard and seen so much, takes a keen interest in the fortunes of the Syrian Christians, and has hurt himself even by working to collect money for them, and is now publishing a book on the subject.—Ld. Carnarvon has published one on the Druses, so one will be able to know the truth by reading both.—

On Monday dear Lady Roden, not having been worse than usual, dropped down dead in the arms of her daughters. They all feel it much, but poor Lady Maria most, of course.

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

The Duchess came back wonderfully better from London.—On the 26th. she took an attack of indigestion, and the right arm, which has long been swollen, began to inflame in a most alarming way. It is perfectly powerless and most painful and distressing, and her strength seemed giving way, but thank God she has rallied again—the arm seems to be decidedly gathering at the wrist —with anyone else an abscess forming under such circumstances would be very serious, but Her constitution is so wonderful. Of course the enemy is closing round us, but still the power of resistance and the vitality are so great. She is certainly less physically depressed with it all than before London, and less ill and weak than two years ago when the other abscess formed. She has not been out of Her rooms since the attack came on, but hopes to rejoin the Queen at B. Palace next week.—

Lady Mary Howard is here with Lady Fanny —so nice and dear, and they are so happy together. The Duchess has arranged that they should go home together when She goes to London. I should go to B. Palace and Lady Susan join here on the 23rd. when H.R.H. returns. I felt very much vexed, for I knew Lady F. must feel the curtailing of her waiting, and she did look unhappy for some days—but she is so good.—I wish the Duchess appreciated her more—it is so strange, for she is quite charming, as well as so good and clever. I shall miss her terribly now, especially when there is no one to speak out to.—

Dear, dear Sir George—Nothing is settled

about Lady Couper—the Duchess wishes her to remain as long as she desires.

I like your setting the fashion of simplicity and shewing such a good example to the *nouveaux riches* of Rio.

Frogmore March 22

Oh! My darling, what sorrow will be yours when these terrible tidings reach you. Oh! how you will weep for our beloved one, our Benefactress, our 2nd. Mother: how you loved Her, how precious she was to you from the first moment—from that day when I went to meet you at London Bridge and brought you to Clarence House.

I used to think it so strange that she should love me, and put it down so much to the tender consideration she showed to everyone belonging to Her, that I can better measure the love by seeing what it was to you—it was, as it were, the distance which allows one to take in the whole landscape, so now I can see Her character in its completeness better than I could when engrossed day by day by each loved precious feature. Oh! how I have yearned for you, yearned to weep with you, yearned as I told Lady Fanny, for your faith to enable me to realize her gain—Her peace, Her joy, Her exceeding great reward.

I felt what Her influence, what the influence of these 9 precious blessed months had been to me—how it had soothed and strengthened me—how better able I felt to go forth alone and to accept what God might send for me to do.—I felt so strong in the recollection of Her love—I so

acknowledged how my cup had overflowed with blessings, and so rejoiced in having been saved even from the thought of leaving Her—Blessed, blessed one!

Your letter reached me on the 11th., I had been uneasy thinking I ought to have received it sooner—I was with Her at 12.30, and She wished me to write for Her in Her journal, the beloved hand being powerless. I flew downstairs for my pen, and found two letters on my table—bursting with relief and thankfulness I told Her, and then there was that look of joyful anticipation. On Tuesday before Luncheon She summoned me to read the letter—seeing Her in pain and weak, I curtailed some paltry details, and when I had finished there was a tone of such disappointment —"Is that all? I am sure you have left out something!"—

I have begged Lady Fanny to write to you—and shall hope to send all details next mail—besides the pile of letters I have to write and answer. I sit here in the dear flower room, and the beloved Mourners come in and out continually, send for one thing and another, and the Queen frequently leaves the others and comes to weep here—weep as if Her very heart would break. Oh! how I feel for Her—how I know every pang—how my heart bleeds—and how I feel when She says that it is a comfort to Her to be here—assured that if there is any comfort, it must come from Matilda thro' me.—How touching She is in Her grief—how loving—how humble—how full of faith and unquestioning trust.

And the Prince—well our blessed One knew his heart—better than others, She discerned what it contains—could you have seen his tears—could you see his sorrow now—His gentle thought and consideration—His fondness for the Queen—Oh! may God bless them in their Children and reward them.—Darling, my whole heart had been in the past—living over again every day and hour of last year. On the evening of the 13th. I remained upstairs not very well, and feeling unequal to our household dinner.—How little did I think what new sorrow was on its way, how soon my brain would be perplexed by this second blow—this pain of the present and the renewed pain of a wound still bleeding. I long for rest, and yet when the Queen asked me to Windsor for a month, I felt very grateful to be allowed to be with them all—to remain in that sorrowing atmosphere. I had no thought except, perhaps, to go to Paris and then Scotland—the loss of the Home seemed much less to me than before—had no thought but for Her and the bereaved family.

Think what I felt last night when three letters were brought after dinner—one to each of us.—I opened mine,[1] and could not restrain the passionate burst of weeping—Such words, such thoughts! I felt that it was Her spirit—Her heart—and then when my own trembled at the thought of Her love that is sheltering me, but of my own unworthiness and weakness and felt that it all came in answer to other prayers—blessed for the sake of others.

[1] The letter was from Her Majesty, asking Lady Augusta to accept a post in her Household.

Windsor March 28th

My first thing this evening must be to send you a loving greeting from my new "home"—That dear name—I can not give it yet—but a new sphere of duty it is—carrying on that which for 15 years has only been second in my interests and affections to that beloved House, the closing of which causes me as great a pang now as the first day; but I would not be, and am not ungrateful —what is now done for me is more than I ever could have dreamt of. I feel still to be with Her —it is no new connection—and though yesterday, as I drove up here in the same Brougham that took me from Eaton Sq. to Clarence House on the 20th. March 1846, I felt all I owed to Her, to Her love and kindness—to the friendship of dear Sir George who had been at the door to welcome me—of the dear, dear Baroness, to whose tender and true guidance he made me over—and to Him who turned their hearts toward me.—It was a different entrance here, where I felt so much at home already—but scarcely less anxious—to deserve the affection and kindness shewn me for the sake of the departed, to be guided aright and kept from evil and involuntary failings and shortcomings. Darling, how I feel that I had your prayers—I am sure I shall have them. The pang of leaving was greater even than I had imagined, I felt as if I was abandoning my trust, leaving Her all alone, and then when I remembered that it was not so, that the dear walls no longer contained Her I loved, it was very bitter. On arriv-

ing I met Miss Thornton at the door, and "Gibbs" whom you know, Fanny—they brought me upstairs to Edward 3rd. Tower, where I have a beautiful bedroom with an immense window looking on the Round Tower, and a tiny sitting room looking down the Long Walk. . . . My head was splitting—it was 7.15.—Green came at 5—put out my things, and went back in the Brougham to sleep at Frogmore and finish to-day. Very soon dear Prs. Alice came and talked, and told me I was to go to the Queen at 8.30. . . .

Osborne April 6, 1861

How my thoughts are with you—anxious longings to hear of you and a new treasure—sorrowful thoughts of the pang that will rend your heart soon when the sad, sad tidings reach you.—Oh! this place is the saddest of all. I can not believe that I am here without Her, that I shall not be summoned—that the footsteps I hear in the passage are not those of Maslin or one of our footmen. I can not feel as if I belong to the Household or imagine that I should be here without Her.—When I look at the sea and the view I loved so much I almost shrink, it brings to my recollection so many bright days long ago—our days here together—then the happy weeks as a visitor—then Norris—and again last year when Her tenderness soothed my agony and entered into every thought and every regret and every anxiety.—Over all these vivid scenes a dark haze seems to hang and I seem to myself the only one left. I must try and retrace to you all the past—you may keep this let-

ter for me if you like, as it will serve instead of a record, which I could not keep for myself.—Dear Sir George was better on the morning of Sunday the 24th. Feby. and gave me a cheery account of himself when I went to see him in his bed in the room downstairs at Cla. House before going over to Buckingham Palace at 10.30.—I found the dear Duchess tolerably well, sitting as usual at the window over-looking St. James Park where, no doubt, you saw Her last year—She made me sit down—talked of Sir G., of the happiness she had had in the company of the Queen and Prince at breakfast, as She was often later than nine, and beginning when they had finished—Very sweet talk, and then I was sent away, She saying She was going to read a Sermon to the Dressers, and appointing me at Paddington at 3.45 next day, and dispensing with my regular morning visit.—The appetite had improved much at Buckingham Palace. She had gone to Luncheon every day, and generally to dinner when there was company. Prs. Helena spent the evening with Her in Her room, and though the right arm was much swollen, and a sort of whitlow had been on the thumb, She played the piano most nights.—On the Friday She had asked me if I had any plans—Of course I said no—and She took me at 12 to drive in Battersea Park. One day before it had been proposed, but Lady Fanny had got ready, so there was the tender, meaning look, and I retired.

On the Monday morning the dear Duchess complained of Her arm, etc., but was looking so much better and stronger, walked so much more firmly,

was in such better spirits, and above all so full of London and the joyful prospect of returning before Easter, that I felt all my misgivings and fears vanish—So different from before, when She seemed to feel unfit for everything, devoid of energy and power. A comfortable dinner and Duchess looking particularly nice, having taken off Her mourning.—But before going upstairs She had sent for me, and I found Her unpacking Herself, all Her writing table treasures—you know the masses of silver paper in which everything used to be done up. She laughed at Tuppin—had the old big watch belonging to the D. of Kent brought to be wound up, and proposed to me that I should go with Her to B. Palace on Her return.

I can not remember whether it was on the Monday afternoon or Tuesday forenoon that I was desired to bring out your letter, but it was asked for, and listened to, every word as the greatest treat.—"Dear Lady F., give her my affn. love!"—Yes, it was Tuesday, and She took Her work while I read —the last time.—At 12.15 the carriage was ordered, and Lady F. being still a little unwell, I went—we took a lovely drive—the day beautiful —I had been told to take a book, but only cut it —we came home by Priest Hill.

Ld. James came in the afternoon—dinner as usual—the Duchess complained of not being very hungry, but seemed in good spirits, talked, played the piano, and said very little of why She rose to leave the room earlier than usual. Next morning Miss Wagner asked to see me before I was dressed —I heard thro' the H. maid that the Duchess had

not had a good night. Miss Wagner returned—sickness and derangement had come on before going to bed, and cold—Mr. Brown had been sent for, had given blue pill—rather a bad night from having thrown up the very gentle sleeping draught usually taken, and still derangement in the mng.—The hand much swollen, did not come downstairs— . . . Still talking of going to London. . . . The right hand continued to swell and to be most painful all that week up to Wed. 6th., when Mr. Lawrence, the Surgeon came. He did not like the general appearance, but still was not alarmed, and when he returned on the 9th. and lanced the gathering on the wrist, he was much better pleased.—The pain was greatly relieved on the 11th. There was violent pain in the side, which ended by the opening of an unseen abscess, and this also gave relief. . . . The appetite was not good, but there was no disgust at food as two years before, and altogether, both to Herself and others, the state appeared much less serious than it had then—She had the Papers read every day —Saw us in the morning, gave orders, looked to the future, never giving up the hope of London on the 11th. 12th. or 13th. till the time came.—The poor arm could not move.

I wrote to the Queen under dictation, wrote in the journal, found the places in the German Meditation Book every mng., and the texts.—That for the day of Sir George's funeral was "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"—It struck Her so much that She read it all to me, and very beautiful it was. That morning She had

written a note in pencil with the left hand to poor Lady C.! It was a great sorrow, but I am sure that it gave no shock on *arrière-pensée*. She spoke of the future not uneasily, but as a sad change.—

On the 18th. the Queen was to have come down, but before being dressed I was sent for to write to beg that the visit might be deferred, H.R.H. feeling that She would be better able for it later.—The Queen however came, to our great joy, and it was a mutual pleasure—the last words chanced to be "God bless you both."—The Queen did not shew She was struck by Her looking ill, but was very sad on going home.—Next day the Drs. returned and were better pleased, very little pain comparatively, appetite better Thursday.

Saw Lady Couper and moved into the bedroom to receive her, so as not to remind her of the winter evenings—gave her a photo She had had done from one of Sir G's, and appointed her Her bedchamber woman! Both were much affected, but dear Lady C. is so composed and full of faith, it was almost a relief and comfort to see her, especially as the visit had been frequently put off.—We had only been up two evenings since the illness. . . . We were summoned, first Lady F. and Lady Mary Howard, then me—then Ld. James. To Lady F. she said in answer to a message from Lady Suffolk, "Youth! That is over, but better health after the attack I expect to have." The great distress was the helplessness of the right arm. She sat in the armchair near the fireplace in the sitting room upstairs near the window, small table on either side—the arm supported on

the arm of the chair—had the newspapers read every day and was interested—only on the 12th. did She finally give up the visit to Buckingham Palace before Easter. How sweet She was—Up as usual at 6 or 6-30, and generally rang or got up for a moment soon after 4. Dressed, and so tidy always—but it was a sad, sad labour, even getting into, and turning in bed was terrible—Then the dressing of so many wounds! The dear left hand and face and body were so thin—the pain in the back had decreased, and in the breast was scarcely at all.— . . . The nights, tho' short, were always good all through—that is a blessing, and She certainly never suffered as people usually suffer in such cases. There were many painful symptoms absent also. . . . Appetite much improved.

So often the Beloved lamented the inability to write to you—sent Her love—constantly asking me "when do you write to your sister, *dear* Ldy. Frances?"

So pleased about the Children—I never could tell about the expectation, it would have made Her too anxious. Oh! that tender heart, and so grateful, so "unexigeant," so living on the love She gave—Oh! how thankful that I hung upon Her as I did of late. When we went to London there was a faint renewal of the idea that I might wish to go to my family, an assurance on my part that I had nothing to take me away.—When the plan for a second visit was proposed, this came again as it had done so often since Cramond, each time fainter and fainter, and each time finishing with some loving assurance that it was such a com-

fort to Her that I was the Secretary or something. What could she do without me, and constantly addressing me in a most emphatic voice as "Dearest."

I tell you this because you know how soothing it is to me, those two loving looks, there and in the rue de Lille—this is more than most people have in their lives.—That Friday morning, 15th., she had been particularly bright and strong, and had given many orders, sending for Lady Fanny only to charge her with loving messages for Ly. Couper —That was her department—mine were the letters—to read and write them—I was often summoned directly after breakfast, sometimes in the bedroom.—

It was sad to see Her so helpless and so patient with it all. The hand and fingers looked better on the Friday, but while giving me orders, such a sharp pain came on from a tiny gathering on the thumb that seemed inclined to break, that it made Her teeth chatter. Marie Kreechler, who was very handy, changed the dressing and brought a shawl and flannel for the feet, She begging to be left alone—We retired thinking She would sleep—but soon She called. . . . Brown was summoned —He gave wine, the pulse regained strength, but he was not reassured—This was at 2.—At 3 P.M. Sir James came on his way to Bagshot, would not have come, the bulletin of the morning had been so good, but that Lady Mary and I were to drive him over. He instantly recognised symptoms which Brodie had predicted would herald the end. She was sitting on a small chair—we lifted Her on to the sofa, but put the legs on a stool to facilitate

the breathing, which was oppressed—The eyes looked very pale and had a sad appealing look—we saw that there was some sort of sinking and oppression, but the pain had ceased—She asked for the little She wanted, and seemed perfectly to know us, but was too weak to smile or speak.

Sir James rushed back to London to bring the Queen—They arrived at 7, alas! too late to be recognised, but had they been sooner, I am sure that nothing would have been said, the Duchess was too weak to enjoy—would have grieved that they should see Her so ill, and wished that they should only return when She was better. It was a sad, sad trial to the Queen, but to Her a mercy. She was indeed ready, and She was gently removed to where the pang of parting would be unfelt—and saved all the physical suffering. Ladies Ely, Grey, Biddulph,—others I do not remember came—dinner was served at 9.30 in dining room, and for the Queen later in the flower room. I sat in the colonnade alone till dinner, and was most thankful to be called away during it, to go and see about rooms and beds and for the 2 Princesses and Pss. Alice—the latter was on my sofa in my middle room—Patterson, her maid, on my bed—the Queen in the scarlet fever room with the maid Weiss—the Prince in the room at the other end, North also.—That settled, I returned to the bedroom, where Lady Fanny came. The Beloved had then Her night-cap on, and all arranged, but we had great difficulty in getting off the crinoline, etc., etc., and even with cushions it was very difficult to get Her comfortably placed on the sofa,

owing to the arm and different wounds. The eyes still opened and looked anxiously around—the hand pointed mechanically to little things wanted, and from time to time seemed to indicate the discomfort of the position.—No one was very clever about remedying this—Clark and Brown feared to alter it, and it was not till evg. that by dint of pressing they were persuaded with a shawl to lift Her into a more comfortable position.—

The dear Prince was most efficient. After that there was not a symptom of malaise, and I rejoiced to think that the arm She loved so much was the one to obtain this. He was so tender. The poor Queen had promised to try and rest till She was called, but She could not—three times She stole down with Her little lamp and Weiss, in Her white dressing gown, and knelt kissing the hand and whispering "Mama" so lovingly and earnestly as if the sound must rouse Her.—

At one moment Elise and I thought there was some consciousness—she told Her it was me, but alas! there was no real response, only a half answer in the eye.—She took spoonsful of wine and water—the poor Queen some sal volatile. I did not feel in the least tired—I lay on the floor at times—Lady F. sat in an armchair—Anne, Elise and Marie were about in turn. At 4.30 some tea was given us, which made me feel worse —at 6, or before, the Queen returned dressed, and the Prince. The cold grey dawn aroused the birds —soon we began to see the gardeners appear, and the workmen who are engaged on the sad Mausoleum.—It was very chilly, as a window in the

adjoining room was open.—The Dr. dressed the poor wounds—a long business. Lady F. and I went into the sitting room where all was left as the day before—you could not believe She was not coming in, and you were waiting for Her.—The Queen was in the North sitting room upstairs. The dressing over, we all returned—I continued to give the wine and water—the others stood or sat round. All was still—only the ticking and striking of the clock watch the Queen used to hear in Her childhood. Almost all the things in the bedroom were Kensington things, or older, and the Queen had scarcely seen them since.—The pulse grew feebler and feebler—Brown or Clark came in from time to time and felt it—towards 9, as I gave a spoonful, something which I believe is the death rattle seemed to threaten to choke the beloved invalid, though She still opened Her mouth and swallowed.—I did not venture to give any more, and we all knelt and watched—the breathing was soft and low—the intervals between each breath were longer—very long—and at last *all was over.*

The poor Prince burst into tears and, raising the Queen, led Her away, followed by Prs. Alice. —We remained a few moments.

Lady Fanny whispered "Why should we weep; the Spirit has returned to God who gave it." I went up to my room and put myself for a few moments on my bed—but I could not rest—oh! it was misery—alone there, overwhelmed, and yet feeling that one had hardly more right to weep than the 40 others, though one's heart was breaking.

At about 11 Sir James came in. . . . Then came Prs. Alice and the poor Queen.—Oh! how She wept—what agony—what distraction—well I could feel and weep with Her.—She spoke of you all—of Her love for you and your children—for Eleanor—Her happiness at Archerfield—Her interest in all and each—Afterwards the D[uchess] de Nemours sent to ask to see me—I would rather not, but felt much for Him, poor man—Then Robert, most tender and kind and sweet.—I was desired to take him to the Queen in the North sitting room—She spoke most touchingly to him —I had been into the room again and found our Beloved in Her white dressing gown and cap lying on the sofa as if asleep—*quite* unchanged—no look of death—a sweet smile of perfect repose on the gentle tender countenance—the room so sweet and tidy—nothing to tell of sick room—

The Queen bid me take Lady Caroline in, she having brought Prs. Helena down.—Then H.M. went in Herself, having been once before, but the look as if she was going to speak was too much, and she came out almost in hysterics. Afterwards She returned, but not another day, the impression having been so sweet and comforting that the Prince feared it being removed.

She might have continued to go, for there was no change, no symptom of death or decay to the very last—the afternoon of Monday the 18th. when the precious remains were placed in the coffin.

The room continued to smell of the sweet flowers She had admired when they were brought in on Friday evening. I went in constantly, and

felt so thankful that all should be as She would have wished and liked. Susan Melville who, poor thing, saw the alarming report in the paper, came after luncheon—I could not be much with her, and was nearly worn out—so I was obliged to leave her. The Queen saw Ly. F. and me and the children constantly in my room upstairs, Princesses Alice and Helena.

The Queen left at 7 for Windsor—walked down next morning—went into the rooms—the Prince reading prayers out of *Her* books—I never saw such tenderness, such gentleness, such tact as His —Oh! He is one in millions—well might She love Him as She did—I was so struck with His appreciation of Her. It was so true, and, for one who is supposed to place intellect and reasoning powers above all, so remarkable. They came down every day to F[rogmore], spent the morning there, and often part of the afternoon. The little cap was exchanged for the bonnet in the D. room.—Often She sat in the flower room—saw all the servants, superintended the works in the Mausoleum—looked at papers, found everything in the most beautiful order—all Her wishes explained. The rooms were kept exactly as usual, one could not realise that She was absent. I was wanted almost all mng. After luncheon Ldy. C. usually came to Lady Fanny's room—Lady Caroline and Lady Ely occasionally to visit us—the men went out—Oh! the sadness of those days—The strange unwonted look of all—and the longing, yearning to see Her come along the colonnade.—

There were often notes from the Queen—so

touching—Endless letters—negotiations with the servants—then after I had explained to Lady Fanny that I should dislike, even had such a thing been possible, to serve another, came that letter from the Queen which changed all.—On Saturday the 23rd. Lady F. and I dined alone, and towards 8 the precious remains were removed to the large Drawing Room, just recently decorated for fêtes. —The coffin was placed on a black carpet at the end, away from the windows, and covered with a black pall with the Armorial bearings in large squares—the coronet on a cushion, palm branches and wreaths upon it, and flowers (white and violets) in bunches strewed all round—the recesses were filled with flowers in pots, in a black sort of frame—black hangings over the doors—and the other end of the room filled with black chairs.— The Royal Family came in the morning to deposit their wreaths—the Queen terribly upset—at 5 they returned for service there, and a most beautiful service by the Dean [Wellesley]—parts of Litany and Burial Service—All the servants—the Queen and all the family.—The D[uchess] of C[ambridge] and Prs. Mary had arrived about 3. They were very kind—P.M. very sad. At 4 A.M. on Monday the Body was privately removed to St. George's—and at 11 the service took place—the papers and Cha. will have told you.—Keep C's letter for me, for I, of course, hardly knew what was taking place—only the solemn words never sounded more solemn, more comforting, more full of meaning—and however heartrending, it was a comfort to be there to the last.—We saw Cha. and

Mary and poor Susan, who all returned by special train. Lady F. and I came home alone, Ld. James having gone to Scotland.—Robert and Thos. came after—then Prs. Leiningen—*so sad and so tender* —and Prs. Holstein—weeping bitterly. And now I must stop—I shall go on by next mail.—We are here I know not for how long—I am to have a holiday later, but the Queen begs not now.

CHAPTER X

The Court at Osborne. Lady Augusta in Paris. The Court at Buckingham Palace. Lord Elgin and India. Visit of German Crown Princess. Princess Helena and Lady Augusta in Germany.

Osborne April 23rd 1861

I am all day writing lists of the things the Queen gives as Souvenirs, and letters to go with them.—I love the work because it is still with the Queen and for our blessed one.—I do not join them at the Household dinner, which is a rest to me, as I need not dress or talk—and I have a little quiet time after.—Princess Alice comes in at all hours, and so very sweet—I like her to be able to talk to me, so I always make time for her.—The Queen was pleased because I told Her, when She made an apology for the lists, that Joseph thought I had a *malady* for lists! She is better—so gentle, so good—so everything one could wish in Her grief—much pleased with two beautiful *solemn* sermons of Mr. Protheroe's.[1] It is all very deep with Her . . . it always seemed impossible, with so many to love, that She should give so large a place to us, who were not Her own—I quite feel all you say about the feeling of still belonging to Her when serving the beloved Daughter. God grant me to be able to return in some measure what I owe. . . .

Later

Prs. Beatrice most wrath with the Queen for

[1] Rector of Whippingham, I. of W.

taking up Lady "Guska's"[1] time—not over gracious to a Miss Dickson, who is doing a miniature of her.

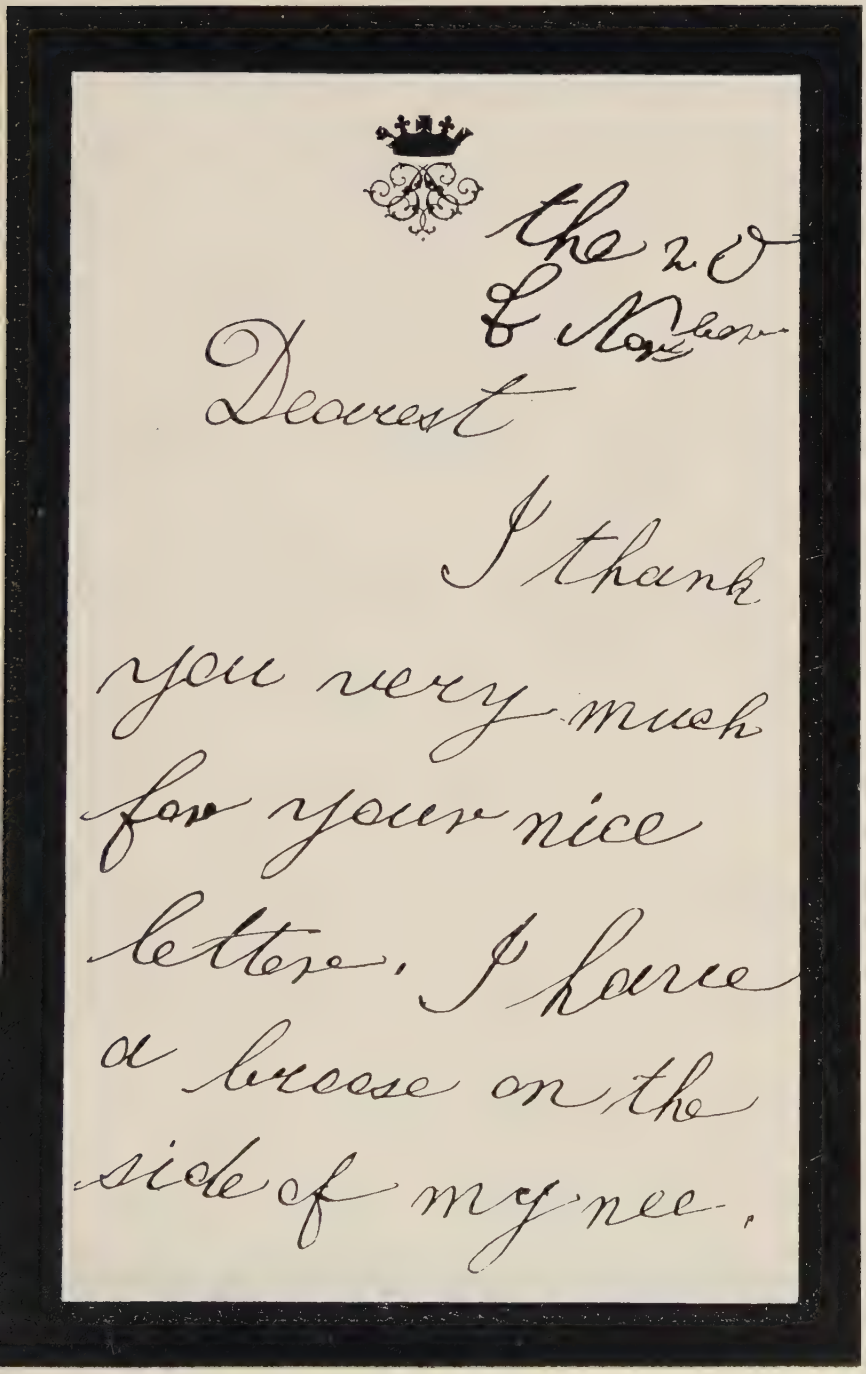
"I don't like *paint Bodies.*" Appeared the other evg. "I was very naughty last night, I would not speak to Papa, but it doesn't signify much."—

Much disturbed by hearing, in reply to her questions after looking at pictures of Kings and Queens, that her Papa was not a King "but why, since Mama's a Queen?"—Skerrett, much enraged at her rudeness to the miniature painter, went out of the room declaring that she wondered at their allowing her to be so impertinent—She said nothing at the time, but complained out walking to her nurse that Miss Skerrett had been rude, very rude to her!

The Queen much pleased by the reception of Pr. Alfred in the W. Indies, and especially by a speech of one of the dignitaries at a Banquet at Pointe à Vitre Guadeloupe—"J'ai l'honneur de porter un *toast* à l'heureuse Reine que la Providence comble dans les enfants (or something to that effect), un vivant emblème de la richesse et de la fécondité de l'Angleterre!!" I think I must try and keep my Journal for Charlotte and Fanny, and have it returned to me as I hope to return Fanny's letters to-day.

April 24 1861—I went at 9.30 to make lists and arrange the packing of the jewels with Garrard's man . . . walked to warm myself till 6.40—sat down—was sent for to the Queen—found Her sitting knitting. I had been to Her at 3.30 and recd.

[1] Princess Beatrice's name for Lady Augusta.



The 2d
of May

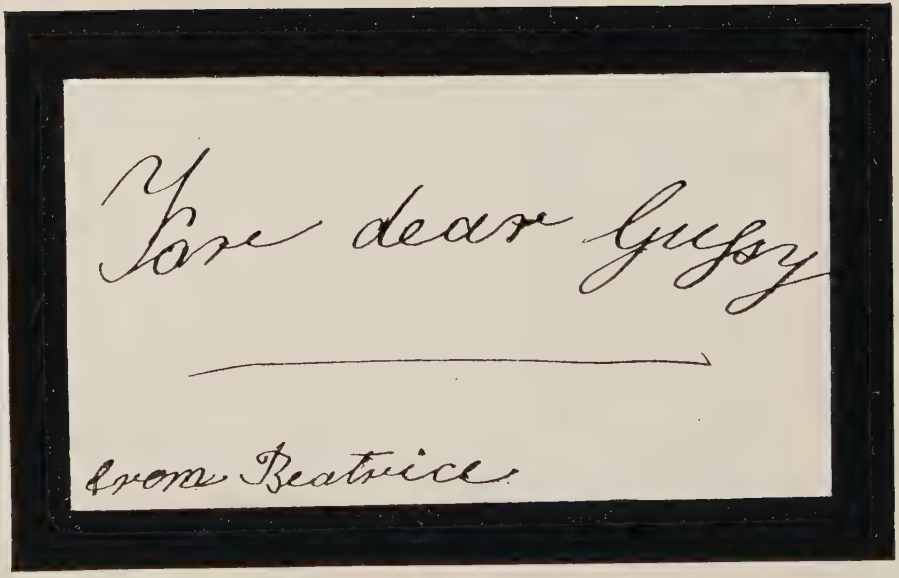
Dearest

I thank
you very much
for your nice
letter. I have
a kisses on the
side of my nec.

Alix an Nee
send theair love
to you and hop
e to see you soon
Mama and I
send our love to
you. What fun
to tumble on
the flor did you

mind it. I send
you my love
and remain
your friend

Beatrice


For dear Gypsy
from Beatrice

orders—this time it was to receive for myself and fellows photos of Frogmore—most precious. Yesterday I was occupied all day in the same way.—In the afternoon H.M. came to the door of the room on first floor looking on the sea, next to the Princesses, and called me out, and had a long talk about old times. . . .

Yesterday evg. I was sitting at my Bureau—I heard a knock—"come in" I cried rather gruffly, and in walked V.R., most dear—stood and talked some time.

Princess Alice came after the Queen yesterday evening, and it was 10.20 before I was alone, and oh! the letters!

April 25. Birthday of Prs. Alice—a sad day for the dear Queen, and depressing for all.—The Birthday present [from the Duchess] had been ordered in London, and Maslin had it all ready the last! Prs. Beatrice angry at having no smart frock for the Birthday.

Wrote before breakfast a note—came up directly after, and went with Miss W. to the parcel room. More lists till 12.30. Scramble for messenger at one—Busy till Luncheon—found H.M. among the parcels at 3—busy till 6—walked alone—met Prs. Beatrice, who wanted to read my letter.

"You can't, it is French—you must learn from Tina"—"I have, I can say 'bonne jour and wee.' "

"Why did you not come to me to-day?"

"I was very busy, too busy blowing soap bubbles." What profound philosophy.—

Home at 7.30—went to H.M.—

At 8 found my tea—8.30 Miss Wagner—9.30 Prs. Louise then Prs. Helena—10.15 Prs. Alice. When all were gone at 11, as I sat in my cloak, another knock—H.M. bringing me a letter She had found of Mama's, which She knew I would like to have. So kind—much surprised at my writing still—Blessed One—they are almost all Her behests, and you see what time I have.—

I forgot to say that Prs. Alice and Prs. Helena came before Luncheon, scoured the Country for a second table for me—brought it in triumph from the next room, and would have liked me to say I disliked curtains, in order to mount on chairs and pull mine down! I thought as this is my sole apart. it would be better not *bared* of it's furniture entirely.

I had written to poor Mrs. Hanmer to give her details—a very painful note came, ending that she might not express what she felt to H.M.—Most touching to see Her poring over this letter and raising Her head to say "never could forget the affection I had for her as a girl, this is the first indication I have received of *her* still being interested in *me.*"

Osborne May 22nd

The amount of distress occasioned by the throwing down whole quarters and turning out thousands of people who cannot find lodgings elsewhere is overwhelming, and discontent is great in Paris, the more so because the corruption in high quarters is patent to all.—Joseph himself is threatened to be *exproprié* when they make the Boulevard that is to knock down the Duc. de

Broglie, de Luynes etc. For these devastations there is no excuse, because there will be less air instead of more, where high streets are built where Gardens now stand. I had not time to drive to the Bois—but the Élysées are very pretty now, all turned into gardens and shrubberies. The Hôtel d'Albe is being pulled down and the ground sold by the Empress for 2 million francs more than it cost when the house was standing! Not so bad a bargain. The Empress is well again, and reconciled, they say, to her Husband's policy.—

Anna went to dine—She brought the P. Imperial by the hand and led him round the circle—the Ladies exclaimed and kissed his hand. Anna was the last—the E[mperor] stood long to give her the opportunity, but the only remark elicited was "il est gentil, le petit."

The Fleury's told them they had their case "à la Police"—"eh! bien," says Anna, "dites-leur que nous avons passé la journée chez M. d'Haussonville et que nous y dînons demain!!"

The Admiral was speaking his mind about Plon Plon to a friend of that hero's. "C'est vrai," says the friend, "qu'il manque d'un certain courage brutal, mais il ne manquerait pas d'énergie dans l'occasion, par exemple s'il s'agissait de saisir le pouvoir."

"Dieu nous en garde!"

"Il ne faudrait pas tant s'en alarmer; la dynastie n'a pas encore eu son Tibère, ce serait le règne de Tibère et il ferait joliment les affaires du peuple!!" —this it appears is what they look to.

The Prince told a good story of Pelissier after

the *attentat* of the 14th Jan. P. said, in speaking of Plon Plon: "je ne sais pas si il est poltron, mais quand on a été lui dire à quoi venait d'arriver, il devint blanc comme un linge—eh bien! moi certainement j'eusse été désespéré qu'il arrivât quelque chose à l'Empereur, mais je ne pense pas que cela m'eût fait cet effet-là, M. l'Ambassadeur!!"—

The D. of Atholl told us before *all* the Royal party a slightly [illegible] story—the first time she saw him he was her neighbour at dinner, and he asked about the Maids of Honor. The system of the Institution having been explained, he remarked "c'est cela, c'est cela, on a essayé la même chose en France et on n'a pas pu les garder!!!" The Queen said it was quite awful.—Persigny in another way, endless disquisitions without tail or head. "Oh, j'ai été en prison, j'ai beaucoup réfléchi et je me suis demandé dans quel but le bon Dieu a-t-il créé le monde?"—It appears H.M. had the greatest dread of having to aid him in solving this problem and there was something else about the Pyramids of which the bare mention made H.M. tremble.—

Grégoire is his Valet de Chambre—very happy and comfy—the only French servant in the house, the others are all English. The Ministry has been moved to the Place Beauvau because Mrs. de P. could not drive her pony carriage thro' the rue de Bourgoyne! and as Grégoire says, "l'État paie le bois, cela fait qu'il y a du feu dans toutes les chambres et on est bien!" There is a most exciting feeling about Syria, which the Govt. encourages, putting the blame of the removal of the troops on England, in order to be able to say later on "all I

can, I do, to keep the peace, but public feeling is too strong for me." It is quite a sort of crusading enthusiasm, and it is useless to try and make them see that the war is a war of races and that one side is much the same as the other—they see all saints and martyrs on one side and persecutors on the other—the only excuse they accept for England is that of the *méfiance* with which the policy of the Emperor has inspired us!

D. of Atholl and Miss Stopford in waiting, return to London on 31st.—the King of Belgians here.—

B[uckingham] Palace
June 8th

The Queen said the other day—what it was to have the anxiety of the Children's illness without being able to tell Her [the Duchess of Kent].—What would she have thought? Would She think that we took care enough of them? She is better, but has returns of great sadness. I shewed Her part of your first and of to-day's letters, of which She felt the affection deeply, so tender and so sweet. The day the telegram came from Osborne giving a less good account of Pr. Leopold, in fact a very anxious one, for the measles had come out and threatened to go in again. She said how singular it was that these sorrows and anxieties came one on the other. "It is perhaps good for one to be brought face to face with these realities and to have one's mind drawn to thoughts of the future world."

So sad, and so gentle and resigned. P. Leopold

is better, but he is so delicate that Dr. Jenner will not think him safe till the measles are quite over. His veins are too weak and he is subject for the least thing to bleeding, sometimes from the nose, sometimes internal. It is doubtful whether he may grow up, but they fear never to be a strong man. He is charming.

I was promoted to visiting the Nursery in her absence, especially when the measles broke out, and do not dislike that duty. Yesterday when I was sitting by Pr. Beatrice she was repeating, in bed, sort of confused words with a rhyme at the end of each two or three. One was "There was an old woman called Guska." Don't you like my name? She is such a darling.

Have not driven out with the Queen, only walked one afternoon in Garden. A good deal of writing, sitting with Pr. Alice for Her picture. I have rarely been out before 5.30, when I order my chariot and drive for an hour or so, or walk. It is much pleasanter than Osborne, having one's own room and feeling that no one depends upon one for politenesses and that all are fully occupied.

Buck. Pal.

June 9

Sat next to V. de Weyer at dinner, between him and the King, Leopold very charming. June 11, Elgin and Mary just left me 1.15 P.M.—very kind and nice. Freddy[1] was conversing with Miss ——, the Governess, the other night after going to bed. "I was born in Scotland, but how was I born,

[1] Lord Elgin's youngest son.

that's what I want to know; I'll ask Brucie when he comes home, he's sure to know, he must have learnt it in his 'geology.' "

Charlie came yesterday. "Mama, they have not given Papa anything for what he did in China—that's very wrong, he did a great deal, he ought at least to have a house in London *rent free* and well furnished, and that's very little. Mrs. Helm [1] says she's not worth more than her salary, but Papa, that's quite different."

"Who has been speaking about it?"

"Oh! I had a long talk with Bobby, and then we talked it over with Mrs. Helm!"

Joseph Wolff [2] is in the habit of dictating his remarks. Mr. Gatty was writing for him—"Wolff admires Isaiah, thinks very highly of him, looks upon him as a fine old Tory."

"Wolff does not like Jeremiah as much, thinks him a trimmer, a real Zerubbabel."

"Zerubbabel with two b's?"

"What are you saying, I did not speak of that, 'Sir Robert Peel' was what I said."

Ld. Granville, in discussing the paper duty made use of the words "wrapped up," and pronounced it "Wropped." Shortly after Ld. Derby answered and in the most slow and marked way introduced the same expression, pronouncing the word with immense emphasis "wropped" "as my noble Friend opposite is pleased to term it." The whole house shouted and poor G. tried in vain to defend himself. Ld. D. is quite a "gamin."

[1] The housekeeper, a great character.

[2] The great missionary, father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

Winterhalter has been painting a most beautiful picture from his last, from memory and from photographs, for that I have had often to be downstairs watching with or without the Queen.

Also I have sat with Pr. Alice whose portrait has been done, and much with the little "meazle" patients, Pr. Beatrice and Pr. Arthur, so dear he is, so gentle and good, so courteous—would be lovely were he not so short.—The Major nice.—Pr. Leopold has returned recovered, but the measles coming on him when he was so delicate from the great loss of blood, his state for many days was most precarious. Dear Lady Car. sat up with him, Dr. Cass never left the house, and Dr. Jenner went backwards and forwards; it was terribly anxious, he being at Osborne and the Parents in London. Thurston remained with him also. He and P. Arthur are together now, and devoted to one another.

Pr. Beatrice in her quite convalescence exclaimed to me, "You had better not touch me, Guska, I have still a little Weazles and you might take it"—rather late to a party who had nursed Her.

A great excitement about Guska's going to say her prayers to the Dean. "Will he be very angry if you don't?"—then "the Dean must be Guska's governess." A nice view!

June 25.—I have never been out early except in attendance, once to a Bazaar with the Princesses, so nice they were and happy, delighted with Miss Thackeray,[1] Pr. Helena so civil and courteous.—Once to the Horticultural Gardens with the Queen.

[1] Daughter of W. M. Thackeray.



H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR

After Winterhalter

Thomas [her brother] spoke to me nicely and openly about his business and occupations, and finally of the necessity he was in to change his quarters for more room and of his having sent an offer for a house in Berkeley Sq. I lamented the increased distance, and quite *en l'air* said "oh that you could be with me at the Palace."[1] I thought he would take no notice or send me *me promener*. To my astonishment he said "why not; can you take me in?" Oh! darling, my joy. "Certainly," I replied. We discussed the rooms, I made him jump into his pants and we flew back here to consult Robert. The question was, whether to ask Phipps or the Queen direct. The latter sent for me after Church, and I determined to speak. I did so falteringly, but was tenderly received. It has given me such a different feeling about the Apart, such increased zeal about getting it arranged. I shall send you the plan some day when I have it, you will see the arrangt. of rooms.

July 7—have had a great deal of correspondence with the Ld. Chamberlain's Office and the Woods and Forests. If you could imagine how difficult it is to get them to do anything. After all I am not to have even the articles of furniture that were in, only a few, two carpets, the mirrors and some wardrobes I hope. Had I known, I would have thought more of yours, but I have the Drawing Room *meuble confortable* which Joseph keeps till the apart. is ready—then Thomas has his own, and it will be so much easier to keep the *ménage à*

[1] The Queen had given Lady Augusta a house in St. James's Palace.

deux. The Queen was so kind and said "Oh! yes, if ever it should be convenient, you will be able to go there for a few days to make room or so."

The Queen told me privately that Skerrett retires next year, and that She will wish me to be at the head of the personal Departnt. and to write and do many things she does. This will be a considerable bondage, but on the other hand it is better to have definite work and a definite recognized position, besides which, when that is being settled I shall get all the details put on a comfortable footing. . . . I shall try to secure very considerable holidays—it is necessary for one's mind and spirit, and then there are different little things about carriage, etc., that I shall like to have arranged, and I shall be able to judge whether to ask only to dine in London when asked as Ly. Caroline does, or otherwise . . . I know nothing about salary except the Ld. Chamberlain's £300, the other B[ed]chamber women have an additional £100 from the Privy Purse, but I do not know whether I am to have it . . . here is the thing. A perfect secret, to which make no public allusion till you are officially told. On the 16th. Ld. John asked to see Elgin, he drove down to Richmond and left Mary and Bobby on the Terrace, had his interview and was offered [The Viceroyalty of] India or asked if he would accept it. Poor Mary! After her short time of perfect happiness it was an awful blow.

He and Robert and Thomas see so strongly the disadvantage under which a public man labours at home, whose means are limited, see so strongly

the unhappiness to him of a cramped unsatisfactory subordinate position in a Cabinet where he could not work out his own policy; the great unlikelihood of his getting to the top for want of a following that they think it would be condemning him to misery and remorse were he to refuse—Mary sees it differently, poor thing, thinks his position at home so good. Genl. Grey agrees with her, but they say he is always wrong in practical matters, and she does not care for inadequate means.

It has not been offered to the D. of Newcastle. Probably Elgin thinks they will put him in the place which poor Lord Herbert is about to be obliged to give up on acct. of failing health—so sad. Elgin feels that if he were in the H. of Commons his position at home would be so much better.

Freddy's last, across the table at Luncheon before the servants, governess, Papa, etc., "Mama, when are you going to have another baby, I wish it very much for I *do* want to know how people are born." Brucie has returned home, but probably his geological studies have not enabled him to solve the problem. He is so nice.

I enjoyed the night at Richmond alone with the Queen and Pr. Helena on the 28th, the day of the Concert. Col. Liddell and Col. Hood were there, but dined alone, went out of doors and walked in the Garden till 10, after which I sat and worked while the Queen wrote. I also read letters to Her and talked. Pr. Royal with Husband and Children arrived on 26th. She looking so pretty and

so well and happy, the Babes too dear, not very large, the Boy[1] not very pretty, the arm much better and likely to get quite strong they say. The Baby lovely with its large blue eyes, both very nice and good and the Papa so wrapped up in them. He is quite excellent and they are a very happy couple.

Pr. Louis[2] gone to Berlin, to rejoin at Balmoral, Pr. Beatrice very patronizing to "nephew and niece" and bearing his roughness with equanimity and wonderful goodness. The Queen pleased with Her Gd. Children but convinced that Her own were prettier, which they were. Lady Gainsboro' is alone here with me, there being 2 Prussian Ladies and 2 Gents.—very nice.

July 8.—Yesterday I was sitting quietly in my room, a knock came, and in entered H.M. so sweet, wept much. I can well understand the contrast of a large happy family party in the house without *Her,* brings overwhelming feelings at times. I could not resist telling H.M. how Her Birthday was kept "en se quérellant grandement avec tout le monde."

We went one day to Frogmore, I hardly realised what it would be to arrive there again, to drive up and find the loved One gone. You know the look, the smell, Maslin, Seabrook, all were at the door, and I distinctly thought I saw Sir George and bowed!—Oh! it was unutterably sad. The poor Queen wept much, walked about. I went and sat with Lady Couper and G. for an hour, was quite exhausted and nearly died of

[1] Later the Emperor William.
[2] Later husband of Princess Alice.

headache that evening. Oh! dear, peaceful Frogmore, and so like Her, so full of Her.—

Nothing ever was so pretty as the [Horatia] Seymour-[David] Erskine marriage in the dear little Chapel in the Park which our beloved Duchess loved so well. The *déjeuner* in the Royal Lodge Opposite, where Pr. Alfred was once. While I was writing, a summons came to walk with H.M.—She went to call on the Phipps and on Mary Biddulph, whose baby is very poorly with its teeth.—Lady P. is better but still speaks with difficulty.

Osborne July 14

The Queen sends you this precious Volume, the poems are taken from a collection much read and pondered over by our beloved Duchess.—The Queen found these so full of comfort in Her grief, that She occupied Herself with having them translated for the benefit of others.

Hotel Bristol
Aug. 22nd

At 10, left for Osborne, found them going out sailing and went with them till 8.30, then large dinner. Next day but one Prussians left, and in the afternoon the Queen, Pr., Pss. Alice went to Frogmore with Genl. Grey, C. Biddulph and me.—Such a sweet peaceful evg.—All so lovely, so sweet. How I longed to remain.—Next mng. 17th. we went to the Mausoleum and deposited the Birthday flowers and garlands, the dear Queen was very sad, but said it is the Brightest Birthday

of all to Her.—Oh! how the past came before one and all—our happy days with *Her.* Returned to Osborne.

Dover Aug. 31

[Berlin] At 9.30[1] in my travelling garb I went to Miss Brown, found a pupil with her, and to my horror the Queen [of Prussia] and the Father joined the party! They were all very kind and seemed fond of Miss B.—the girl so nice and frank, but trains wait not for royal interviews, and I was on tenterhooks.

Pss. H. is almost as unused to be treated *en Princesse* as I am, and has only acquiesced, finding it hopeless to rebel. The absence of waiting, and comfortable rooms and carriages everywhere are very pleasant attributes of a voyage performed under such auspices—but I would rather have plenty of time and the money to go twice as far.—Anna was pleased with my trying to economize for the Queen. I soon saw it was useless and ceased to fuss. Travelling so fast one must be comfortable to spare fatigue.

Church[2] was at 9. I saw the peasants flocking to it in their holiday dress from my window—they go bare legged and make their toilette on the neighboring hill before entering. My breakfast was brought to me, and after the dear Host and Hostess came up after Service, and then the poor Princess. Nothing could be kinder than all were. The two little Princesses were brought. Three

[1] Lady Augusta accompanied Princess Helena to Germany.

[2] This seems to refer to the next visit, apparently the home of Princess Ada, daughter of Princess Hohenlohe.

and a half and one and three quarters—the fairest of little Saxons—not exactly pretty but sweet, too pale and cooked looking, overdressed as to warmth and sleeping in an airless room may, I should think, account for their delicate looks—but Pss. H. says it is useless to go against the prejudices of all the family. There is a dear old Doctor who, she says, is more enlightened than the rest, but can not bring himself to allow socks, only hideous long stockings over skinny legs which hardly seem to balance the large heads! The eldest is sweet, "Metit Dona Victorela," is her name! She appeared one day in a Sailor's dress—too sweet—and again as a Baden peasant.—

The rooms downstairs very nice—Little furniture in the bedrooms, and in the others rather incongruous sometimes, not quite well chosen. Salon nice, no carpets, but pretty curtains and loads of flower screens and you know those green creeper covered ones and pots full of flowers and green plants which made the rooms look very cheerful and nice. There is a sort of Gallery in which they have meals, out of which open the large Salle, white and gold, with three windows not used except for great affairs, three small sitting rooms open into one another, the end one with one largish plate glass window looking over garden and the distant view, the opposite room communicating with Pr. Ada's bedroom, that having a four poster, but almost empty—next a dressing room, and next the night and the day nursery. In the dressing room is a large square wadded loose box in which little Pss. Calma "ebots" herself, too

funny—like a cage in a menagerie. Beyond the large room is the Prince's sitting room and then 2 spare rooms for guests—on the ground floor a billiard room and three more spare rooms, several old gents in livery looking like Grooms who attend to your minutest wants and who howled into my ears by way of making their language intelligible to me. If one had Grooms to wait on one, *en revanche* one saw women doing out doors work of all kinds from shearing and washing sheep upwards, but there was a Housemaid and three nice peasant nurses with black ribbon bows round their heads. Luncheon at one—I sat downstairs afterwards—dinner at 5. Pr. Ada dresses but not low gowns—*so pretty* she looks and sweet and simple. He *very* good and nice—an old Dr., the only addition to the party—he lives in the house. Assisted at the undressing of Babes, tea at 9, to bed 10.30. It rained all day. Breakfast with the Princesses at 8.30 in Billiard room, went out at 11, walked in garden, the Duke, father to the Prince, came to Luncheon, pleasant, lively, clever old gent. I went up to my room and rested after, still very squeamish. Pr. Ada came and sat awhile, at 4 went out to walk in the village and conversed largely with the inhabitants.

Left at 12. Poor Pr. Ada so sad, Pr. Victorela and sister sad but philosophical—they thought that with Papa and Mama and "herr Doctor" remaining, things might be worse. They adore the old file and kiss his hand!

We dined at the Hotel[1] in Berlin and the

[1] After returning from their visit.

Crown Prince came in and went in the train which left at 7.45 as far as Potsdam. We went to sleep at Magdeburg. I saw the Cathedral before we started at 10 next morning. Arrived at 10 P.M. at Cologne and slept at Dentz just opposite the Hotel where we were. A lovely day and such a view. We did not leave till 4 P.M. and went to the Cathedral.

CHAPTER XI

Autumn at Balmoral. The Young Princesses.

Balmoral Sept. 5th 1861

We arrived here at 1.30, the Queen at the door with the Prince and all. It is so different that I hardly identify it with Abergeldie, but my heart was very heavy as I passed the dear Place and so many memories crowded upon me.

The Queen smiled a welcome to Her sister [Princess Hohenlohe] but soon they both wept much.

Balmoral Sept. 6th

I must tell you that the first words of the Princesses yesterday were: "There is good news for you, something that makes us very happy also." "Particularly me," adds Pr. Alice, "but Mama must have the pleasure of telling you." Presently a knock at my door, and in came the Beloved. After a word of Her Sister, She said with a look of such unutterable pleasure: "You don't know, for you can't have heard the good news, that Mr. Baillie is appointed Secty. at Stutgart. I daresay that he will not dislike returning to Europe." I repeated to the Queen all you and dear Evan feel and express. She was shy of being thanked but looked so kind and so pleased.

Balmoral Sept. 19th

A good many dear little people coming in and out at all hours, "in and out, in and out." Pr. Hohenlohe liking to be read to—this in addition to the Court Circular.

That was Monday 9th.—Next day I went with the Queen, Pr. Alice and Pr. Louis. . . . During this time the "loviers" being deep in a *tête-à-tête,* I had much discourse with H.M.

Ld. Russell had merely mentioned that Studtgardt was to be vacant—says She: "Who is to be sent there?"

"I have thought of Mr. B.," was the reply.

The Queen jumped at it, so happy that Fan would be quite near Pr. Alice and Pr. Hohenlohe, and so glad that the Secty. there, who is constantly at Baden, and has so much to do with them all, should be a gentleman, a person they could like, and who would conduct things better than they had sometimes been conducted.

Ly. Churchill was not displeased to hear Green exclaim the first day of my appearing in my black riding costume, "Really you look like one of the *Devils* in *Don Juan.*"

I never knew any appeared on the stage in that opera.

Balmoral Sept. 27th

Dear Princess Alice is in that sort [of] uncertain state at present, improved and improving in many ways, but a little carried and volatile at moments, dear child. God Bless and keep her. Dear

Princess Helena is charming. Yesterday morning the Queen went off on an expedition sleeping out incognita at a little Inn. We remained and dined together, Princess Hohenlohe, Princesses H[elena] and Louise and T.—Princess Helena was charming. Dear P. L. is very darling at present. She is so happy to be a little made of. Pss. Beatrice came to my room yesterday. I was in bed with a cold and rather nervous when I saw Her enter as to whether it would be approved. "Don't be afraid, Guska, I'll not trouble you to do your lesson to-day!" She is teaching me my letters! Too charming She is, such a pet of a child.

I shall be much inclined to dine by myself in London as you suggest . . . to have a good deal of time to myself. I feel it so necessary not to be always in this atmosphere, not that it is not kind, but to keep ones other interests. . . . They are all so kind about you—Pr. Hohenlohe so happy to have you near Her home, Baden. Pr. Alice and all are constantly saying that they hope to have you at Frankfort as Minister. . . .

Balmoral Oct. 3rd

You must be mad with me, never to have written, never told how on a cold rainy day as I was sitting warming my feet at Green's fire, in she came with a parcel supposed to be of books, asking if I had ordered any?

"No," says I, "but undo it." I went on warming myself.

"Lor what is this, gingerbread and sweeties I declare, Lor."

How I roared! How I fell foul of them.

It was on a Saturday, I had a cold and could not go out—saw the Braemar Coach pass while I was at Luncheon, came out and found a note from Georgy telling me she was to be on it. My rage, think of her not giving me notice and not stopping here, the House was empty, I could have shewn her everything and had her the whole afternoon. It was well the gingerbread arrived on those *entrefaites* to calm my perturbed spirits.

One cake I gave to the 2 young Princesses, a few Bonbons I kept for Pr. Beatrice, and only this moment since beginning my letter have I had an oppty. of giving some gingerbread and Black Man to Pr. Alice, she had no room but could not resist the temptation though dinner is menacing.

The Dukes of Newcastle and Argyll I like, Ld. Stanley of Alderley is a rough diamond, though we did get very thick one day riding from Mar Lodge. It was last Saturday, I rode 30 miles, and such ponies to get on they are!—lazy to a degree. Ld. Dalhousie was here two days looking better and younger. Ld. Russell dined again.

Balmoral Oct. 4th

No wonder you are horrified all of you at my silence, but my time is so uncertain and I have been out so much lately that without "up at night" I am unable to keep *au courant* of letters. A very frequent interruption is a tolerably sweet one, a friend of "Guska's" [Princess Beatrice] who comes to me *"for a change"* and to read "Moses" having purchased his history at the Merchants,

she has obtained her Mother's permission to bring him home if she finds him in the Dee.

She mixes up Moses and Herod and all and pretends to read. "And the Naughty Men Killed the children and the Mothers cried *wipperly,*" was one of the sentences lately to me.

Poor Lady Phipps has been particularly suffering lately, I have been different times to see her and enquire and that is 5 miles on foot or slow pony. We never have Household dinners here, so that one does not ever leave the room before 10. Tuesday the two Princesses Helena and Louise were confided to my care to be taken to see Lady Fife's very nice little girls.

I do not find Dr. Jenner take the place of Sir James or Dr. Bailly in my affections. We were all pitying Lady Churchill this morning when it was announced that ponies had been sent on for a long expedition, the gents who had been out before breakfast walking at the rate of 5 miles an hour had failed to warm themselves. Lady C. and I were calmly sitting over the fire in my room after breakfast when Maslin came and said that *both* were to go riding and driving for the day!! I could only occupy myself in gathering up all my hottest clothes and these happened to be the shabbiest; you never saw such a collection. My garment would not do, it was *too hermetical.* I put on endless others and toasted myself at the fire till the fatal moment—11—off we went, wind, spitting and a lowering sky. At 1.30 when we joined the ponies it was pouring and the Hills could hardly be seen, so mercifully the expedition across them

was given up and reluctantly the Queen consented to Lunch in the carriage instead of sitting on the splashing grass. There at least the foundation was dry and after eating, as the rain and wind continued the ponies were given up and we walked for an hour on the way home then drove and as the rain ceased walked over a hill for another hour before reaching this at 5.30. Had we started an hour earlier we should have been off and should not have got home till 9 probably. As it was the temperature changed and I enjoyed the walking excessively, but in holding the umbrella and the Luncheon apparatus the shortcomings of my vesture became apparent and caused the greatest amusement and excitement to the Queen and Pr. Helena and will not soon be forgotten. I explained to the Queen my liking for exercise and my horror for cold, but found that H.M. does not share the latter and quite accepts the idea of sitting for hours perishing on a pony going at a foot's pace and coming home frozen! That being the case, there is nothing to be said.

I am delighted to hear that Victoria is getting over her shyness—now I hope that she will with me. I trust that Baby will continue to make haste with his teeth so as to have got over same before his journey. Your having young Malet[1] is very nice, I am so glad you like him. Do you remember the card left for me? My best regards to him. Shouldn't I like to look in on your tea-parties of an evening. How happy it makes me to hear of

[1] Secretary of Legation, afterwards Sir Edward Malet, Ambassador in Berlin.

Victoria's health and progress, and how wise you are not to force her on.

Later

The only drawback is that She will find Windsor so dreadful after this life, at any rate She fears going back without Frogmore very much, and that I can well conceive.

Dearest P. Hohenlohe is such a precious friend for them and for Pr. Helena. Pr. Alice is rather too much excited and carried just now to be "get atable," but one or two nice talks they have had together, and yesterday Pss. Helena was very happy because, for the first time P. Alice seemed quite absorbed by the interest of a beautiful sermon we had from Mr. Stuart of Edin. It was very beautiful and impressive. "Prepare to meet thy God." All were delighted. The Queen asked for the M.S. though she hopes it was extempore! Quite in a state about that. She was unhappy for two Sundays, there were bad preachers. I tried to put in a word for the English service, which leaves you something at least, and it was admitted, but She said it is such a disappointment to have a bad Sermon. A good one gives one something to think about and do one good all the week. Very sweet.

One has not much time to speak with Her here. She is always out, and if one goes with Her, generally it is in the carriage à 4, and on the ponies one goes single file.

I went to luncheon with poor Lady Phipps yesterday. It is so sad. She fancies she is going to

lose her speech and to die, and constantly takes leave of her family, etc., etc. I believe the whole thing is a nervous affection and that there is a temporary cause, so that there is every hope of her recovering, but it is terribly sad for poor Harriet.

After Luncheon I had felt so much interested in Mr. Stuart, that I went to call at the Manse and was much pleased with what I saw of him. Modest and nice—one one would like to speak to, I thought. . . . Robert told me in confidence that he and his charge (P. of W.) are going to the Holyland after Christmas.

Pr. Beatrice came to me last night and saw your photo and kissed Baby. "What's her name?"

"Fanny, she's my sister."

"Fanny Guska is her name then?"—Is it not good.

Balmoral Oct. 22nd

P. Alice has not been hovering about my room. I think poor darling that she seeks the sympathy of matrons at present and I am glad of it because I feel as if I had more to say to the younger ones. They are all dear and sweet.

If you could hear me talk to H.M. on education etc., you would say it was Charlotte. It is such a comfort to have P. Hohenlohe to speak with. She feels and sees everything and in some things can do much good, but on the other hand, the Parents suspect her of "pietism," etc., etc., and resent anything that they smell as that from miles off. You know how people are with their nearest and dearest. That sad sort of reserve and defensiveness

which makes them willing often to take anything from others rather than from them.

Windsor Castle Nov. 8th

The Indian installation brought the Prince of Wales up last week. To-day he comes for his birthday and to see the Gr. Duke and Duchess Constantine who came yesterday and go tomorrow. She is *so* handsome, but delicate.

Palmerston was here, three days, with Lady, and charming he was, younger than ever, and full of jokes. Oh! the jauntiness of him!

I liked what I saw of Sir J. Lawrence whom I sat beside. There is something so energetic and sensible about him. It is a pleasure and an interest to me to see people here though it is only by snatches, it interests me but it was a great struggle to settle down here and to see dear empty Frogmore. Such a longing yearning I feel at my heart, such a belief that I *must* be going back there. I see dearest Ly. Couper as often as possible. She is so affectionate and loving.

19 *Chester St.*
Nov. 23rd

I have had a very busy but pleasant fortnight. Ld. Methuen and Ld. Torrington pleasant, Ld. Harris charming, the Palmerstons and Russells as visitors and the Gd. Duke and Duchess Constantine, who are very nice, so happy together and united. She is delicate "12 little dears" . . . A dear little girl was with them who became the *sworn* friend of our children.

Ld. Russell sat by me at breakfast and seemed really quite pleased and happy when I told him that I had heard that you were very happy with the appointment. It went to my heart to see his beaming look, as if he was so unused to see people satisfied. I like him better than I did. I have had a great deal of hard work, riding after breakfast, walking and odds and ends.

CHAPTER XII

The Prince Consort's Death.

Windsor Castle Dec. 5th 1861

If I can I shall send you word how the Prince is—I know he gets low when ill, and that our beloved used to—The Queen's little knowledge of nursing made Her rather not the best nurse in the world.

Dec. 8th

Came down here—found the dear Queen very much upset and Prs. Alice also. The [Prince Consort's] attack is one of gastric fever which they think has been going on for 17 days—the symptoms are favorable but there can be no real change for perhaps a week or ten days. There was much irritation and restlessness, and the poor Queen was miserable, but is now better and quite sanguine—God grant that all will go on well. He may be better after this.

Dec. 19th

Oh, what will you feel? Oh, my darling, how your heart will bleed for these crushed ones. Can you believe it. Can you realise it? I cannot even now. But I must try to tell you all things in order. I wrote on the 7th from London, and a line on the 8th saying that it was declared gastric fever, but of no malignant type. A very good night on the 7th

and all favorable. Kingsley preached a beautiful sermon. After it I saw him, and he spoke of Matilda and something of Germany and the Prince, which was full of sympathy on his part. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, the same good nights and absence of unfavorable symptoms. There were many bulletins to write, and often my heart shrunk back from the remembrance of similar correspondence with the same people so fatally ended nine months ago. I walked two or three times with the Queen in the afternoon and drove twice with her and the Duchess of Atholl. She had occasional anxious moments, but they were rare and quickly banished, but she much dreaded any idea of danger being taken up, and recommended that the bulletins should be hopeful.

Lord Palmerston took alarm and wrote to recommend additional advice, which was much resented.

Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland were, however, summoned, and the poor Queen was terribly miserable, believing that their appearance would be a shock to the Prince and give him an idea that he had a bad fever which he had always said his constitution would not resist. This (some desponding words uttered at the time of the King of Portugal's death and repeated at intervals during the illness, to his valet and, I believe, Princess Alice, together with the conviction of the doctors that he was a bad subject for fever) made us anxious in spite of the favorable appearances, but still we felt we knew hundreds who have survived this fever under far more aggravated forms. Why

not he? Young, healthy, and how precious. Oh, no, the idea of losing him could not be entertained and all tended to strengthen our confidence. Watson was very anxious on the Monday, but on the Tuesday formed a much more favorable opinion. After that, by Palmerston's wish he slept in the house.

The Prince was much read to, and though he wandered at times, was always soothed and able to follow what was read. There were Household dinners. Wednesday and Thursday I was sent for to read the "Black Dwarf" to Princesses Alice, Helena, and Leiningen, and the Queen from 9 till 10. We drove on Friday morning.

Up to that day the bulletins, which I went to fetch early from the doctors, were favorable. That morning the sleep had been rather less good, and there was a breathing indicating oppression on the chest which gave anxiety. There was a slight improvement in the day, when at about 4.30 P.M. Dr. Jenner came to my room saying that such sinking had come on that he had feared the Prince would die in his arms then. Stimulants had been administered and taken with ease; the pulse had recovered and already there was a rally. The Queen was taking a turn at the time.

Sir James, who was attending his poor wife dangerously ill at Bagshot and was going between the two, arrived soon after the Queen's return and decided that it was necessary to break to her the alarming tidings of what had taken place in her short absence. He said she must know; if anything happened, the shock would be too terrible.

Shortly after I came down unable to bear the anxiety, and took courage to go into the Queen's room when Miss Hildyard was with her. It was a terrible moment, a life of anguish and agony was concentrated in it. Oh, darling, what agony! It was terrible to witness, but especially terrible to know what to say. The idea of what might be, she could scarcely bear, but again, with Sir James' warning in my ear, neither could I bear to encourage hopes which, if admitted for a moment, brought a reaction which almost banished anxiety. Miss H. inclined to the latter course, and we soothed as we might. I was also alone with her, and most touching it was.

The words "The country; oh, the country. I could perhaps bear my own misery, but the poor country" were constantly recurring.

As the evening advanced the symptoms improved. About 12 the Queen lay down in the dressing room where she had slept since he was removed into larger rooms adjoining her apartment: Princess Alice on another little bed beside her. Watson sat up and the dresser, to take accounts from hour to hour to the Queen. The Prince of Wales had been telegraphed for, and though the Queen only thought he would come next day, he was expected at one. I waited to see Robert. They had had no idea of danger. A letter from me had given them the only uneasiness. After sitting with Robert, I returned to the room, saw the Prince through the open door, heard his voice still distinct, and found Dr. Watson satisfied. He had quite rallied.

They thought the crisis had come, and next morning were confirmed in this hope. I lay down on the sofa in Miss Bauer's room, dressed, and soon after seven went to the outer room again where I found the Queen and Princess A. in their dressing gowns. The breathing was still bad, but if he could get over that day they thought he might recover. In fact the weakness might have been much greater, and have continued for days and days. People frequently do, supported by stimulants. It was the breathing, the congested state of the lungs that caused death. When the illness takes this turn it is generally fatal, but it is not the case with one in thirty. I dressed and returned. All remains the same. The day wore on. At noon they tried to get the poor Queen out, but she was so overcome that she had to hasten home. She was constantly in his room, and never out of the one adjoining.

He was quite calm, wandered very little, could always be recalled by a question, always knew her and shewed her every mark of love and tenderness. She never gave way before him, was cheerful and helpful, so happy to see him so easy and composed. The early days of the illness before its character was made manifest had been much more trying, for he had been unable to sleep, and was anxious and miserable about various subjects, restless and irritable, poor fellow, so unlike himself. From the day of my arrival the nights had become good, and all that state of nervous exciteability had nearly disappeared.

This made the Queen think him better, and she

was storing up all the things he had said and done before, to amuse him on his return to health. Princess Alice had been admirable all through the illness. He had frequently asked for her, and though the doctors did not wish her to be much in the room, they could not refuse to let her go when asked for. The younger ones were not permitted to be there.

The Prince of Wales' appearance they feared might alarm him, but it did not, and the poor boy was allowed to go into the room. Towards the evening the doctors became more and more desponding.

About six the Queen sent for Sir Charles, and a terrible burst of misery ensued. After this she returned again to the sick room, calm and almost cheerful, and the beloved invalid was able to notice her, and return her expressions and gestures of affection. Still, the thought of so many rescued from the jaws of death haunted us, and a natural and healthy symptom towards eight o'clock, his strength in sitting up and the ability to take the continued stimulant, prevented our despairing. The children had been in the room one after the other; he smiled to them but did not speak. He asked for Sir Charles and evidently knew him and the other gentlemen including Robert, but the lamp was sinking. Towards 9.30 the Queen had another burst of misery and asked for the Dean, who spoke beautifully, and she no less: so humble, so meek, so loving, so strong in the feeling of duty.

Princess Alice, Prince and Princess Leiningen, Prince of Wales and Princess Helena were in the

room, with Miss Hildyard and me, Robert and others between the doors (this was not in the sick room, but in the one adjoining). Poor Princess Helena could not bear it. The doctors did not like her to be near her father, poor lamb; I did not know what to do with her. Princess Alice was in the sick room. She whispered to me with great calm, "that is the death rattle," and went for her mother.

Then in the darkened room they knelt: the Queen and her elder children, the Leiningens, Phipps, Grey, Biddulph, Robert, the Dean, the Duchess, Miss Hildyard and I; watching in agonised silence, the passing of that lofty and noble soul. Gentler than an infant slumber it was at last, gentler even almost than the dismissal of our precious Duchess.

The poor Queen exclaimed: "Oh, yes, this is death. I know it. I have seen this before."

Darling, so had I twice, and oh, how dreadful it was. The Queen fell upon him, called him by every endearing name; then sank into our arms, and let us lead or carry her away to the adjoining room, when she lay on the sofa; then she summoned the children around her, to clasp them to her heart and assure them she would endeavour, if she lived, to live for them and her duty, and to appeal to them from henceforth to seek to walk in the footsteps of him whom God had taken to Himself.

She thanked the doctors so kindly, consoling them for their unsuccess. Then each of the gentlemen, "You will not leave or desert me now," and

while I went for poor Lady Caroline, who had gone to bed ill, went up to the bedside of Princess Beatrice, and then returned to her own room. She allowed us to undress her, and, oh, what a sight it was to gaze upon her hopeless, helpless face, and see those most appealing eyes lifted up. She said she would do what was right, and went to lie down, hoping to sleep from exhaustion. I went to get ready, and to lie dressed on the sofa as before, ready to be called, but before I returned she found sleep impossible and sent for Dr. Jenner, who is most helpful and sympathising. She talked and listened for a time, then seemed to doze, and after a while he stole out, coming to me to press me to go to bed, but you know how I sleep anywhere and anyhow; so I remained, and at five was fetched; Till seven she wept and talked, Princess Alice weeping silently though sometimes saying a word.

Darling, you may think how twenty years seem to have been blotted out of my life, and how I fancied I heard our dear mother's words of anguish once more in my ear. Princess Alice was wonderful. She seemed indeed to have suddenly put away childish things and to be a different creature. The Queen rose and dressed towards eleven, having seen the baby and others in bed.

Poor Princess Louise did not learn of the end till the morning. Poor lamb, she also seemed to come out at once. "Oh, why did not God take me. I am so stupid and useless."

The Queen was wonderful: saw several people; was able to speak, to weep freely, and was preserved from saying one doubting repining word.

All she could not bear, she said, was to hear it said that it was in wrath God so acted. She felt that the God whose law of love and truth had been so deeply engraved in the heart of that adored husband, is a God of love, and that in love He had taken her treasure.

Darling, I can not tell you what this cloud is; this dark, overwhelming cloud—no ray of light seemed to pierce it. To me it felt almost as if we were being cast off, till she spoke of what had been his views of life, his teaching and training of herself, how he had often wondered at her clinging to the present as she did, how he had done everything always with his whole heart, had rejoiced in his work, but had ever felt that there was no rest or real joy here, and was ever ready and willing to depart, and how last March he had more particularly led her to think likewise, guided her feet to the entrance to the dark valley, and left her words, some written and some engraved on her memory only, to help her through every bitter and agonising circumstance connected with the last sad days and duties.

Darling, how I see and feel that this was not without a purpose of love, and I feel it still. I feel also our God is leading and teaching her Himself, that His ways are not as ours, and that His channels of access to the heart more diversified than we can understand. Therefore I look on and watch with humble thankfulness all that she is doing, seeing every day more and more how vain is the help of man; how impossible to convey to another human heart and mind what is in one's own; even

for the most holy and wise to find access to the spirit of another. It is through this absorbing human love, this love bestowed on one whose worthiness I, even, had only conceived of, that God has educated this beautiful, simple, childlike, truthful soul. Every day I see some new bud or blossom on this tree, expanding what the human love planted, into something higher but no man can intermeddle. Oh, how I remember the past, the same shrinking from misapplied texts, or at least texts that are misapplied to the state of mind and feeling of her to whom they are addressed. How strange sometimes the very eyes and smile remind me of my dear mother, though the outward is as different as the inward in most things.[1]

[1] See Appendix (p. 303) for a letter from the Prince of Wales written after the Prince Consort's death.

CHAPTER XIII

Events following the Prince Consort's death. Departure of Lord Elgin as Viceroy of India. The development of the Prince of Wales. The Queen and her ministers. The Queen's sorrow and changed life. Return of Prince of Wales from Eastern Tour.

Osborne Jan. 8th 1862

What a sad new Year, what a cloud more impenetrable than ever has settled upon it. I can not tell you what it is to be here, to watch day by day the progress of this agony, and to see rising up one by one all the trials and difficulties that such a terrible visitation brings with it. Oh! I believe that it is well, though we see it not, that it is all needed, but while I can trust and hope that it will result in the highest good for those we love, still my heart sinks within me and my faith fails when I think of the fiery trial. Just imagine the Children, the absence of that Paternal Authority, of that wisdom, discretion, example! The absence of the guiding will and authority in every department. The whole house seems like Pompeii, the life suddenly extinguished, and as someone said who came down on business and who had been at Windsor just before, "You are all so thin, there are such lines of care on every face, I could not but look round at Luncheon and marvel at even that outward change."

Nothing can be more touching and more beautiful than the Queen's state, anxious to exert, to devote Herself, to neglect nothing. So sweet in

Her grief, so touching, at times there are terrible outbursts, but generally there is wonderful peace, the sense of his continued love and even nearness when doing what is right. But then when doubts arise, who can solace then? She is very kind about the P. of Wales, and He is doing His best, but all that is full of difficulties. Poor Robert! He has a tremendous burden weighing on him, thank God he is well. Pr. Alice is quite wonderful. What it is given Her to do and say, you can not believe. We were very anxious about Her, but She is nearly well again. P. Louise most nice. The Queen weak and exhausted but able to take a turn every day and not ill in any way.

Poor Pr. Hohenlohe feels as even I do in a measure, that this is more terrible to bear than any private sorrow. She is really on the cross, poor thing, for she sees the future as well as the present, and has drunk so deeply of the cup of sorrow.

The King [of the Belgians] so touchingly kind and tender and good, really He *has* a heart.

We shall remain here probably till the middle of Febry.—not go to London at all. P. of Wales is to go to the East, as it was His Father's plan. P. Alfred returns in a few weeks.

The City Missionaries were quite overpowered by the sympathy they found and witnessed among the poorest, the most degraded even in London, those to whom no idea of purity or good had come else, had learnt that in the domestic life of their Queen there were shewn forth love and gentleness and purity—one thought of much He had done,

but one had not realised what such poor outcasts might owe him, one ray of softening influence.

St. James' Palace, Jan. 23rd

Elgin and Mary came to take leave on the 21st. and remained one night at Osborne, both had interviews with the Queen, and were quite astonished and thankful. They would never have believed, no one could, how She is so totally heartbroken, so daily feeling more and more Her desolation and misery, and yet so gentle, so uncomplaining, so unhappy if She is told that She has much left to make up.

"Oh! yes," She says, "I should be more unhappy, more forlorn without my Children and duties, but to make up! There is NOTHING on this side of the grave that can, my only comfort is the thought of His nearness, His continued love and sympathy, and the re-union, the blessed future, that enables me to live and strive."

She had one or two regular good, good comforting letters, quite Greek and Hebrew to Her. So quietly She acknowledged the kindness and loving feeling, but when I shewed Her a letter of Marquerites[1] to me, you should have seen Her joy. She read it over and over and said: *"This* I understand, this does me good. I was so delighted with a word in a Book I was reading. 'Truth is not truth to you till you can receive it.' How can you expect that the simple recital of what has helped you, to comfort another, unless it is in

[1] Mrs. Tollemache.

them, it has been worked into you, become part of your life. You must have patience."

The Queen feels very weak, and is growingly sad, but not ill. Mary thought Pr. Alice more changed, poor lamb, what She has to bear, the anguish of the present, and such anxiety. Oh! it it too much.

Darling, I do not agree with Evan that sons are easier than daughters to bring up! He [the Prince of Wales] goes to Egypt and Palestine on the 6th Feb. and has asked Dr. Stanley to go with him. He is the most delightful of men, such a companion. Robert says one would not have thought of him to go to the East, but one would have invented the East to get him, and it is a blessing the Boy so takes to him. Robert has had much to go through, and has much still. Pr. Alice is much better in health. Pr. Helena suffering from neuralgia in her side. Poor darlings. The dear Queen feels so much for Elgin and Mary, was soothed and interested by their visit. She proposed my coming up for two nights, we travelled up with P. of W. yesterday, who came for one night to see Pr. Leopold, who came to B. Palace and has been ill there, not dangerously, and he is better and hopes to return next week to Belgium.

With all the drawbacks of management in his case [Prince of Wales] Robert says, and the King, Pss. Hohenlohe and his Sisters confirm it, that he has much improved during these weeks. He says they have done more for him than previous years. The King has been so kind, drawing him out in every way. God grant that he may find a good

Wife, that will be all. He easily takes the tone of those about Him, and it is difficult to have him as much moulded as one could wish by present home influences. He loves Pr. Alice dearly, and She is so good and wise. Pr. Helena will be a good friend, I believe, later.

Pr. Beatrice expects him to bring Her a little Turk from Jerusalem. "Did Jesus see the Turks at Jerusalem?"

The Queen is so kind about Kath.[1] so unhappy now when She must separate Husband and Wife! Hearing She was going to Bonchurch when R. left, She asked her here till the 13th or the 15th. Pr. Royal is expected with that beloved Mme. Blucher, but without the Prince or Children. There is talk of Balmoral in April, Windsor next.

The Q. shrinks from Windsor, the air and life here seem too much for the poor Children. Pr. Alice much oppressed and so thin and delicate looking.

Osborne Feb. 8th

The Queen sleeps more or less well, but better than many under the circumstances. She weeps very much indeed, and that exhausts. She now rises before breakfast, but has it in Her room. Pr. Beatrice spends an hour with Her, and is in agonies when She sees Her cry. "Dear Darling," as She calls Her, hugging and kissing her so tenderly. Then the Queen writes and attends to things, drives out with Pr. Alice and walks a little, has luncheon in Her room, goes out again, writes

[1] Wife of Gen. the Hon. Robert Bruce.

again, sees people on business, dines with Pr. Alice, P. Hohenlohe or with me sometimes, sees Jenner or goes to bed between 11 and 12.

She has seen Lords Clarendon, Granville, Russell, Palmerston, the latter *wept bitterly*. With these as with others She is able to speak fully, entering into all details of the past, of Her own feelings, etc., etc., and this is a relief and a safety valve, and as She does this, and must see many, Phipps, Grey, Elphinstone, Robert, Biddulph, etc., besides the King and Pr. Hohenlohe, one feels that Her case is different from others, and that Her being absent from family meals is not what it would be in another case. She has not been able to go to Church yet, but She can not go quietly and unseen as other Widows, and this must be taken into consideration.[1]

Already, however, there are letters about it!!

When you read the Queen's speech, think that I ran up and down 20 times with the draft, the Beloved could not bear the cold official style, and added all the warm words Herself, so touching it was.

Oh! my darling how your heart will bleed! You can hardly imagine Her state, so gentle and sweet, so sorry to pain us all, to appear ungrateful for so much sympathy, which She deeply values, tho' it can do Her little good as to Her present agony. Such sweet things come out now and then of themselves, and at other times one is obliged

[1] Miss Stopford, one of the Maids of Honour in Waiting at this time, told later that the ladies never saw the Queen during these early weeks, as she lived entirely with the children and Lady Augusta.

to stand by and feel oh! if only other things were made plain and brought home to Her, Blessed One, God is dealing with that true, honest heart.

Osborne Feb. 17th

The Queen sent Mary [Lady Elgin] word, before Elgin left, that She would always hope to give me leave for the summer ones.[1] M. may not go out till Oct. '63 perhaps. If the P. of W. is sent out next Autumn, and Elgin has to accompany him about, M. would be left at Calcutta, so it would be no good.

Feb. 22nd

I feel also that our beloved Queen is no less now the object of the peculiar Love and care of Him who placed Her where She is, and ordered Her path so wonderfully as he has ordered it hitherto, but the furnace is terrible, and you know how little prepared in every way She was. It is something so unusual to have found on Earth a Being in whom were realised all one's aspirations and wishes. Never to have been called on to long for anything but a continuation of what was, never to have doubted its continuance for years and years, or to have realised that it was possible to be left alone. It was idolatry, but I am sure that God allowed and pardons it, for when was ever such a gift bestowed, and especially as he seemed to have arrived at what He was without passing through the usual stages and the usual struggles and temp-

[1] Lord and Lady Elgin had asked Lady Augusta to look after their children while they were in India.

tations, who therefore while he lived continually, I believe, in the presence of God, did everything for His glory and the good of mankind, was not exactly a guide for one who has much more to contend with, who would need to realise more other truths of Christianity, and to learn to step gently and carefully as a child and to nourish the good Seed with all the care and pains which, in our nature, it commonly demands.

But again, God did it. He knows whereof we are made, what is in each. He knows the true and honest and pure heart and will Himself carry out the good work, and surely, when we think how She has been carried thro' these months, we may indeed recognise His power and strength, and be *thankful*. Darling I can not in writing tell you all. When we meet, God grant in May or June, I shall be able to pour out my heart, but I can only tell you that it is exactly to me like living my life over again. The agony of anxiety about so many, many things, the feeling that the very good qualities of this blessed sufferer are liable to cause evil results and to make Her be misunderstood, the honesty, the straightforwardness, the frankness, the impulsiveness, all held in check by Him, governed, directed.

Darling there are two separate things, there is the agony of the present sufferings and of the dreary desolate future of Her widowed heart, and then the difficulties that press upon Her as a Mother and a Sovereign and that meet one at *every turn*. Embracing both is the extreme isolation of Her position, the necessity for Her to act with decision and firmness and the dread lest this

should make Her close Her ears to such advice as may yet be offered, but which now no one is in a position to offer with authority. The difficulty of difficulties is the subject to which you allude. Yes, darling, I hope that God will bring good out of this evil, but you can just imagine how weighed down one sometimes feels, and how little one can realise that all one's agonizing can be of much use.

But even in the midst of the darkness, besides the ineffable sweetness of the Queen's spirit, the gentle submission, which She is too truthful to call resignation, there are often words that tell of the workings of Her mind in directions we should not dare to try to lead it in. Truly the spirit leads Her, where even the nearest and dearest dare not.

Pr. Hohenlohe's trial is a terrible one, for the words that rise from the depths of Her heart she must repress, lest they should be misunderstood. She even can only follow and she feels she must say to Jesus alone all that she would love to pour into that broken heart. He alone can supply the medicine. But I am sure that Her presence and influence will do great things by degrees. All love Her. She left yesterday for Baden to see Pr. Hermann before he leaves on a stupid journey to Abyssinia with the Duke and Duchess of Coburg.

She hopes to return in June for the Wedding, which is to take place here in private. Pr. Alice looked so wretched that it was decided She should have a little change. Most reluctant the Queen was, but at last with great difficulties it was arranged, and She went with dear Ldy. Car on Wednesday to Van de Weyers for ten days, is

already better, Pr. Royal is now alone with the Q. and young ones, and I hope it will be very good their being thrown completely on one another. She is a wonderful creature, gifted beyond expression, delightful, but with much to contend with to bring those strong impulses and that keen intellect into submission, dear child! She left Her Husband and Babes. Countess Blücher says *he* is quite an *Angel* and She adores Him. On the 6th we go to Windsor, (a dreadful return), return here for Easter, when Pr. Helena is to be confirmed, go to Balmoral for May, Genl. Grey, the Biddulphs, D. of Atholl and myself in attendance for June, etc., etc. All are good and try to do their best, and to me all are most kind. The Ladies might be angry, for the Q. sends for me so often, makes me walk or drive when none of the children can, and dine sometimes tête à tête, but they are all so kind about it. I like Ldy. Jocelyn better than I ever did before, she is a widow indeed. Lady Car. I *love*. Pr. Alfred expected in March, good accounts of Frederick, of Elgin from Malta and by telegram of his embarkation at Suez. The Queen is not ill tho' thin . . . and aged and altered and feeling very weak. I am quite well, ride often with Genl. Grey, which does me good. . . .

Windsor, March 10

DEAR MR. STANLEY,[1]

I would not have ventured to intrude on the first moments of your overwhelming grief with

[1] Written on the death of his mother to Dr. (later Dean) Stanley, then abroad with the Prince of Wales.

the expression of my own deep and most heartfelt sympathy only—but I am commanded by the Queen to convey to you in Her Majesty's name the assurance of all that H.M. has felt and is feeling for and with you and yours in this bitter trial.

I will not attempt to describe the Queen's anxiety, Her desire that you should be recalled, then the deep emotion with which H.M. acquiesced in your beloved Mother's decision, founded as it was on considerations that called forth such daily gratitude in Her suffering heart. Afterwards the glad welcome with which H.M. received the tidings which seemed to remove all alarm and then alas! so soon after, the revulsion of feeling caused by the sorrowful tidings that are about to rend your filial heart.

Truly no one could more touchingly enter into every detail of this trial and feel more acutely the pain of having accepted a sacrifice, which has become one of such surpassing magnitude. But dear Mr. Stanley, that which will I know most contribute to soothe your bitter grief is the thought that the Queen can not only sympathise in that but is able to feel and to appreciate your beloved Mother's noble aim and motive, the love and loyalty and *tender sympathy* that first made her willing to part with you, and that strengthened her to persevere in that same resolution to the end. More than this, your Sister's beautiful letters speaking as they do *Her* words and thoughts, have brought before the mind of our widowed Queen, such a picture of what the goodness of God can yet raise up to comfort and console a desolate broken heart,

as nothing else would have done. Oh! may we who have known this blessed blessed bond, live to see it grow up between our sorely afflicted Queen and Her Children. I can feel how doubly this will henceforth be your heart's desire.

I hope to see your dear sister and shall send you tidings of her. You will hear of her from others, that she has been supported by her faith, her love, her beautiful, wonderful unselfish ways.

May God strengthen and support you dear Mr. Stanley—would that you might have been spared this agony.

Yours most truly and with Her deepest sympathy, AUGUSTA BRUCE

Osborne April 16th

The stay at Windsor was much more comforting than could have been hoped or believed. The occupation of watching the progress of the Mausoleum seemed to lift the Queen up. Of course there were many criticisms as to Her having the Rooms where He died always open to Hers, and Her taking flowers there, etc., etc., but I always say and feel those are matters of individual feeling and sentiment; let us see how they act upon Her! She is better, stronger, calmer, more resigned, more courageous and determined to walk in the path of duty after following these heart instincts, therefore we need not object. I think of how it was with us.

Mr. Gladstone and others were so struck. The purity, the truthfulness, the humility, they said they *never* saw equalled. I was delighted with

Mr. G. he so understood, and felt, and lifted Her up, and of the Prince he said to me "He had one fault, if you can call it one, He was too free from the temptations common to other men. He seemed without them, and the standard is one that it is not fair to judge others by." He added, "I know of *nothing* but the highest Christian principle that can be any safeguard against the temptations by which we are surrounded, especially which await young men in the position of Her sons entering into life."

I am more and more happy about Her mind and soul, though there are dangers and tendencies which point to dangers in the future, but what has been, is wonderful and to be gratefully and humbly acknowledged. So softening towards Windsor, so interested in carrying out all His plans within and without.

On the 15th mng. the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new Mausoleum, and most affecting it was, so calm, such self-command, doing it as She would some office of love about his sick bed, and when the prayer was ended and all over, going up and pressing the Dean's hand before retiring as She came, followed by Her children only.

I was *very busy* at Windsor, hardly ever dined downstairs, often with H.M. tête à tête, but now She has Pr. Alice and Pr. Alfred. Pr. Beatrice a great comfort to Her, such a darling.

Such nice letters from Dr. Stanley about the travellers, but not a line from Robert or the Prince, most unaccountable—they must have miscarried. A telegram from Alexandria announcing that they were at Jerusalem, on the 10th, hav-

ing visited Hebron safely. Pr. Alfred nice. He goes every day on board the Nolla, where he does Lieutenant's duty. Pr. Alice quite well and strong again.

Poor Pr. Ada has lost her second little Boy, so sad! We came back here on the 4th. Pr. Helena is to be confirmed privately in the Church here on the 17th (tomorrow). The Dean has been in the House a week with his charming wife. Lady Gainsboro' is in waiting, much pleased with Victoria's engagement to Sir F. Buxton, a Saint with £50000 per annum! and *adoring* Victoria. He is very nice, clean, intellectual, good. I walk alone, as I dislike driving, except when I ride with Genl. Grey. He and I have been very busy about the Memorial, and I have had endless letters to write.

I copied out much of what you say regarding the nearness of the Departed, and the reality of the communion for the Queen, who liked it and was comforted. That is the only form in which spiritual truths have access, but surely one may say it is God's way. He has so ordered it, He has led Her, placed Her in very peculiar circumstances and surrounded Her with very unusual influences. He will make allowance and keep Her right, but of course one is pained sometimes at the sort of food that is offered to Her and that She is willing to accept, and the sort against which She is prejudiced, but She is so true and Her heart is so right, God will surely lead Her by the affections He has implanted, and to which She has been so constant and true.

Dr. Stanley has found the P. of W. so kind and

thoughtful and feeling to him in his sorrow.[1] I hope and trust that God will accept the dutiful sacrifice his family have made and answer it in blessing on the young Prince. The Pss. Royal's departure, the first time without Him to accompany Her, was *so* sad.

Friday

The poor Queen was very sad. Only think what the place is, the contrast here. Oh! such blessed accounts from Osborne. The Queen in the midst of her agony "can thank God for the blessed change in Her son. Serious, wishing to do right, anxious to marry in March or April. It is not that any can fill his place, but instead of worry and distress, there is love." Oh! thank God. Thank God!

So anxious He is, poor boy, about Robert.[2] He has just been here being in town for a few hours for the Cattle Show. I only saw him a moment. Kath went and I hope did not whip him. He entreated Jenner to try and do something for R.

"If he does recover, it will be long before he is able to do anything."

"Oh, never mind that—only get him better."

[1] Death of Mr. Stanley's mother.

[2] General Bruce was dying from an illness caught while travelling with the Prince in the East.

CHAPTER XIV

The Queen in Germany. Visit of Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Osborne and Balmoral.

Reinhardtsbrunn
Nr. Gotha
Sept. 26th 1862

Prince of Wales is very anxious, I hear from Pss. Alice to have Kath. as much as possible with his Princess [Alexandra of Denmark] during Her visit to England (this private). All seems to go on nicely. He desperately in love, and His Mother *much* more pleased with him, (I see at this instant Prince William [afterwards the Kaiser] on his donkey holding a parasol in guise of umbrella over himself and P. C[harlotte] in her "parnitator" [perambulator]—delicious couple!) Just interrupted by our "Lovier" [Prince of Wales] in a state about his bride and all her affairs, too tender and so very very dear, a love letter about 12 pages brought forth to be quoted and held crumpled up for fear that the zephyrs should blow upon it! Quite a letter drift He seems threatened with!

P. Alice seems most delightfully happy, so quietly peacefully so, finding P[rince] L[ouis] so pleasant and companionable a companion, and so willing to share his pursuits and to let him share hers.

Reinhardtsbrunn, Nr. Gotha
28 *Sept.*

The Queen seems to enjoy Her outings, talking to the peasants. . . . Pr. Alice goes home on Monday, the C[rown] P[rince] and Pr[incess] to Coburg. She is so like Charlotte now, you can not think, so clever and frank and open She is. I hope you may see her, but I believe she does not stay all the time. The Duke goes today to the Tyrol, the D[uchess] to the Kalenburg. Her goodness seems to soothe the Queen.

Coburg Oct. 4th

. . . I have not seen the Q[ueen] since Her arrival, poor poor thing. It was a terrible return, so overwhelming a contrast to the former joyous arrivals here! P. Leopold was able to come. . . .

. . . The C[rown] P[rince] and Pr[incess] with P. of W[ales] leave on Monday to embark at Marseilles, the children go back to Berlin. P. of W. is not to go there, only in Jany. to Kiel, I believe, to see his Bride, that will be nice. He is so anxious to have Kath. about the Pr[incess].

The Q[ueen] of H[olland] does not fascinate me, but as regards these, there is so much prejudice on our side that I hardly wonder at the coldness, at the same time I believe the Q. is quite justified in being so hostile to the idea of a marriage with the P. of Orange. It is a great pity but . . . it really can not be thought of.

Pr. Beatrice has bestowed a good deal of her company on us during these rainy days. Yester-

day she was established writing on "silk paper," having bespoken "a nice little large silk envelope," when the footman came in to summon me to the Queen. You should have seen the look with which she turned round and with withering contempt exclaimed *"always."* They might have known she was writing to Oguska, because She put a big O!

She avoids cherries because they have pebbles in them!

Wednesday was a very anxious day for all, you may imagine the excitement of the children. At seven forty five the signal was fired from the Black Eagle and Pr. Helena and Pr. Leopold, attended by Lady Caroline and me, went down to the Pier. The night was perfectly still, the moon shining brightly, and making the waves as they broke on the beach look like silver. The two steamers and the Frigate had lights burning, there were lights also on the Pier, and the band of the Emerald played from time to time. All this, however, had no power to still the impatience of our Royal Brother and Sister, and greatly had I to struggle to be allowed to sit in the comfortable carriage, instead of standing on the wet stones. At last the signal was made, the boat had put off, the National airs played, and the sailors stood ready to let off their blue lights on the Pier. Pr. Leopold went to the place of landing, leaving Pr. Helena who had a cold, in the carriage with Lady Car[oline].

How He was to be made known, what He was to say, or to do with His bouquet, were subjects which He anxiously discussed beforehand, the

conclusion was that I was to solemnly pronounce His name, but before this could be achieved the pretty graceful Princess stepped lightly on shore, took the great representative of the House of England in Her arms and kissed Him and turned to me to ask after the Queen.

I felt much at the moment, many thoughts came to my mind—but remembering all, I felt glad that it happened that I was the first to kiss the hand of the dear young Creature and to welcome Her to England. She hastened to the carriage and drove up with Pr. Helena, her Father and Pr. Leopold and me following. The Queen was waiting to receive Her, and when the Ladies were summoned —Lady Car. and Ldy. Churchill in the evening, one by one, She looked already quite at home, so bright and happy and cheerful, She looks so gentle and yet so spirited, so innocent and childlike and yet with much good sense. She is *very* thin and will be handsomer in some years than now if she grows stouter, but Her expression is *so* pretty that She must always be pleasing looking, the features are beautiful, the eyes and complexion lovely. She is perfectly happy with the new sisters and at home with the Queen, etc., quite feels that it is good for Her to be left alone with them to get thoroughly acquainted. So anxious to learn the Queen's tastes and interests and to identify Herself with all, with the one great idea of making the beloved happy.

Quite devotedly in love. A drift of letters indeed fearful! All who have seen her are pleased with her. The Queen is nice with her. She was

very sweet with Katherine. They had a long fatiguing journey. . . . When on board she slept till they let down the anchor and was not quite dressed when the shore boats came off. It had been rough but she felt nothing.

Osborne Nov. 7

One thing I feel that there is a great progress. For instance, with Pr. Alex. so unutterably sweet. Yesterday, "I am so pleased with Her, I am sure She will do what is right fearlessly. She spoke of Schools, etc., and She told me She was accustomed to interest Herself in such matters. Her Mother always did, and taught Her. She is pious also, took the Communion with Her Parents before She left."

Was it not sweet to see Her singling out these merits! Certainly there is a *posé*-ness combined with spirit and cheerfulness in the Princess that is most attractive. I feel almost sure that She has judgement and the [illegible] say it is wonderful how it has become matured lately. Unwilling first to come alone, however before arriving sensible of the immense benefit it will be to Her to be here with the Queen *tête à tête.* No thought but of *HIM,* anxious to improve Herself in every way to be of use to Him. Anxious to do all the Queen wishes and to learn to love what interests Her. All this without excitement.

The Queen said She had Books, all serious pious books all most well read, underlined old copies!! Bless Her the Darling and keep Her.

The Queen now dines in the horn room, or

when the Princes were here in the Council room with the guests till 10. When alone sits upstairs and is most keen about some fern work, so pretty and nice, and She *too dear*. The Children are back at their lessons, and so much the better for it one and all.

The P. of W. has not much repose either, but the flightiness is Boyishness, and He seems full of quietness.

Osborne Nov. 7th

On Saturday the Gd. Duchess of Baden came with Mon. de Roggenbach and Gemmingen, the latter a Freiherr of most gloomy aspect. A hofmarschall who has heard, he told Lady Car. that the Sister of Lady Bruce was to be at Carlsruhe, where, he was convinced, from what he learned that she would be "la fleur de nos salons"—he looked so fierce that I was quite struck when this was quoted to me, and thenceforth devoted myself to him. Roggenbach, I reluctantly admitted to myself to be a very superior man. He spoke most nicely about the Queen, about the marriage, about all things, and I was so struck with the difference between him and the other German Liberal politicians, so fair and dispassionate he seems, more like the Prince who knew and esteemed him. Good I should think also, thinking not exclusively of the present scene. He came to my sitting room where Pr. Helena saw him and he is to tell Fan he spoke nicely of his anxieties for his young English Attachés at Baden, and told me of the good advice he had given French, who, he said, would make a

good official if he could be kept from folly. He talked of "M. Baillie" glibly, and invited me to visit that distinguished diplomate in Germany. He spoke also so nicely of his Grand Duke and Duchess, how charming *He* is, so good an expression.

Mr. Helps regretted that Roggenbach should be confined to such a narrow sphere, not but that he added in his own dry way "Any one who has ever had to do with Jersey must be well aware that the smaller the State, the greater the difficulties, the more deadly the complications!"

Monday [*Balmoral*]

Pr. Alice much better to-day, and good accounts of the King,[1] thank God. Such a beautiful service conducted by Dr. McLeod here yesterday! You may think how I *trembled* lest the words should not soothe and help, and what I felt when, on running after Her with Her shawl, I saw a look on that blessed countenance as if all the blessed Soul was in those dear eyes.

He listened to what I told him of Her state, but said: "I have a message to give. I have asked and feel that God will put words into my mouth, and I will say them."

Oh! may all this suffering work for good. He puts me so in mind of Caird. Such conviction, such eloquence, such a rush of truths that he longs to pour forth. He remains till tomorrow and will, I trust, see the Princesses.

Pss. Beatrice to an ancient female: "Mrs. B., have you got a Baby in long clothes?"

[1] The King of the Belgians.

"No Princess."

"Can you have one by the time I come back? (July)."

"I am afraid I can't."

"Oh——then perhaps you'll think about it."

CHAPTER XV

Bismarck's Policy. The Marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra.

April 19 1863

A year ago Bismarck told the Minister from Würtemberg that the plan urged on Prussia as giving her all the real influence she would require without alienating the smaller powers—viz.: that of accepting the military and naval supremacy in the Duchies which none could contest, while avoiding annexation, would not suit the King. "But," said the Minister, "H.M. is open to conviction and would be persuaded by you." "But I could not urge such a policy," replied D., "for something more striking, more to be remembered is essential to the firm establishment of my *position.* I owe it to myself." Lately he argued in the same strain with Lord A. Loftus and pointed out to him how much greater a man "Attila was than your John Bright and how much more the D. of Wellington will be remembered by his campaigns than by his statesmanship!!!" Is that not wonderful? Only imagine a man making forth such sentiments, and arguing how trifling a consideration the fall of a few thousand men in battle was compared with the carrying out of some great political scheme for the establisht. of his position. Genl. Grey was so much amused by the *rapprochement* of A. and J. Bright.

He says that Lord A. Loftus' dispatches have been very good at this juncture better than Ld. Napier's which are always lengthy and wordy in the extreme. He quite appreciates the superiority of Napier as a companion and altogether, and considers Lord A. L. a "pompous blockhead" but the despatches of the latter are superior.

Frogmore March 6th 1863

My darling, I can not go to rest without a word to you of whom my heart is so full. Yes, here in this little room where we used to sit together, the end room on the first floor, my bed being in the sitting room where you slept at one time! Oh! darling, nothing is changed, the very smell the same, the noises of the doors, and feet on the stairs, it is as if we had just arrived. I felt I was going into Her presence, into the writing room next door, and I looked round for you for I have never *lived* here since the year Victoria was born, and my impressions carry me back beyond that. And, oh! to think of Her, of that beaming face and that loving tender heart, so pure, so good, so childlike, so wise, so unselfish. I think I see it better now for thro' Her I took all and everyone for granted, now I see what *She* must have been to have gone thro' such circumstances unscathed. God grant that others may grow more and more to resemble Her. Saturday, Oh! to awake here, to hear the well known sounds, the Birds from the Aviary and the farm, and the singing birds in the bushes under the window, so sweet, so homelike, and the day is perfectly calm and soft and balmy,

and the sun coming out gently and gradually, giving promise of a fine day, thank God.

We all breakfasted together in the dining room. The Queen came later with Prs. Royal and Alice, Crown Prince, Pss. Leiningen. The Queen looking well and sweet and cheerful, said the P. of W. had come to her at Her dressing so pale and nervous, but very happy. The *Times* speaks of Her charming grace and manner and cordial reception of the Authorities at Margate. I hope She will make an impression such as one would wish to-day. They are to walk thro' the City at a foot's pace.

Mr. C. Villiers, who had not seen the Queen since last year, was struck with Her look of sorrow and suffering, but also of calm decision and high resolve and energy. I see it more and more, and am struck with the judgement. I feel there is a protection over them, a blessing and guiding influence.

Monday 12th

Louis is not stupid but rather boorish from shyness. Such a nice letter from the P. of W. to the Queen from Sandringham, so pleased with his own place! The dear Queen is most beloved.

The first glimpse of that charming face conveyed the feeling that no mere outward pomp and magnificence and prosperity could have given it the *beaming* expression it wore, such love and joy and confidence, such purity and unworldly happiness I think I never saw written in a look, so simple, so tender, so trustful, so bright and joyous, it went to one's very heart. The Princesses were at

the door, all but Pr. Alice, who was on the step with the Queen. The young Princess jumped out of the carriage, kissed them, greeted all of us, and was led upstairs by the P. of Wales, who looked perfectly happy but more shy than in London, where His manner was *perfect.* Genl. Grey said he never saw anything more charming than the manner of both, so courteous, so dignified, so unaffected, and simple, and so anxious to respond to all the affection and loyal feeling evinced. At the station, when Genl. Grey pointed out a number of people waiting in an impossible place, the Prince at once took Her round in front of them. In the *tremendous* crush in the City She hurt her arm in trying to help a man in the crowd!

The Queen had felt very low and nervous *before,* all seemed so lost without Him to organize and arrange everything, and all were there with their Husbands. Where was Hers? She recovered to receive the young Princess, and after all had been conducted to their rooms, She heard a gentle tap at Her door and in stole the sweet Bride to Her side, kneeling down by Her!

The family dined together in the evening, and the Queen joined them after, Pss. Christian told me, astonishing them all by the gentle unaffected cheerfulness of Her look and voice and smile.

I saw Her a moment before going back to Frogmore, and found Her thankful and pleased. Next morning we came up from F. to the 12 o'clock Service, where the Bishop of Oxford preached a beautiful Sermon on sympathy in joy and sorrow. The young people were there.

We of the Household had Luncheon in the Oak room. I sat by the Bishop, and had to ask him for the M.S. of his Sermon with many messages from the Crown Princess. Subsequently the Queen begged to have it printed.

Mr. Paget, now Sir Augustus, came up to Kath's room and we had a long talk. Everyone says that the young Princess has a right to an unspoilable nature, for Her Father, who was born to nothing and is now heir to a throne, has never changed in the least.

I went to the Danish rooms in the afternoon to take a letter enclosed to me by "Blanche" to the Pss. Christian. Crown Pss. was in the room in a frenzy to put out the presents for the next day, so sweet she was, entering so heart and soul into Her Brother's happiness, so merry and overjoyed Herself to be at Home. Her son [eventually the Kaiser] is a delight, I had not a bad drive one day with him and his Aunt, one of the episodes being his playfully tossing her muff into the road. We came thro' Eton and Windsor, where the couple displayed an enthusiastic admiration for the preparations, sufficient to recompense the parties for their trouble, and more.

She [Princess Beatrice] much shocked in Windsor: "Guska, I *never* thought there was *stays* in shops!"

We went back to F. to dress for dinner and returned, there was a grand repast, Royalty and all in the Waterloo Gallery, after which numbers of guests were presented to the Princess in the Tapestry Room. No one can describe the grace

with which She received them and found something to say to each, it was charming and shewed such an advance on what She was able for in Novr. She wore white and mauve, and the next night when the dinner was in the St. George's Hall, light grey and white. Lovely she looked, and He so proud and happy. I went to the Queen before the guests left the D.room, found Her well. On Monday came up early, saw the presents exhibited in one of the rooms, beautiful they were. After Luncheon the couple with the Parents drove thro' Eton and Windsor to see and be seen. All most nice and friendly and no fuss within.

The grand dinner, and after fireworks to look at from the windows down in the field under the slopes. On Monday and Saturday and Tuesday the streets of Eton and Windsor were quite beautifully illuminated. The same presenting and receiving went on on Monday night, and the same delightful impression received by all.

Here I must tell you that on Sunday I wore a *Lovely* black Moiré with Velvet wreath, on Monday, Grey ditto, magnificent white feathers, black Velvet and diamonds on my head. Wedding! The mauve silk with petticoat of tulle mauve *bouillonne* and upper skirt of silk *en châle,* trimmed with Mechlin lace, mauve and white Rhododendron wreath, flowers and lappets. Dressmaker £42-13-0.

At 10.15 we started, the German Ladies being train bearers were taken to the Castle, I went to the Chapel, Wolsey's entrance, and met at the door Count and Countess Gleichen, with whom I en-

tered. The Nave was full, but no one hardly, was in the Choir, save the Visitors in the Gallery, among whom I descried Mummy, Constance and the Geary's. Gradually the seats filled. Once Count Gleichen got up, and so did I and Mrs. Grey who was by me, and we walked down the Choir and Nave, and finally reached Elma,[1] who was looking so unspeakably nice and dear. Nothing could be prettier than the temporary rooms, which were fitted up with the greatest taste. The Nave also filled with gay people in bonnets among whom I recognized Lady Oliphant and Laurie, Thackeray, etc.

Lady Methuen appeared in the Queen's closet, then Kath., then H.M., the D. of Sutherland. Mrs. Wellesley, who sat by me, had told me how well H.M. was and cheery, but the trumpets, which were too much for any of us, almost overcame Her. Most beautiful Her expression was, tho' more drawn and pinched than usual, and then to see one procession after another advance was most lovely, each individual before taking their places bowing low to the Queen. You may suppose what a person [Princess Beatrice] looked like with the wreaths, long silk stockings and gigantic bouquet. The poor Princesses wept as they saw their Brother's advance without his Father, and presently *a Person* wept also, but when cross-examined, did not know why, and was *indignant* at the idea of its being because she saw the others weep! Pr. William [of Prussia] improved the occasion to aggravate and set His small uncles

[1] Lady Elma Bruce, niece of Lady Augusta.

at defiance, and managed to get the Cairn gorm out of the head of His dirk, and to pitch it to the other side of the Choir for the sake of an excitement! I will not attempt to describe the ceremony only to say, that there was a solemnity and feeling about it that could not but thrill thro' one. His look to His Mother while waiting for the Bride, and Hers to Him, the reverent attitude of Bride and Bridegroom and all, and the beautiful reading of the Service were most affecting. The Music also was very impressive, and when all was ended, the joyous look with which, recovering from Her feelings and emotion, She took His arm and walked down the Nave, returning the greetings, were most heart-moving. The enthusiasm of the crowd outside was wonderful, and the greeting given to all the Members of the Family, especially the Crown Princess. Kath. said that the most affecting moment was when the Queen, who had hurried back as She came, thro' the Deanery, and by the North Terrace for the purpose welcomed the young couple at the door, holding them locked in Her arms, and then leading them upstairs with that wonderful grace and dignity we know.

Old *Mitchell,* the Publisher of "Leaves from etc." who was by, wept when he saw it. After the signing the Register, at which Kath. and a few great officers were present, the party went to Luncheon, and the Queen had Her's with Pss. Beatrice and Kath. She was cheerful and composed. We got back with some trouble. I had dear Lady Couper in tow, who had been in the Closet next to the Q. and we assembled in the

Waterloo room, where was everybody. After a time the company was admitted to St. George's Hall, where a standing Luncheon was spread.

After a time I went to the Corridor. The door of the White Drawing Room was open, the Queen saw and called me. "I saw you, dear G. all the time" was the kind greeting, then She spoke cheerily of it all, and finally commended my magnificence, which seemed to strike terror into all. (I don't usually spoil them.)

Pr. Beatrice and Her most riotous Nephew were in the room, presently the P. of W. came to announce the Orleans family, and returned with them and his Bride, too nice they looked. Pss. Beatrice interrupted every moment, to give "Alix" instructions about Her plans, and when the little Sister "Thyra" [1] was to come and play with Her.

The sequel was good. Thyra, who had been much scandalised by seeing her sister depart without her Mama, arrived in the Nursery and found her friend fast asleep!!

I returned to the company after seeking about for old shoes, and I found the Bishop of London and Wife in the Tapestry Room. We waited to see them get into the carriage. She looked very pale and agitated. He pale, but so nice. They halted a few moments, and as they passed the corridor, He got up and made the most tender obeisance to the Queen.[2]

[1] Princess Alexandra's younger sister.

[2] A letter describing the wedding from another point of view appears in the Appendix (p. 306). This was written by Miss Stanley, sister of Dean Stanley.

After I got home she [Katherine, her sister-in-law] came to see me, and then the Queen came, but I was undressed and could not go down. She had been to the Mausoleum, which always soothes and strengthens Her.

CHAPTER XVI

Possibility of Lady Augusta's Marriage to Dr. Stanley. The Queen's feelings. Advice from Princess Helena. "It is *Yes.*"

Balmoral Tuesday Night
Sept. 29th 1863

On that 24th. in our walk, Kath. suddenly tells me that she has been commissioned to find out if there would be any insuperable barrier to that which the world so confidently announced in Summer.[1] Darling, if she had asked me to become Queen I could not have been more startled and unprepared. Miss S. had corresponded with her on the subject, he and she wishing to know it in order that if there were, the present friendly relations might remain unaltered and undisturbed, and her brother be saved from nourishing an idea which could not be realised. Then K. told me how dearest Robert had from their first acquaintance wished it, and *his* Mother in Paris! She spoke of his goodness, his charm, his talent, his piety—and the atmosphere of his home, in which she thought I should feel so happy. Darling, you know what two days and nights I passed thinking

[1] Both the Hon. Mrs. Bruce and Miss Stanley were anxious to bring about the marriage of Lady Augusta and Dr. Stanley. The nervousness of both of them was a momentary stumbling-block. An amusing letter from Mrs. Bruce to Miss Stanley (*vide* Appendix p. 318) records a step (of which neither of them was ever conscious) in the preparations for the alliance.

this over!—First, my difficulty in realising that one so superior and with all that I admired could really fancy me (and this, till I have it from himself, I shall not be able to believe); then the leaving this—the pain on the one hand—on the other the feeling of how, from one moment to another I might find myself placed in some position too difficult for me—among the children particularly; my dread of marrying and finding it impossible to be all I wished to be as a companion and support, and then again the thought of the joy, if it was not so, of having one to lean on and to guide me. At one moment in my perplexity the words of the 23rd. Psalm came to me, and I felt as if it would be still waters and green pastures indeed, and the ways of righteousness—and again the question arose—who can tell? At last I anchored on this thought: I can not refuse to entertain the proposal should it come to that on further acquaintance.

K. told the Queen first, knowing that if She had expressed Herself very strongly against it, it would have influenced me. She said She would not interfere where my happiness might be at stake.—I hope She will not ask my answer at present.

He and his sister are in Italy, and only to be home at the end of the month, D. V.

K. has written that there is no insuperable bar; and when we meet, and are again thrown together, we shall both be better able to judge. I can only think of it as an A. and B. case, for I can not in my mind make it personal to one on whom I never looked in such a light, or dreamt of as other

than the most valued, trusted and admired friend! K. has been most kind; poor darling, I could hardly bear to hear her talk of any happiness, or rather the happiness of his wife, and to think of her departed happiness. It almost broke my heart.—Not a human being knows, darling, and I thought I might have kept it from you, but I can not, and on the contrary I wish your counsel and advice, and to know of your thoughts. Remember that there may be many obstacles yet, either on his part or mine, and that I must feel satisfied not only of my own feelings, but of his; that he has not been talked into it by his sister, who, strange to say, wishes it—or by friends—for he knows me not enough himself.—Only say, supposing all satisfied me, do you think I ought to venture at my age, and with my fixed, solitary habits?

Wednesday morning

I have on my knee at this moment a certain *Princess* whose Niece is a very delightful being. She says to Augustus she hopes he is quite well: "Princess Beatrice you'll put will you, and thank her for her *respects,* and give her my love and a kiss!" "Respects" is the version of aff. duty which presented itself to her mind.

October 1

Mr. Gladstone here—very agreeable, and oh! what a charming voice, and what beautiful English that is.

Only think of the Queen's wonderful kindness—gave me a beautiful Indian shawl to send to Thomas for Mrs. T.!! She said She thought he

would like that better than anything for himself! Only imagine Her thinking of it—*so* kind—She was much touched by his driving Her, or at least standing on the Engine all the way.[1]

Oct. 2

The Queen is too blessed and kind, only they would talk as if it was *all settled* and that I can not bear. She is so good—quite come round to K's idea that it would be an advantage for Her to have this tie to such a person as Dr. S.—and yesterday She added "He is a very unselfish man, and I should stipulate that she was to be a great deal with me." A very dear notion, and sweet, not perhaps quite practicable, but certainly if it is God's wish that I should have such a friend and home, I should feel that I could be of more use as the channel of communication between them. . . . I ever return with comfort and encouragement to that sermon of Dr. S.'s preached on the 14th. Decr. last year. Do you not like it? When K. could not be brought to confess that there was "anything new" in answer to H.M.'s enquiries, She suggested whether *you* could not find out what I thought and felt.

Balmoral Oct. 8th

Princess Louise, the Genl. and I who dined with the Queen. After dinner She asked me, when alone, if you had heard the reports—I said I be-

[1] The Hon. Thomas Bruce was Chairman of the Railway Company which owned the line over which H.M. travelled.

lieved so; then getting red, "I must tell you I have it on my conscience—I have heard that he actually had such a horrid wish"—

I was quite dumb and could only say he had never said a word to me or shewn any sort of indication, and that when with him I had never considered that a possibility.—I felt very base and wicked, but I could not say more, and only kissed Her hand on leaving, more than once. I believe I must tell Her once that I also have heard it, but can not hear it mentioned, for I can not tell till I have had more opportunity of seeing him and considering what I should say; that I would think it flying in the face of Providence not to examine my own feelings and his, and to try to find out what is the will of Providence in this matter.

Balmoral Oct. 11th

. . . One great value of Dr. S. to me would be that I might continually be talking to him of my darling, and teaching him to love Her! In answer to one of K's letters I expressed to her what makes me so anxious and so tries me, the dread of not being what he needs to support and strengthen him, not fitted to uphold him in the struggle and to be the anchor he requires, that in following after this promise of peace and rest and the companionship of such a person, which would seem all too beautiful a dream for earth, I should be rushing upon unknown and unmeasured trials.

In his dedication of his last book to the Memory of his Mother, he says "whose calm judgement, firm faith and tender sympathy" had sustained and

cheered and guided him—I thought how ever could I replace that?

Dr. McLeod preached well this morning on St. John xvi. 33, and *beautifully* in Church on the "Gadarene Demoniac. . . ." It was beautiful—such conviction and honesty and earnestness—Dear Princess Royal drank it in with her big eyes—Genl. Grey was *delighted*. Hohenthal silenced, and the dear little Princess solemnized and obliged to own that this man had learning and talent and wisdom, and yet held firmer by his faith than ever. She told the Queen how fine it was. The poor Crown Prince told me for years he had heard nothing like it—"that is how I wish them to preach in Berlin"—he seemed so glad for once to hear no quizzing! The Crown Princess sent for him and spoke, and said she would like to see him at Berlin—I am so thankful. Princess Beatrice had wished to see him. I went for her and found her with her nephews and nieces, who all insisted on coming also—such joy—they are perfect. She remained resisting their entreaties to her to join them, "no, *my dears,* I must stay"; and then giving Dr. McLeod some account of what "Bauerlein" read to her out of a little blue book: "You know, about some peoples as was wicked and made well you know." A pause, and then pained at our thickness: "what you talked about in Church to-day—Bauerlein told me!" It was a good " 'count made" of the narrative. . . .

Oct. 18

. . . . In religion I could not feel with anyone

who was narrow; then the society I like is the society of literary people and the companionship of those much superior to myself; to sit at the feet of someone to whom I could listen and look up, as long ago with Matilda and our Mother.—I had always said I should wish to be a Fellow of a College, and I fancied that his home would be something like Broomhall long ago.—Then I know from others how gentle and kind and affte. he is; how charming to live with, unworldly and unspoilable. The Duchess of Argyll said to me last year: "What a comfort the Queen should have such confidence in one who could not be spoiled."

Green is so angry with the long letters she sees, and says that Eliza her sister could not help thinking that to write every day one must write nonsense—one could not have news.

Balmoral Friday Evg. Oct. 24th

Mr. Gladstone left to-day, to our sorrow. He is most pleasant, but perhaps a thought too systematic.

Balmoral Oct. 27
per Messenger

. . . . Dr. S. is very different, his words and feelings are so deep, and his unorthodoxy is, I believe, but the straining of his loving heart to embrace and hold fast all, and his immense power of seeing and understanding the difficulties of others. His own feet I believe to be on a rock. Then darling, about K. Remember how her own happy marriage was made. She knew R. much

more thro' others, and from what he was and had proved himself thro' life, and she saw my anxiety and isolation and need of help, especially standing alone as I do here.

About speaking to the Queen, I begged her to say nothing, I was so afraid that she should give H.M. the idea it was settled or rather that H.M. should jump at the conclusion, and that all this should have been discussed and arranged in the family. Before I leave I think I must own to knowing of his wishes.

Balmoral Oct. 27
per Messenger

Did I tell you of Green's lamentation over my thinness, and her hope that "you'll get fat in Norfolk, I've always 'eard the living is so good there." You would hardly suppose I was starved here; I saw the bill for *mutton*—4 weeks—1185 lbs. or something like that. I am better. A lovely day—so nice for the Crown Prince and Princess on their tour.—We start at 12.15.

Windsor Oct. 31, *Evening*

This mng. I received, in a blank cover addressed to *Lady Bruce,* extracts from Irish Papers, urging that a solemn appeal should be made to the Queen to interpose to prevent his [Dr. Stanley's] Appntmt. to Dublin!!! Most zealously would I back that appeal, but it has not been offered, and he would not accept.

To-day I walked with Princess Helena, and she broached the subject—said it occupied the Queen

much, and herself. I was thankful to be able to speak, and told her *all* my feelings, which she so well understands. I saw that to her ideas it is rather late to marry. She evidently thinks where one's tastes and habits are formed, and one is used to independence, it is a risk, and she said you must be prepared to hear people think they are much surprised.

She subsequently let out that it is in the light of foolish that the Queen regards it; she said afterwards, when I explained about the companionship, that that sort of affinity and sympathy was what the Queen thought She had had, but could not realise except as springing out of a long and early marriage. . . . The theological difficulties with one so good, she would hardly listen to—especially knowing what the state of the theological world is, and feeling how mild and safe he is in his views, compared to what she is accustomed to; and she quite understood the attraction the atmosphere would have for me—the interest and the rest and the support.—She does not like any change about the Queen, but she owned that it is as with herself, the result is too small, too uncertain, too liable *d'un moment à l'autre* to be over set—to make a great sacrifice for it.—She knows it all *exactly,* and she told me she could not urge me; she feels the same variations herself, but as I explained, my position is exceptional.—The Queen does not say so much about my loss in getting Her business done; it is the loss of some one in the house to whom She is accustomed, and to whom She can speak. . . . I said if I felt I could really

serve any important purpose, I would give up all, but I explained how helpless and in want of support I felt, especially since we lost our beloved Robert and the said family. "Yes! one must have some one in whom one has complete confidence, not necessarily a husband." I said I had you—but she added, "No, a man to give what is necessary to the female mind." I understood, but just at first it sounded odd.—She told me the Queen would like me to speak. I explained that I never had but that one opportunity, which I was too nervous to avail myself of; then she urged me to write, but I told her I could not write till I had seen him. Finally she said: "Speak—you will perhaps hear disagreeable things, but you won't mind, you will know what it all means."

St. James Nov. 6

It is *Yes* that I have said, darling. I could not refuse, tho' he tried to frighten me!

No one to be told till we hear from Windsor.

Oh! my darling, it is like a dream!

APPENDIX

I. Letter from the Prince of Wales to Lady Augusta Bruce, after the death of the Prince Consort.

II. Letter from Princess Feodora to Lady Augusta Bruce, after the Prince Consort's death.

III. Letter from Miss Stanley, sister of Dr. Stanley, describing the wedding of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra.

IV. Letters from the Royal Family to Lady Augusta Bruce and to Dr. Stanley.

V. Letter from the Hon. Mrs. Bruce to Miss Stanley on the prospective marriage of Lady Augusta Bruce to Dr. Stanley.

I

[*From the Prince of Wales, after the death of the Prince Consort*]

OSBORNE, *Tuesday* (1862)

My dear Lady Augusta,

Many thanks for your very kind letter and for the extract from Lady Napier's letter. I can assure you that it will be *my* constant aim, and I feel sure that it will be that of my brothers, to enable my beloved Mother to say those words of *us* which Lady Napier so touchingly said of *her* sons.

We cannot tell you *how* grateful we all feel to you for your sympathy towards us in this terrible affliction, and if it had not been for you, I really do not know *how* my Mother could have borne it.

Thanking you again, dear Lady Augusta, for your kind letter

I remain,

Ever yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD

II

[*From Princess Feodora, the Queen's sister, after the Prince Consort's death*]

BADEN, *Feb:* 28*th* 1862

Dearest Ldy. Augusta,

You well know how welcome your letter was, what a comfort it is to hear *from you* how things are going on, when my whole heart is left behind. I kiss you for your more than kindness, your love, dearest! The news of Prince Alfred's arrival gladdened my thoughts, when the first meeting was over, the Queen will have felt some joy at having him *safe* with her. I am most thankful! and hope it will do good. Also for the Crown Princess it will be a help.

I have already had a letter from Pss. Helena, dear child, so affectionate and loving, that the dear Queen felt my going pains, and at the same time pleases me, as a sign of reawakening feeling for something else than only her grief poor, *dear* Queen! I am sure the separation was a difficult one *for me,* but necessary. I felt my strength go every day, more and more, and my pulse quicker too. I have not been well on the journey, but rest will do me good. I am so glad to hear you have good accounts from your dear sister. What must

she have felt indeed on hearing the dreadful news!! When does she come home? I saw in the papers about the Prince de Broglie being chosen into the Académie also Prince Napoleon's Rhapsodie, so like him! If the Queen could get into the habit of having the papers read to her, it would be a great step. Could you not sometimes propose it, if possible?

Dear Gusca, say to that darling that aunty sends her a kiss and hopes she will not forget her, nor Shylock. That her brother Bertie sent aunt some green leaves from Venice but did not meet Shylock. It was very kind in the Prince of Wales sending me something from the grave of my departed angel, having gone there! and telling me in a nice letter how he found the spot, telling the Consul to take care of it, God keep him for it! As to my son Hermann, I have not seen him yet. I don't know that I should much like a daughter in law descending in direct line *even* from Solomon, she might be beautiful though!

Once more, thousand thanks for your letter; dearest Lady Augusta. If you knew how precious! May God support you all and be merciful to our beloved Queen!

Ever your most affectionate

FEODORA

III

The Prince of Wales's Wedding

[*An account written by Mary Stanley, sister of Dr. Stanley*]

It is no use telling what the papers do, so I shall confine myself to what we saw individually. Arthur and I set out at ½ p 7. The Paddington Station was crowded and when the 8.20 train appeared there was a great rush for seats. It was a clear frosty morning.

At the Windsor Station A. and I parted. He to go to Col. Keppel's room to dress, I to go to my place. At the South Porch there was a large assemblage waiting till the doors were open at 10.

My place was in the South Choir gallery, in the second row. I found Mr. and Mrs. Algernon West and next Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Lady Charles Bruce, Sir H. Holland, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, and one or two more. Mr. Leslie gave me up his front place and there were only 5 better places in the whole chapel. The Royal Closet, newly hung with purple velvet and gold was nearly opposite. We looked down on the whole chapel, the altar etc.

All the party were agreeable and accommodating. One by one the distinguished guests dropped

into their places. Perhaps the loveliest person there was young Lady Spencer in a dark cerulean blue gown covered with magnificent lace, once Marie Antoinette's and a diamond tiara. But all the dresses were gorgeous, especially the ambassadresses. The first procession wh. came in were the Abps. Bps. and Clergy.

Then I saw Mrs. Bruce in the Royal Closet and immediately afterwards the Queen appeared. From that moment the interest rapidly increased. The Queen was agitated and restless, moving her chair, putting back her long streamers, asking questions of the Dss. of Sutherland. Her expression was profoundly melancholy, but I only saw her in tears once. I think it was during the exhortation.

At the first blast of the trumpets, she quivered all over and you could see the working of her face. The entry of the English Princesses was far the most beautiful of the Processions, Princess Mary leading the way and the 5 sisters ending it. Prs. Alice looked Queen-like, so graceful and dignified. Prs. Beatrice tripped along by the side of Prs. Helena. These two and Prs. Louise were draped alike in white with mauve ribbons and mauve and white wreaths.

A smile did pass over the Queen's face as she looked down about them. They were all ranged opposite to us.

The Danish Family being on our side, I could not see them. Little Prince Waldemar of 4½, begged hard not to go to Church but to be allowed to stay in the corridor with a *new donkey* given

him that day, and when his mother still urged it, he said he was ill and had a bad cold.

When the silvery blast announced the coming of the Prince of Wales, the Prs. Royal burst out crying and cried almost all the time. Prs. Alice cried a little at first. Prs. Beatrice burst out towards the end and, I was told went sobbing down the nave.

Arthur who was down below and nearer was so very much struck with the dignity of the Prince's manner as he came up and took his stand by the altar.

Then came a long pause and the Prince looked anxiously at the door. At last the trumpets sounded for the 3rd time and the Bride entered. About this time the sun burst forth and its rays fell on the Queen's white cap. One scarcely knew where to look with such innumerable points of interest. As the organ pealed forth the first anthem to Prince Albert's own music, the Queen raised her eyes upwards and sat as if transfixed.

Then in a distinct, but at times, tremulous voice the Archbishop began. It is quite impossible to describe the solemnity, the beauty, the touchingness of the scene. No one who saw it can ever forget the Queen's countenance, the earnest gaze upwards at the most solemn parts. I never saw a countenance wh. so spoke all that was within. Several times she looked down on little Prs. Beatrice. The kneeling at the prayers was very striking. All the Bridesmaids, all the Princesses and many others. All that could be then seen of Pss. B. was a cloud of golden hair behind the altar rails. Only one member of the Royal family was

a little restive and that was little P. Wm. of Prussia who was committed to his little uncle's care. I saw his mother put out her hand in a rebuking manner and I saw P. Leopold take him by the shoulders. Afterwards I heard that in answer to the Queen's enquiry if he had been good, the answer was "Oh, no, he was *biting* us all the time!"

I could hear Prs. Alexandra distinctly but not the P. of Wales. The Abp. read the whole service and called her by her 6 names. After the exhortation he gave a final blessing during which the Queen knelt low down. It seemed to me as if the "Congregation" present did so fully join in the prayers. At the Lord's prayer I could hear a distinct murmur of response and throughout the silence was profound.

When they rose from the blessing he gave her his arm, and they turned round and bowed low to the Queen and then went down the Chapel.

The guns fired as the ring was put on and the Queen was very much agitated by them as if each one went through her. She had the Service in her hand and followed it most attentively. My companions were all as much rivetted as I was. When all was over I felt I could scarcely speak to any one. We came down into the nave, a most brilliant sight. The immediate wedding guests were pouring out of the chapel into the nave which was lined with tiers of bright spectators. The Leslies asked me to go with them to Col. Biddulph's to luncheon.

We stood for some time in the space before the Chapel watching the Royal carriages come round

in rotation to take the guests to the Castle and multitudes of gay people were walking about, friends appearing in all directions. Mrs. Leslie was resolved to see all that could be seen and after luncheon we hovered about the Castle and up to the terrace of the Round Tower. What a view over Eton and Windsor etc., and all the decorations. We then went down to the carriage road and there we stood to see the final departure. They drove close by us smiling sweetly. She all in white, ermine cloak, muff, etc. Agnes Gladstone saw her come down stairs at the Castle. Her gown white velvet, a lace shawl, the footmen had gone before carrying the cloak, muff, cuff, and shoes. All ermine.

Here I got separated from the Leslies and went to the Stone Tower to see if Arthur was gone. I met two Clergymen at the door. Could they tell me if my brother Dr. Stanley was gone? Dr. Stanley! Oh, we know him and must introduce ourselves. Mr. Tarver and Mr. Birch, and they showed me a splendid Bible presented to them by the P. as his chaplains.

Of Arthur I cd. hear nothing. So I went down to the station and found a dense mob round the door. Ld. and Lady Galway were in the midst and bid me stay by them. It was a perfect crush, and the station doors shut. At last they were opened and a rush took place. We were then shut in and forbidden the platform and Ld. G. separated from us. For half an hour we endured this and then backed out and dexterously clambered thro' a window to the platform where we found hundreds waiting for the next train. When it

came people seized the doors before it stopped to get in. I was taken as 5th into a compartment. This was 6. At 7 we reached Paddington. Not a cab to be found. The Gladstone girls took compassion on me and took me as 5th in their coach. At Cumberland gate we were locked fast by the Illumination crowd for 2½ hours and it was not till 10 that I reached home to find Arthur terrified at my non-appearance. He had come by a previous train, the grand special one that was to be. But the mob took possession of it and the platform was a strange sight. Lady Westminster in all her diamonds in the midst of a rough crowd. Ld. and Ly. Stanley of Alderley as you can imagine, all distinction of carriages was set aside, the great ones of the land were too thankful to find themselves safe in a 3rd class.

The Abp. of Canterbury had walked from the Castle to the station, was suddenly plunged into the crowd. "Policeman, what can I do?"

"Hold on to the next carriage your grace, its yr. only chance."

So as the next carriage struggled thro the crowd he grabbed at its hinder part and there found also hanging on, Lady Cranworth and Mr. Thackeray. "Oh," said Ld. C., "I am so glad to see you, my Lord. I felt so ashamed of my place. Now I am satisfied."

The Bp. of London and Mrs. Tait walked from Paddin. to London House and as they passed thro the crowd, they recognised the Shovel hat and kept calling out "B. Calenso, Bp. Calenso."

In short, I have no doubt we shall hear no end of stories of what happened that day and night.

The accidents I imagine were far worse than appeared in the papers.

The Prince sent Arthur a Bible by Col. Keppel, an illd. one, richly bound in brown with silver mountings and the Royal crown with a monogram underneath.

Whatever more transpires shall be recorded and told. Till then,

Ever yours affec.

M. STANLEY

March 14th, 1863

IV

[*From the Prince of Wales*]

SANDRINGHAM, KING'S LYNN,
November 8th/63

My dear Lady Augusta,

By a letter which I received from Dr. Stanley this morning he informed me of the joyful intelligence that you are engaged to be married to him.

Having known you now so long, in fact since I was a child, you know what my feelings are to you, and I hope that the Almighty may pour down upon you His choicest blessings and as I said in my letter to Dr. Stanley, I can wish you nothing better than to be as happy as I am. You will, I feel sure, feel leaving the Queen and she will be very sorry to lose you. But as I think letters of congratulation are generally not considered welcome, (if they are long) so I will conclude by wishing you in the Princess's name and in my own every possible future happiness.

I remain,
Yours most sincerely,
ALBERT EDWARD

[*From the Princess of Wales*]

SANDRINGHAM,
November 8, 1863

Dear Lady Augusta,

The news of your good fortune has given me great pleasure, and I hasten to offer you my heartfelt congratulations. It is pleasant to see so fair a promise of happiness for two people, for whom one takes so much interest. Of course I cannot help regretting your having to leave the Queen, to whom your services are so valuable, but as the Queen is fond of you, she will, I am sure be glad for your sake and Dr. Stanley's whom she likes and respects so much.

Pray express all my good wishes to your future husband, and believe me

ever to remain,

Yours sincerely,

ALEXANDRA

[*From the Prince of Wales*]

SANDRINGHAM, KING'S LYNN,
November 8th/63

My dear Dr. Stanley,

I have to return my best thanks for your letter just received, and you must let me offer you my most sincere congratulations on the happy event which you have announced to me.

Having known Lady Augusta ever since I was a child, I know how excellent she is, and what

worth she will be to you. Having now the pleasure of knowing you for some time, and I hope I may say so well, one of my greatest wishes was to see you married, and now that you are about to enter the happy state, I can wish you nothing better than to be as happy as I am.

Let me also wish you joy in your advancement, and as your duties will keep you I suppose entirely in London, I hope we shall often have the pleasure of seeing you and Lady Augusta there.

Thank you for your good wishes for my birthday, and with the Princess's and my best wishes for your future happiness,

I remain,
Yrs. most sincerely,
ALBERT EDWARD

[*From Princess Helena*]

WINDSOR CASTLE,
Nov: 11/63

My ever dearest "Sherskine,"

I have longed to write to you. I wished to do it, but I could not. What shall I say, to show you all I feel for you. The pain at thinking you leave us and the joy at thinking of your happiness make me feel sad and happy. May God bless you dearest, and grant you all that happiness which you *so richly deserve.* To me you have ever been the best of friends and it is the thought of not so often seeing you that makes me so sad. But this is *very* selfish in me to say so, but you understand me

dearest Augusta. You know *how* tenderly I love you, how I have always looked up to you for comfort and advice in all my troubles and difficulties. And you *always* helped me, how am I to thank you for all your kindness and love to me. Pray always remain the same to me, for what should I do without you my ever dear kind friend.

I little thought when we parted here the other day, that you would not return to us, as you left us. I rejoice at your happiness. You are indeed lucky to get *such* a husband. Please express to Dr. Stanley my best congratulations on this occasion.

I love to have a few lines from you.

I have so much to do, that I cannot write more.

Ever your most loving grateful and affectionate Friend,

HELENA

[*Dictated by Princess Beatrice as a child*]

Nov. 8/63

I hope you are quite well dear Guska. I find it very extraordinary that you are going to be married. Are you going to marry here, and when are you going to marry? Is it this year. I suppose you are going to dress in a low white gown, or are you going to have a high white gown?

I send you a kiss. I am going to write a letter to Dr. Stanley. Is it fine weather where you are? We have not fine weather, I am rather sorry to say.

I think you will look very funny as a *Deanness!* I remember the day you came to write to Miss

Stanley with me, and I send her a love and a kiss. Goodbye dearest Augusta.

Yr. affectionate friend,
BEATRICE

[*From Princess Beatrice as a child*]

WINDSOR CASTLE,
Nov. 8/63

I hope you are quite well Canon.

It is very funny that you are going to be Dean of Westminster.

I have been writing to Augusta, but I was in a great hurry to write to you.

My niece and nephew are charming. The bells are ringing now for church.

It is very funny that you are going to be married.

Goodbye.

Your friend,
PRINCESS BEATRICE

V.

[*From the Hon. Mrs. Bruce: see footnote, page* 291]

Polloc, Glasgow,
Oct. 2, 28

My dear Miss Stanley,

I find that Augusta will be in town from the 4th to the 11th. You are quite mistaken about Windsor and Augusta and I both rejoice that the first meeting shd. be elsewhere. In the first place the rumours have revived lately in great force, and I have had to tell so many fibs, that I mean to ask the Canon to give me absolution as it is for him that I have departed from the truth! Ld. Granville was so positive as to the truth of the report that he wd. not take no for an answer. All the household have asked me about it, therefore Windsor wd. be on qui vive, and it wd. be most awkward for them both. Wd. it facilitate the first meeting if Dr. S. and A. come to lunch with me on the 4th. He wd. call upon me and wd. talk of his travels during the repast, and I wd. then slip out (whispering "On, Stanley, on!") and they then really ought to arrange everything in 5 minutes. They know each other so much better than most people do before marriage, that I shall have little patience with them if they dawdle on any more. I had only seen Col. Bruce (as he was

then) for 4 days before he proposed. Elgin was accepted by his present wife (the most shy of women) after only 3 days acquaintance and therefore I shall really expect to find them plighted after leaving them together for 10 minutes at Tarrance's. I cannot give them much more time, as I shall have to get to Windsor for dinner, the ice once broken of course the Canon will call at St. James where there will be no one to see him but a stupid old Scotch housemaid and Mr. F. Locker who will keep out of the way. Charlotte Locker (Augusta's sister) has been staying here, and of course I cd. not fib to her. She is charmed with Augusta's prospects and recommends it being settled at once.

The Queen must be told nothing more till the event is settled and the day named. H.M. dislikes courtship, was much bored with her daughters, during that time, even in happy days, and last year, the P. of W. was kept abroad till Prs. Alexdra. had left Windsor. On no account must she see Dr. S. and A. under similar circumstances, and for Augusta's sake (who will be nervous and unsettled till all is arranged) I implore the Canon to act with decision and rapidity. People wd. never marry at all if they took so long to consider about it. They suit each other perfectly, know each other thoroughly and being both of mature years, shd. lose no more time. I am very glad to hear he will not take Dublin. I do not fancy him there at all. At any rate I hope to see him in town.

Yrs. affecally.,

K. BRUCE

ux. 1. Mary,
only dau. of William Hamilton Nisbet of Dirleton and Belhaven;
m. 11 March 1799.

George Charles Constantine, Lord Bruce;
b. 5 April 1800;
d. unm. 1840.

Mary;
m. 28 Jan. 1828;
d. 21 Dec. 1883.

Robert Adam Dundas, M.P., P.C., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1852.
On his wife's succession to her mother's property he assumed the surnames of Christopher Nisbet Hamilton;
d. 9 June 1877.

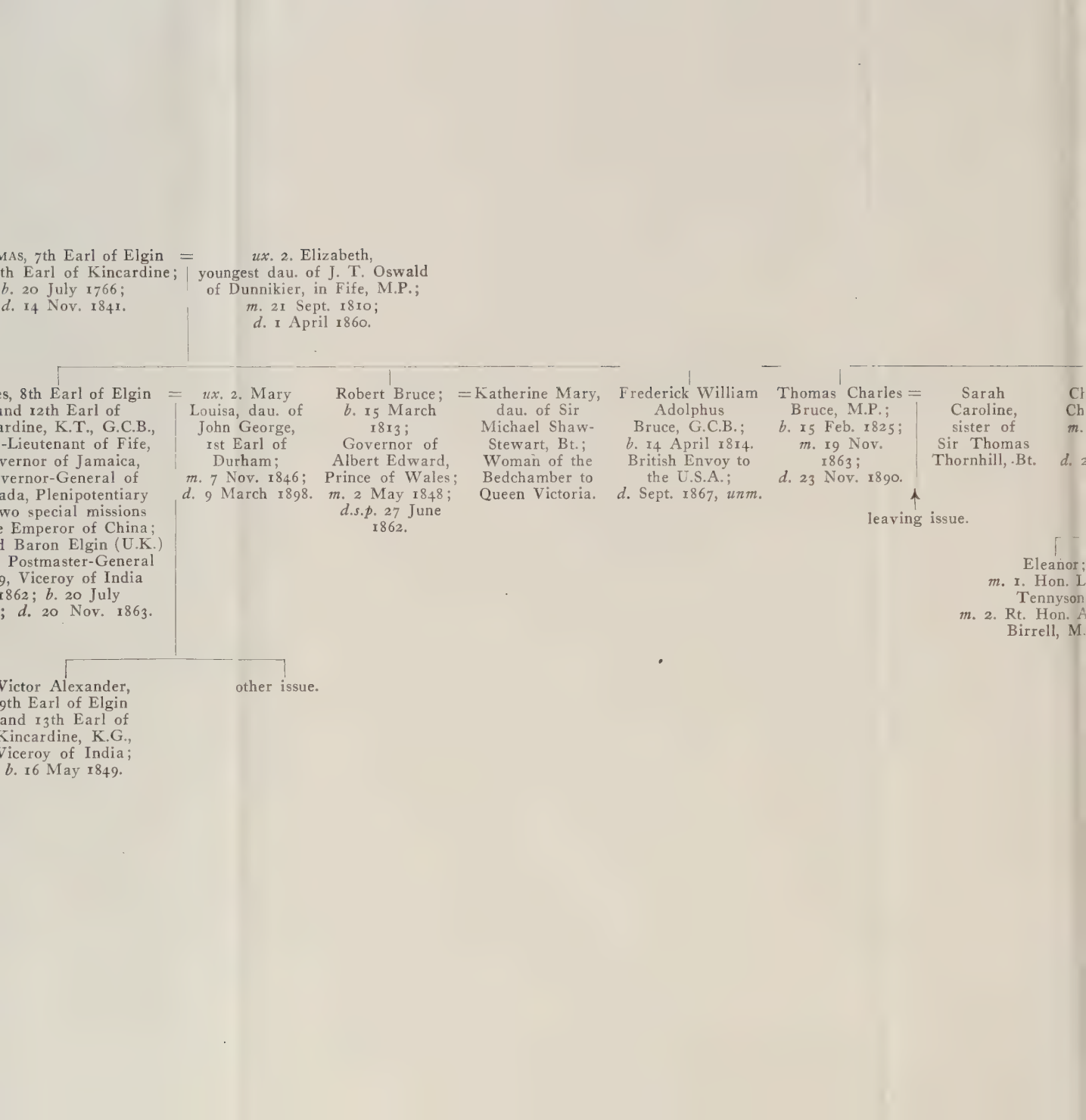
Matilda Harriet;
m. 14 Oct. 1839, Sir John Maxwell, Bt., of Pollock, co. Renfrew;
d.s.p. 31 Aug. 1857.

Lucy;
m. 14 March 1828, John Grant of Kilgraston, co. Perth.
She *d.* 4 Sept. 1881, leaving issue.

ux. 1. Elizabeth Mary,
only child of Charles Lennox Cumming Bruce of Dunphail, co. Nairn, M.P.;
m. 22 April 1841;
d. 7 July 1843.

Constance;
m. Henry Thomas Ogilvy, 2nd son of Sir John Ogilvy, 9th Bt., who assumed the surnames of Nisbet Hamilton, and *d.s.p.*

Elma;
m. Thomas John Hovell 5th Lord Thurlow, and had issue.


MAS, 7th Earl of Elgin
th Earl of Kincardine;
b. 20 July 1766;
d. 14 Nov. 1841.
=
ux. 2. Elizabeth,
youngest dau. of J. T. Oswald
of Dunnikier, in Fife, M.P.;
m. 21 Sept. 1810;
d. 1 April 1860.
es, 8th Earl of Elgin
and 12th Earl of
ardine, K.T., G.C.B.,
-Lieutenant of Fife,
vernor of Jamaica,
vernor-General of
ada, Plenipotentiary
wo special missions
e Emperor of China;
d Baron Elgin (U.K.)
Postmaster-General
9, Viceroy of India
1862; b. 20 July
; d. 20 Nov. 1863.
=
ux. 2. Mary
Louisa, dau. of
John George,
1st Earl of
Durham;
m. 7 Nov. 1846;
d. 9 March 1898.
Robert Bruce;
b. 15 March
1813;
Governor of
Albert Edward,
Prince of Wales;
m. 2 May 1848;
d.s.p. 27 June
1862.
=Katherine Mary,
dau. of Sir
Michael Shaw-
Stewart, Bt.;
Woman of the
Bedchamber to
Queen Victoria.
Frederick William
Adolphus
Bruce, G.C.B.;
b. 14 April 1814.
British Envoy to
the U.S.A.;
d. Sept. 1867, unm.
Thomas Charles
Bruce, M.P.;
b. 15 Feb. 1825;
m. 19 Nov.
1863;
d. 23 Nov. 1890.
=
Sarah
Caroline,
sister of
Sir Thomas
Thornhill, Bt.
leaving issue.
Victor Alexander,
9th Earl of Elgin
and 13th Earl of
Kincardine, K.G.,
Viceroy of India;
b. 16 May 1849.
other issue.
Eleanor;
m. 1. Hon. L
Tennyson
m. 2. Rt. Hon. A
Birrell, M.

Frederick Locker.

Augusta Frederica Elizabeth, god-daughter of Frederick, Duke of York. Lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent and Resident Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria; *m.* 16 Dec. 1863, the Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster; *d.* 1 March 1876.

Frances Anne, Lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Edinburgh; *m.* 15 Feb. 1855, Evan Peter Montagu Baillie, who *d.* 9 Nov. 1874, son of Evan Baillie of Dochfour, co. Inverness; *d.* 16 Aug. 1894, leaving issue.

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